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# ISLANDS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS



M. M. SHOEMAKER

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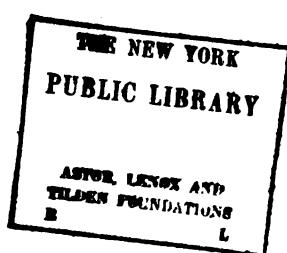
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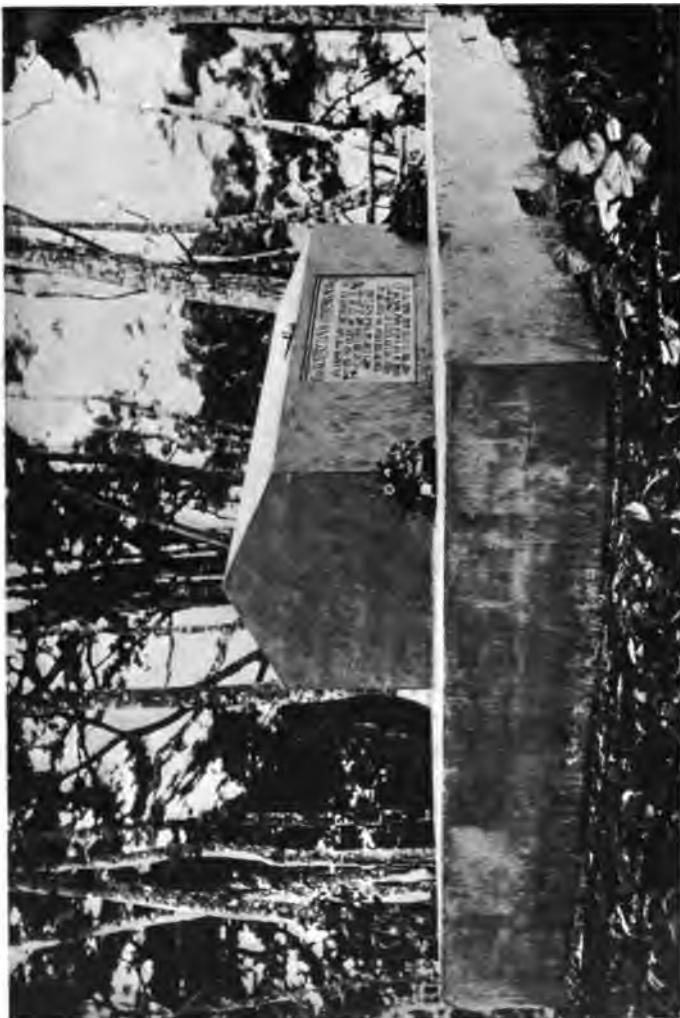
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# ISLANDS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS

HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND  
TASMANIA, AUSTRALIA, AND  
JAVA

BY

MICHAEL MYERS SHOEMAKER

Author of "Eastward to the Land of the Morning," "Mexico, the  
Kingdom of the White Woman," "Trans-Caspia, the  
Sealed Provinces of the Tsar."

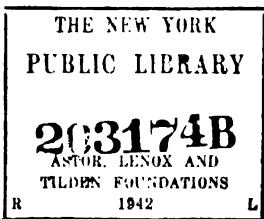
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## PREFACE

If you are looking for an historical or a political work, these notes of a journey to the Islands of the Southern Seas will in no way please you ; but, if you will come with me for a short sojourn amid the beauties and sadness of Hawaii and then on to the southward as the spirit moves us, taking life as God gives it, perhaps you may not be disappointed.

We shall pause a moment at the grave of Stevenson, and then go onward to that beautiful and most interesting, though but little known, land of New Zealand. Passing from end to end, we shall compare its hot lakes and geysers with those in our Yellowstone, its snow-capped mountains and Fjords with Switzerland, Norway, and the Trans-Alai. We shall dwell awhile amidst the bustling life of the cities and shake hands with the Maoris, and then sail onward into the silence of far off seas, with none save the albatross to bear us company, until we reach that Eden, Tasmania, which rests like a jewel amid the league-long rollers of the Southern Ocean.

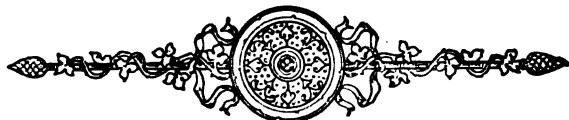
We can have but a glimpse of the grand continent of Australia, the "Never Never Land," but we shall take a long, long sail within the great Barrier Reefs among the fairy islands of the East Indian Archipelago, and on to that glory of the tropics, Java,

with her city of "Quite Content," her fantastic mountains, her wonderful and unique ruins, her simple people, and her glorious trees and flowers. We shall smile at the shrunken state of her native princes, while yet they interest us. We shall marvel at the classic beauty of the Dutch towns, each of which appears to be a perfect palm-embowered "White City"; and when we leave this land it will be to take with us lasting memories of her beauty and of the hospitality of her people.

So,—if you are minded for such a jaunt,—let us be off, for the ship is ready.

M. M. S.

UNION CLUB, NEW YORK,  
Sept. 1, 1897.





## CONTENTS

### CHAPTER I

#### OAHU

Southward Bound—Arrival in Oahu—The “Poinciana Regia” and the “Golden Rain”—The Pali . . . . .	PAGE I
---	-----------

### CHAPTER II

#### MOLOKAI

The Island of Dreadful Death—The Establishment of the Sanatorium—Father Damien and the Catholic Sisters . . . . .	6
--	---

### CHAPTER III

#### HAWAII

Thirty Miles through a Tropical Forest—The Plains of Lava and the Lake of Fire—Native Music—An Ancient Turtle —The Sail Back to Honolulu . . . . .	17
--	----

### CHAPTER IV

#### LIFE IN HONOLULU

Native Yarns—Moonlight on Diamond Head—Annexation— A Dinner of Strange Fruits, a Bath in the Sea, and Fare- well to Wikiki . . . . .	26
--	----

### CHAPTER V

#### TOWARD THE EQUATOR

Departure Southward—The Lady in Waiting to the Queen of the Bismarck Islands—The Immensity of the Pacific—Life on a Lonely Ocean—Swayne’s Island and its Patriarch . . . . .	35
--	----

# Contents

	PAGE
<p><b>CHAPTER VI</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SAMOA</b></p> <p>Wrecks of the Great Storm still Visible—The Grave of Stevenson—The People and their Present Condition—Time Nothing in Samoa . . . . .</p>	41
<p><b>CHAPTER VII</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>AUCKLAND AND THE MAORIS</b></p> <p>Our First Albatross—Spring in Autumn—Sighting New Zealand—Landing in Auckland—Lilies in Eden—The Southern Cross—The Maoris, their Marvellous Tattooing, their Rapid Progress—The Gold of New Zealand—Starting Inland . . . . .</p>	47
<p><b>CHAPTER VIII</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>ROTO RUA</b></p> <p>The Region of the Hot Lakes—Roto Rua—Waiotapu—The Champagne Pool and Mud Volcano—The Maoris at Whakarewarewa—The Great Eruption of 1886 and the Destruction of the Pink Terraces—The Caterpillar Plant . . . . .</p>	59
<p><b>CHAPTER IX</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>WAIRAKEI TO WELLINGTON</b></p> <p>The Geysers of Wairakei and the Drive Thither—Illness at Tarawera—Arrival in Napier—The Journey to Wellington—New Zealand's Club Life <i>versus</i> American . . . . .</p>	69
<p><b>CHAPTER X</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SOUTH ISLAND</b></p> <p>Over Cook's Straits to South New Zealand—Christ Church Town and Beautiful Scenery—Dunedin and a Day in a Private House—Englishmen, England, and America . . . . .</p>	79
<p><b>CHAPTER XI</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS</b></p> <p>From Dunedin to the New Zealand Alps—Queenstown and the Shotover River—The Land of the Rabbit—Easter Lilies in October—Up Lake Wakatipu to Glenorchy—Through the Gate of Heaven to Paradise Flats and the Routeburn Valley under the Shadow of Mt. Ernslaw—The Sheep-Destroying Kea . . . . .</p>	84

# Contents

vii

## CHAPTER XII

### INVERCARGILL AND THE BLUFF

	PAGE
Leaving the Mountains—The Hotels of New Zealand—Invercargill—The Government in the Money-Lending Business—The Lack of Vegetables—The Bluff, and Farewell to the Land . . . . .	95

## CHAPTER XIII

### "THE LONG WASH OF AUSTRALASIAN SEAS"

The Tempestuous "Tasman Sea"—The Home of the Albatross—Penguin, and Cape Pigeon—The League—Long Rollers of the Southern Ocean . . . . .	101
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE PRISONS OF PORT ARTHUR

Tasmania—Hobart Town and Mt. Wellington—The Great Convict Station of Port Arthur, its Cathedral, Model Prison, Penitentiary, and "Island of the Dead" . . . . .	105
---	-----

## CHAPTER XV

### THE CHILDREN'S PRISON

Convict Life in 1840—Point Puer, the Prison of the Children, their Dreadful Treatment and Suicides—Norfolk Island and the Mutiny of the <i>Bounty</i> —Slaughter in the Church—The Horrors of the Philippine Islands and of the French Prison of to-day in the "Isles of Safety" . . . . .	113
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVI

### EAGLE HAWK'S NECK

Tasman's Arch—The Devil's Blow-Hole—Eagle Hawk's Neck, where the Blood Hounds were Chained—Drive back to Wellington and Departure for Australia . . . . .	126
---	-----

## CHAPTER XVII

### AUSTRALIA, "THE LAND OF THE NEVER NEVER"

The "Never Never Land"—Something of its Early History—The Straits of Bass—Port Philip and Melbourne—Complete Separation of the Sections of Australia—The Laughing Jackass—Departure for Sydney . . . . .	131
--	-----

# Contents

	<b>CHAPTER XVIII</b>	
	SYDNEY	
Natural Beauties of the City and Harbor—Botany Bay . . . . .		PAGE 141
<b>CHAPTER XIX</b>		
<b>THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, AND THE CAVES OF JENOLAN</b>		
Convict Highways—Scenery of Australia—Kangaroos, Dingos, and Snakes—Katoomba and Govet's Leap—Return to Sydney . . . . .		146
<b>CHAPTER XX</b>		
<b>THE HAWKSBERRY RIVER</b>		
Election News from Home—Friendship between England and America—The Blacks of Australia—Hawksberry River —Farewell to Sydney . . . . .		154
<b>CHAPTER XXI</b>		
<b>BRISBANE AND TOWNSVILLE</b>		
Brisbane and the Journey Thither—Meadow Lands of Australia —Northward by Sea within the Great Barrier Reef—Off on the <i>Bamffshire</i> —Catching Sharks—Perilous Passage of the Reefs—Wrecks and Stories of Wrecks—Loss of the <i>Quetta</i> . . . . .		158
<b>CHAPTER XXII</b>		
<b>THURSDAY ISLAND AND TORRES STRAIT</b>		
Passage of Torres Strait—Thursday Island, the most Desolate Spot on Earth—Pearls and Pearl Fishing and the Loss of Life Thereby . . . . .		171
<b>CHAPTER XXIII</b>		
<b>THE ARAFURA SEA AND EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO</b>		
Heat and Slow Progress through the Arafura Sea—Passengers on our Ship—The Islands of the Eastern Archipelago— Tremendous Earthquakes and Terrible Volcanic Eruptions —Sunday Service at Sea—Gorgeous Sunsets—At the Portal of Eden . . . . .		176

# Contents

ix

## CHAPTER XXIV

### BATAVIA AND THE DUTCH EAST INDIA COMPANY

	PAGE
Java, the Land of the Sun—The Island, its People and History—Sketch of the Rise and Fall of the Dutch East India Company—Old Batavia and its Baneful Climate . . . . .	186

## CHAPTER XXV

### WELTEVREDEN

Weltevreden, the City of "Quite Content"—Back in the Gorgeous East—The Beautiful White City, its Splendid Avenues and its Houses Embowered in Tropical Foliage —A Unique Museum—Delightful Clubs—Churches and Sunday . . . . .	195
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXVI

### BUITENZORG AND THE PREANGER

Departure for Interior—Buitenzorg and her Botanical Gardens —The Mountain of Salack—Over the Mountains to Sindahglaja through Gorgeous Tropical Forests—The Millions of the People of Java—Down to Tjiandjoer in a Wild Rush . . . . .	204
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXVII

### GAROET TO MOAS

Railroads to Garoet—The Feathered Kingdom—A Strange Ride in a Fantastic Boat on a Fairy Lake—Edible Birds' Nests, their Culture and Value—The Marvellous Foliage and Flowers of Java—The Hotel at Moas . . . . .	215
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### BÓRO BÓDO AND THE DIENG PLATEAU

Bóro Bódo—The Ride Thither—The Nikko of Java—The Magnificent and Unique Temple, with its Many Terraces, its Inverted Stone Bells, its Endless and Superb Carvings, its Stately Buddhas—Was it a Temple to Buddha or Brahma?—The Temple of Mendoet with its Majestic Statues of the God—The Dieng Plateau the Residence of Gods and Demi-Gods . . . . .	224
--	-----

# Contents

## CHAPTER XXIX

### DJOKJAKARTA

	<small>PAGE</small>
An Ancient City of a Native State—The Life of its Streets, the Courts of the Old Town, with its Cages of Leopards and Black Tigers. Chained Lions and Elephants—Wild Life in Java—Tiger Hunts and Bull Fights—A Native Wedding and a Chinese Wedding—The Ancient Palace of Taman, its Haunted Courts and Many Legends—The Sultan of Djokjakarta and his Shrunken State—Military Service Required by the Dutch . . . . .	235

## CHAPTER XXX.

### BRAMBANAN

Brambanan, the City of Mendang Kamulan—The Remains of its Palaces and Temples—The Temple of Chándi Loro Jongran—Chándi Séwu the “ Thousand Temples”—Strange and Grotesque Statues—Appalling Ruin—A Vast Necrop- olis—Some of the Ancient Religions still Extant . . . .	243
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXI

### CHRISTMAS IN BATAVIA

Illness in Java—Return to Batavia—Living in Java—The Hotels and the Life Therein—Dress of the Dutch—Christ- mas Day—Farewell to the Land and its People . . . .	253
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXII

### AN ITINERARY IN JAVA

The Best Time to Visit Java, and the Way to get there—Ex- penses and Drinks—Cholera and Typhus Fever—A Review from Hawaii to Java—The Tour most Interesting from End to End . . . . .	262
--	-----



## ILLUSTRATIONS

---

	PAGE
<b>TOMB OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON . . . . .</b>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<b>HAWAII</b>	
KALAWAO, THE LEPER SETTLEMENT ON MOLOKAI	8
FATHER DAMIEN . . . . .	14
TOMB OF FATHER DAMIEN, MOLOKAI . . . . .	16
THE HOME OF PELE, LAKE OF FIRE, HAWAII . . . . .	24
<b>SAMOA</b>	
WRECK OF THE "ADLER," SAMOA . . . . .	40
SAMOAN . . . . .	42
BREAD-FRUIT TREE AND NATIVE HUT, SAMOA . . . . .	44
SAMOAN AMAZON . . . . .	46
<b>NEW ZEALAND</b>	
MAORI HOUSES AND WAR CANOE TO HOLD SEVENTY MEN . . . . .	52
OLD CHIEF, HEAVILY TATTOOED IN BRILLIANT COLORS . . . . .	54
A TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND HOUSE . . . . .	56
A "PA," OR STOCKADE OF THE MAORIS . . . . .	58
MOUNTAIN AND LAKE OF TARAWERA . . . . .	60
Site of the Pink and White Terraces, scene of the Great Earthquake of 1886.	

	PAGE
MAORI BRAVE, NOT TATTOOED . . . . .	62
THE CATERPILLAR PLANT . . . . .	63
GEYSER OF THE DRAGON'S MOUTH, WAIRAKEI . . . . .	70
MAORI SALUTATION . . . . .	72
MAORI WOMAN, SLIGHTLY TATTOOED . . . . .	72
MAORI WOMAN . . . . .	74
VIEW FROM BEN LOMOND, UP LAKE WAKATIPU . . . . .	84
PARADISE FLATS, NEW ZEALAND ALPS . . . . .	90
MILFORD SOUND . . . . .	94
 TASMAN SEA. 	
"THE LONG WASH OF AUSTRALASIAN SEAS" . . . . .	100
ALBATROSS . . . . .	102
 TASMANIA 	
CAPE PILLAR . . . . .	104
HOBART AND MOUNT WELLINGTON . . . . .	106
PORT ARTHUR AS IT STANDS TO-DAY . . . . .	108
THE MODEL PRISON, PORT ARTHUR . . . . .	110
THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD, PORT ARTHUR . . . . .	112
UNDERGROUND CELLS, PRISON OF THE CHILDREN, POINT PUER . . . . .	118
ON BOARD THE PRISON HULK "SUCCESS" . . . . .	122
ISTHMUS OF EAGLE HAWK'S NECK . . . . .	126
Where the bloodhounds were chained.	
THE DEVIL'S BLOW-HOLE . . . . .	126
 AUSTRALIA 	
STRIKING FIRE IN "THE BUSH" . . . . .	132
LAUGHING JACKASS . . . . .	138
VIEW OF SYDNEY AND HARBOR . . . . .	142
BOTANY BAY . . . . .	144
LUCAS CAVE, JENOLAN . . . . .	146

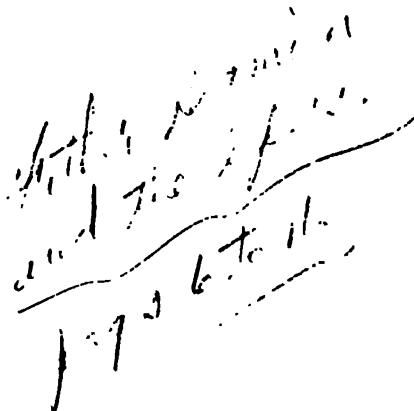
	PAGE
THE "MYSTERY," JENOLAN CAVES . . . . .	150
"DINGO," OR WILD DOG . . . . .	151
"MURRAY JACK," EX-KING OF A BLACK TRIBE .	154
BLACK WOMAN AND CHILD . . . . .	156
SHEEP-SHEARING . . . . .	158

## JAVA

STREET IN OLD BATAVIA . . . . .	192
A VENDOR OF MANGOSTEENS . . . . .	177
DUTCH RESIDENCE, WELTEVREDEN . . . . .	198
DURIAN TREE LADEN WITH FRUIT . . . . .	199
MUSEUM, WELTEVREDEN, BATAVIA . . . . .	200
THE HARMONIA CLUB . . . . .	202
GOVERNOR'S PALACE, BOTANICAL GARDENS, BUIT-	
ENZORG . . . . .	206
A MORNING TOILET . . . . .	207
RICE-FIELDS . . . . .	210
JAVANESE CARTS . . . . .	214
PRIVATE GROUNDS, GAROET . . . . .	216
JAVANESE VILLAGE . . . . .	218
OUR BOAT ON THE LAKE, GAROET . . . . .	219
THREE YOUNG BLOODS OF JAVA . . . . .	220
THE GREAT TEMPLE OF BÓRO BÓDO . . . . .	224
A TERRACE AT BÓRO BÓDO . . . . .	226
THE NIRVANA TERRACE, BÓRO BÓDO . . . . .	228
STAIRCASE AND TERRACES, BÓRO BÓDO . . . . .	230
THE TEMPLE OF MENDOET . . . . .	232
GREAT STATUE OF BUDDHA, MENDOET . . . . .	234
DJOKJAKARTA BRIDAL COUPLE . . . . .	236
ENTRANCE TO OLD PALACE OF TAMAN, DJOKJA-	
KARTA . . . . .	238
PALACE OF TAMAN, DJOKJAKARTA . . . . .	240
TEMPLE OF LÓRO JÓNGRAN, BRAMBANAN . . . . .	244

	PAGE
“LÓRO JÓNGRAN,” BRAMBANAN . . . . .	246
ALTO-RELIEVO CARVINGS, BRAMBANAN . . . . .	248
COLOSSAL STATUE GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO CHÁNDI SÉWU, BRAMBANAN . . . . .	247
RUINS OF CHÁNDI SÉWU, BRAMBANAN . . . . .	250
STREET IN DJOKJAKARTA . . . . .	254
TOILET IN THE HEART OF JAVA . . . . .	258
DANCERS, DJOKJAKARTA . . . . .	260
MAP OF JAVA . . . . .	266





## ISLANDS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.





# ISLANDS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS

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## CHAPTER I

### OAHU

Southward Bound—Arrival in Oahu—The “Poinciana Regia” and the “Golden Rain”—The Pali

PROGRESS over the Western oceans has not attained the degree of speed that one is accustomed to on the North Atlantic. Not until the morning of the sixth day's sail from San Francisco does the lookout announce that land is in sight, and it is some hours later before Molokai, the first of the Hawaiian group of islands, loses its cloud-like appearance and satisfies us that it is really an island of our own world and not some floating vision that will vanish dream-like upon our nearer approach. It grows bolder and more rugged as we near its shores and finally the Island of Oahu appears on our right, all yellow sands and green palm-trees surrounded by foaming breakers.

## 2 Islands of the Southern Seas

Our ship the *China* sails southward between the two islands, and rounding the bold promontory of Diamond Head, steams for the port of Honolulu upon the Island of Oahu. The city with its spreading suburbs is visible for some time before we enter the portals of the harbor, and some miles out we are boarded by a deputation from that Eden of the Western Seas, a deputation that is dressed in white and decked in garlands of brilliant flowers, and all of whom, men, women, and children, look as though prepared to dance with the Queen of May. Those who are not Americans or Portuguese are dark-skinned Kanakas and all speak English.

Our great ship picks her way very cautiously among the many reefs of the harbor and finally rests by the long pier of Honolulu. There are not many of us to land here, but there is as much fuss about it as though there were a thousand. The custom-house officers are as particular, and the cabmen as terrific, as in San Francisco, but we promptly pass the former and are whirled away to our hotel by the latter, in their pleasant Victorias drawn by swift little horses.

The islands did not appear especially tropical as we approached them, but our first glimpse of the *poinciana regia* dispelled any feelings of disappointment that we may have possessed. Imagine a tree some forty feet in height, whose dark red trunk and branches support masses of foliage like the fronds of the fern, falling umbrella-like toward the earth, and over the top of all cascades of bloom of the most vivid scarlet, and you have the *poinciana regia*. Yonder is a long avenue of the trees, presenting the most marvellous floral display that man ever gazed



upon. But the floral glory is not confined to the *poinciana*. Another tree, called the *golden rain*, is very like the *poinciana*, but the scarlet of the latter is replaced by masses of brilliant yellow blossoms that fall in showers over the deep green leaves. Here also we may see the royal purple of the *bougainvillea*, the white and gold of the *frangipanni*, the crimson *hibiscus*, and pure white lilies, while before our door is a mango tree laden with its yellow fruit, but more glorious than all, flowers the *poinciana regia* and, during all my stay in the tropics, I never tired of gazing on its splendor.

The hotel at Honolulu, which seems to have no especial name and to be run by everyone in the town, is a rambling structure with wide verandas and hallways, a place where you take care of yourself and are expected to take an active interest in your neighbor's most private concerns, the result being that your neighbors soon have no "private concerns." If you want anything, you go after it, and generally your quest is unsuccessful. My rooms have a pleasant porch just in front of them, enclosed in wire netting, where one may rest in peace, secure from the onslaughts of the thousand and one winged inhabitants of the tropics. The palaces of her ex-Majesty rise from an ocean of bloom just over the way, and the moon casts over them a light so brilliant that even the electricity in the royal park has difficulty in holding its own against it. On our hotel porches and under the trees the people are dancing, and as the harsher music of our northern land dies away, the soft minor strains of the Kanaka minstrels steal outward on the air with a pulsing

## 4 Islands of the Southern Seas

voluptuous sound in keeping with the sensuous southern night.

Honolulu is a thriving town of—really I do not remember how many inhabitants it contains, for while within its limits I have no time or thought for such matters, but there are, I think, some twenty thousand. With their ever-changing and most motley people it must be difficult to arrive at any just estimate of the population of these islands.

The avenues are very broad, the streets of good width, and, in the business portion, are lined with substantial brick blocks, whose stores seem to contain all that one might care to buy. The houses of the people are all deeply embowered in shrubbery, and possess verandas for each floor, in fact, the veranda is the most important part of the house and is generally the living room where the younger people dance by the light of the moon and to the soft music of the natives, while the orientals gather in the shadows and gaze in silent wonderment at the strange antics of the "outside barbarians." You will find that much of your own time is passed in wandering around by day and night while you stare over stone walls or through open door-ways at scenes that are like a glimpse of fairyland. To give a detailed description of Honolulu would be to destroy one's illusions, and that I am not willing to do. Tomorrow we shall sail away to Hawaii, and I learn that the trip will consume a week's time, but, on our return we shall have two weeks left for Honolulu.

One long ride through the island we do take before our departure to Hawaii, and that is, to the

Pali. The way lies straight back from the sea, through the streets of the town, past embowered mansions of the living, and the silent city of the dead, where poor Kate Field is now sleeping.\* Gradually the road rises and rises until all the city, its suburbs and its harbor lie spread out behind us, and the vast expanse of the Pacific stretches away in the illimitable distance. Mountains rear their stately heads on both sides, but seem to have left a passage way directly before us. I say "seem," for suddenly we are brought to a halt by the disappearance of the roadway, and, looking forward, find that the earth has dropped down before us for twelve hundred feet to where the North Pacific sends in her thundering surges. This is Pali Point, over which one of the kings of old drove some thousands of his enemies, and their bones are even now to be found at the foot of the cliff. It is impossible to go farther unless one walks or mounts a mule, therefore we turn back and descend the six miles of road which separate us from Honolulu.

During the drive our attention is called to the *algeroba*, a tree brought from South America a hundred years ago by a Catholic priest. Before that, these islands were destitute of trees, but this species has taken kindly to the soil and climate and has prospered amazingly, casting abroad, ever farther and farther, its pods which furnish excellent food for horses and cattle when everything else has been destroyed.

\* July, 1896.



## CHAPTER II

### MOLOKAI

The Island of Dreadful Death—The Establishment of the Sanatorium  
—Father Damien and the Catholic Sisters

ONE hundred and eighty miles of ocean, capped by many white crests, roll between the Island of Oahu, upon which stands Honolulu, and that of Hawaii, whereon is the great volcano of Kilauea.

The distances out here have greatly astonished me. I had imagined that a radius of seventy-five miles, with Honolulu as a centre, would sweep far beyond all the group, but here we face one hundred and eighty miles of a rough sea. To cross it we must venture upon a small steam craft, which we know will take great pleasure in going up and down each particular wave, omitting or bridging none. Therefore, those who are liable to seasickness do not contemplate the voyage with any great degree of pleasure, for, say what you will, there is no joy in a rolling ship even to those who are not made ill thereby. The greater vessels have a sweeping, majestic motion which becomes pleasant after a time, but on a small craft the entire voyage is given

over to a series of jerks, which is trying, to say the least.

These little steamers carry on the local traffic between the islands, and I have rarely seen a greater mixture of races, unless it be at Port Said, than I look upon from the deck of this vessel, and certainly nothing more brilliant could be imagined than the panorama on this pier.

The people have a very pretty custom of decorating their hats and shoulders with flowers, and the men and women of all nations glow with the prismatic colors of the rainbow. Yonder stands a pretty, dark-eyed maiden, dressed in white from top to toe, while a wreath of crimson blossoms decks her hat and longer garlands of bright yellow and blue with many green leaves cover her shoulders. Near her stands a blond Adonis, whose Panama glows with scarlet, and whose white coat is fairly covered with flowers of all colors. Every Kanaka (native) woman offers you garlands of sweet-smelling blossoms, as did the priests in India, although there the flowers were always yellow and white, but here one fairly walks on blossoms of all colors, and on departure the final compliment from friends left behind, is a garland of flowers.

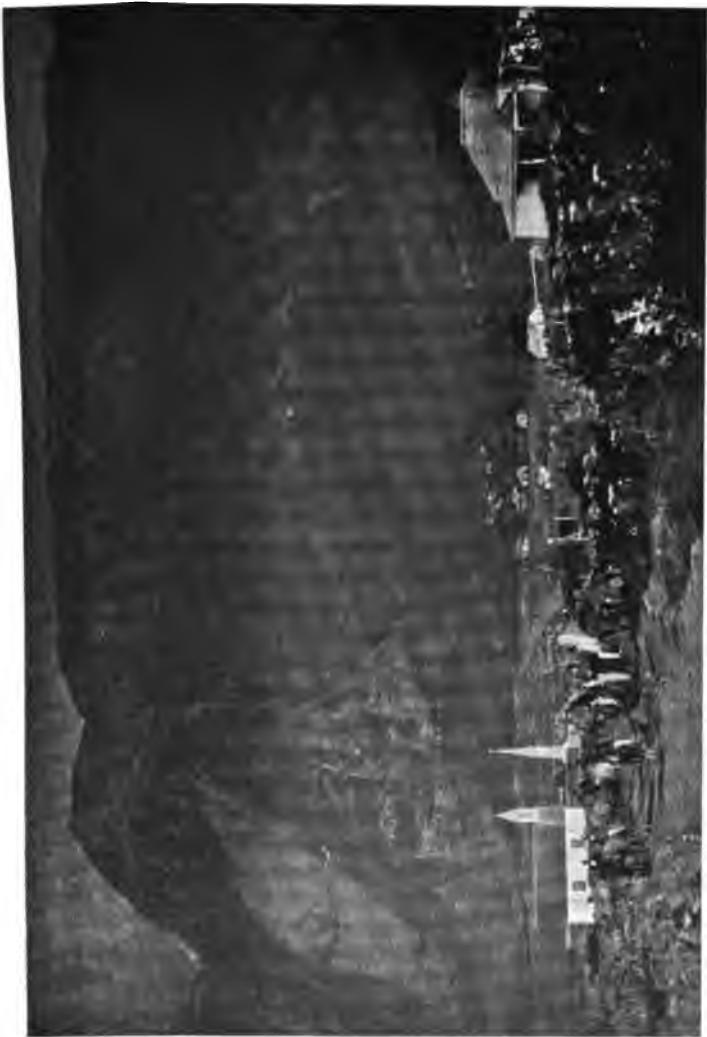
The harbor of Honolulu is at best a poor one. An opening through the reefs has been made with much difficulty, but it is so narrow that the larger ships often strike as they are entering the contracted basin where the trans-Pacific steamers make their landing. If storms ever visit these islands from the southward, much damage might be done, but the Storm King seems to have forgotten the very ex-

## 8 Islands of the Southern Seas

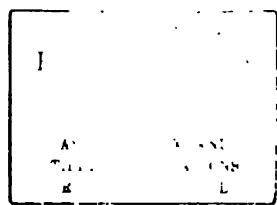
istence of this Eden of the West, and so it sleeps on in eternal calm. Placed just on the Tropic of Cancer, it knows nothing of the changes that sweep over our northern land, but to one accustomed to those changes this perpetual summer would eventually become very wearisome. The spaces of the outer ocean are so limitless hereabout that its waters forever carry on a restless heaving and become as though storm tossed when they meet the barrier of these islands, so that our little ship is cast around like a bubble, and one wonders that she is not swamped by the great rollers.

Thirty miles separate Oahu, with its hope in life and progress, from the mournful Island of Molokai, around which the salt "trades" blow forever in solemn requiem. As though to separate it more effectually from the abodes of those who may hope in this life, some of the greatest depths of the Pacific Ocean are to be found within this stretch of the sea, a stretch that, to-day, is of the deepest blue, blending shoreward with a vivid green over which glittering white caps are tossed toward the frowning rocks of yonder abode of horrors, the hospital of the lepers. We are not, of course, allowed to land, but we pass very near, near enough to distinguish the long, low projection of land upon which stands the Sanatorium for those unfortunate people, the village of Kalawao. The lepers do not occupy the whole island, but only this projection or cape, back of which and stretching far out into deep water on either side, rises for some three thousand feet an almost insurmountable cliff.

That cliff is the first land which greets the eye



KALAWAO, THE LEPER SETTLEMENT ON MOLOKAI.



## The Island of Dreadful Death 9

of the inward-bound traveller from America and it acts as an almost impassable barrier between the home of the lepers and the remainder of the island, which holds a goodly population. If you land upon the side of life and health you find the usual tropical island, beautiful in trees, shrubs, and flowers. Grassy meadows spread away on all sides over which cattle and sheep browse, while the woods are full of the music of song birds and of the sound of falling waters. As you ascend, the air becomes bracing until you may almost imagine you are once more in the cool land of the North.

It is a stiff climb to the top of the great cliff, but the view obtained will well repay you. The earth seems suddenly to vanish from beneath your feet, while, far below, you see a tongue of land thrust out into the ocean, a sunburned, brown and black bit of earth, where rough lava rocks are uncovered by the tossing sea. Vestiges of low stone walls still divide it into small lots, relics of the life that was lived there when Molokai was a popular resort, before the place was given over to the lepers. The ocean stretches away, a vast expanse with here and there an island dotting its surface, but, on the first glimpse of the point, one sees no vestige of the settlement which to-day makes the island of interest to the outer world. Looking far down over the cliff, two small hamlets are finally noticed, both nestling against the base of the great wall of rock and each composed of small white cottages, with the spire of a little church rising from their midst. If you were permitted entrance from this side you would follow that zig-zag path down the cliff, but at present you

## 10      Islands of the Southern Seas

can only get to the settlement by securing a permit—not easily done—from the proper authorities; in which case you will land from the sea.

Leprosy was not known in Hawaii until about fifty years ago, and it is supposed to have been brought here from Asia. There was scarcely any contagious diseases in these islands until the arrival of Captain Cook in 1790. One may be a leper for months before one knows the dreadful fact, and before that time terrible mischief may have been done in spreading the pest. Charles Warren Stoddard, from whom much of my information is derived, states that :

“ The prospect of life banishment alarmed the natives, both the sick and the hale ; they were not, and they still are not, afraid of the disease. They are a most affectionate people ; they love their friends with a love passing the love of woman ; moreover, they are fearless of death—at heart they are fatalists.

“ When the health agent of the Government went forth in search of the afflicted, hoping to gather them together, house them, feed them and clothe them at the Government expense, he found great difficulty in securing any of them. At the approach of the health officer the lepers would be secreted by friends, who were willing to brave possible contagion rather than part with those so dear to them. Sometimes the unfortunates were surprised, and given into the hands of the police, who were to have charge of them until they could be shipped to the new settlement.

“ Eye-witnesses of the heart-rending scenes that followed these captures will not soon forget the agony of the final partings. Terrible as was the emergency,

## The Island of Dreadful Death 11

the voice of the Government could justly say with 'Hamlet':

'I must be cruel only to be kind.'

It was a question of saving the remnant of the nation at the price of the hopeless few.

"The little lowland at our feet was found to be, by all odds, the most desirable locality in the whole group for a settlement such as was proposed. There are few white people on the Island of Molokai. This lowland was seldom, perhaps never, visited; certainly there was no necessity for its being visited by those who were not concerned in the welfare of the natives. The few settlers—old settlers certainly—still rusticating on the breezy and unsheltered plains below us, could dispose of their birthrights, if they chose to do so, or they could remain; for there was abundant room for all who were likely to find sanctuary in that sad spot. There was ample sustenance both on land and sea; fishers were living among the foam-crested rocks; the husbandman would find an immediate market for his produce, and he was alike fearless and hospitably disposed. Indeed, all things considered, no better refuge for the leper could be found; and so the little lowland under the great windward cliff of Molokai was speedily and permanently secured.

"Transportation began immediately, and for twenty years it has continued: it has continued in spite of the pitiful protestations of friends and relations, and in spite of the first instinct of humanity—the natural appeal of the sympathetic. It has continued and it will—it must—continue until the last vestige of leprosy has disappeared from the kingdom."

This government expends \$100,000 a year upon

## 12 Islands of the Southern Seas

the support of the lepers, whom they have induced to take some interest in the cultivation of the soil. There is a band of musicians among them; but could anything be more ghastly than to attend a concert where performers and audience were alike condemned to a death so terrible? Is it a possible thing that they can take any interest in the amusements of those of a happier state? One can imagine the natives doing so, but there are Europeans among that ghastly company, and does not the sound of some melody of their happier days drive them to madness, drive them into that glittering ocean, even though its waters abound with sharks?

It is pleasant to record that the pest is not only under control, but is diminishing, and in a few years, so to speak, these islands will be free from it. Now each case and suspected case is known and noted. The authorities employ experts who penetrate into the dwellings of the people, and a suspect is at once taken to the hospital in Honolulu and there remains until his case is passed upon. If he proves to be a leper, he is taken to the island, but before his departure his family are allowed to see him once only, through a grating, and never again in this life.

It is well known that the scourge produces lethargy and indifference in its victims. They do not suffer and soon cease to care for the future or to regret the past. Often they are carried off by pneumonia, grippe, and other like complaints to which they are rendered peculiarly susceptible. I am told by Dr. —, that, in the case of a white man, the authorities will simply warn him to leave the islands, and

he goes to Japan, South America, or sometimes over to our own land. The same authority informs me that there is a case now in one of our great cities, under the charge of a well-known physician, who is studying it for the benefit of science; the case, however, is not in any of the specified pest houses, but in the heart of one of our greatest cities.

It is difficult to believe all one hears, yet Dr. —— informs me that one of the greatest means of spreading the leprosy comes from the use of what the natives call "awa," a disgusting stuff that has somewhat the effect of opium, and is produced from the saliva formed by chewing the *awa* root. A dozen or more will squat around a great bowl into which they cast their saliva and this, after fermentation, forms a favorite drug. So the disease spreads.

The so-called " Javanese cure " works well so long as it is kept up, but the instant it is discontinued the taint reappears. It cannot be called a " cure " at all. The government buys this nostrum in huge quantities, and it is used in connection with hot baths, but of what it consists, none save the makers know.

The authorities have very rightly forbidden the sale of all photographs of the lepers, save for scientific purposes. Some thirteen hundred miserables pass their lives on Molokai watching the slow progress of the awful disease, knowing from day to day that they must endure this living death, or what is far more terrible and more truthful, this living decomposition. They say here that the lepers are not unhappy, and that having no hope of recovery they willingly remain on that point of sand yonder,

## 14 Islands of the Southern Seas

knowing that they will be watched over and nursed by those saintly women, the Catholic Sisters, and cared for by the government. The latter clothes, shelters, and feeds them; the former nurse them through their days of torture, and, finally, when the horror called a life is over, close their eyes after death.

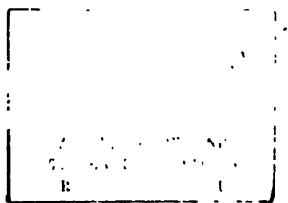


For those who suffer and for those who help them to bear that suffering there should be a better heaven than for most of us. Certainly, Father Damien's crown must outshine all that glitter around the throne of God, and surely the bells of heaven chimed all the more sweetly when his soul passed to its reward and its rest. His early home was in Louvain, Belgium, where he was born in 1840. Having asked to be sent to Molokai in place of a brother who had been taken ill, his wish was granted; he was soon on his way, and landed from a small cattle ship in 1873.

It is said on the island that he was a man of the people, and lowly in heart; that had it been otherwise, had he been a refined man, he could not have carried out his mission; also, that to his carelessness he owed his destruction, as he always lived among these people, used their tools, smoked their pipes, occupied their huts, and thereby contracted their disease, and so cut short by many years his mission on earth. Perhaps he believed that escape was impossible and death, in the most horrid form, inevitable; but the Catholic Sisters have proved that such is not the case, for living in their own house and using every precaution, so far no sign of the pest has troubled any of them.



FATHER DAMIEN.

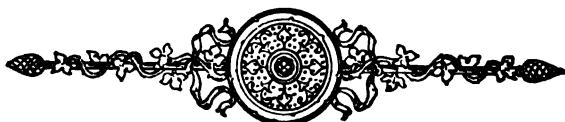


It is generally believed that contagion comes only from actual contact, but the avoidance of actual contact may not have been possible when Father Damien came to Molokai. With no house and no material of which to make one, he slept in the open air; all the hardships were his, while the Sisters arrived after his great work was done, and when a comfortable, clean abiding place had been prepared. Father Damien is described, in his earlier years spent on this point, as one "with the glow of heaven in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner, while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen is doing the noblest of all works."

You who rebel at the sorrows and sufferings which overtake you during your journey of life, pause a moment and contemplate this man. You are perhaps brave, or think yourself so. You would, if necessary, give your life for home and country, would not hesitate to pass through fire to save those you love; but could you face a death like his? Could you calmly and bravely enter yonder boat in the fulness of perfect health, with a possible long life if you turned back, and passing over these blue waters, which would lead to freedom in any other direction, enter that charnel-house of horrors beneath yonder mountain? Could you face those horrors as he did? Could you live among the worse than dead who dwell there? Could you daily and hourly do your duty, and, forgetting all others, comfort those wretched beings, while you watched for the first signs of a coming horror for yourself?

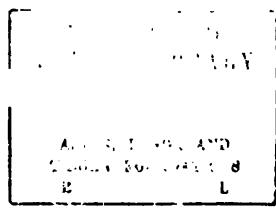
## 16 Islands of the Southern Seas

Under the walls of the little Catholic mission, which he helped to rear until the tools fell from his swollen hands, he sleeps at last. Mingling with the prayers of those for whom he worked, the solemn notes of the organ, and the grander music of the ocean chant his requiem, while through the blue vaults of heaven resound the words, "Well done, well done. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."





TOMB OF FATHER DAMIEN, MOLOKAI.



APR 19 1968 AND  
MAY 1968  
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## CHAPTER III

### HAWAII

Thirty Miles through a Tropical Forest—The Plains of Lava and the Lake of Fire—Native Music—An Ancient Turtle—The Sail Back to Honolulu

A BIT of troubled ocean some twenty miles wide separates Molokai from the Island of Maui, where our ship stops at two or three palm-embowered towns,—towns that in the old days furnished headquarters for whalers and harbors of refuge for thousands of storm-driven barks from the ocean. Those days of prosperity are past with the vanishing of sailing ships. Daily the vines creep higher and higher and higher and the trees grow more thickly around dozens of deserted huts, so that ere long the vegetable life of the tropics will have obliterated all traces of the life of man.

Another rough passage, taken fortunately at night, brings us to the Island of Hawaii. About the size of Connecticut, Hawaii holds the great volcano, and the greater number of those sources of wealth, the sugar plantations. All day long we steam past its eastern shore, where the scenery greatly resembles that of the lower Hudson, or of

## 18 Islands of the Southern Seas

the Columbia River, but is more majestic than either. Many waterfalls leap over the crags and into the deep waters of the ocean. The sail is an uneasy one, as the waves roll unbroken from Panama, and it is with decided pleasure that we disembark, at four o'clock, at Hilo, one of the summer resorts for the people of Honolulu.

Hilo is a small, white looking town, and is placed just between the ocean and the end of the great stream of lava which paused in its course, perhaps to contemplate its victim, and, becoming congealed, stands forever a monument to its curiosity. The streets of the place are dirty with the black dirt of long crumbling lava. Stately cocoa palms lift their plumes a hundred feet above us, casting their fruit down upon the mango, which in turn covers the earth with its golden globes. The *poinciana regia* stands all aflame guarding the low, rambling, red hotel, which was formerly a summer residence of the queen, and wherein we are received by a bright-eyed, swarthy Portuguese.

There is some objection as to the arrangement of rooms. We are allotted a small one containing one bed, one grand piano, and one wasp's nest. There are also numerous cockroaches and spiders about. We insist upon another bed, and offer to exchange for it the grand piano, but for a time without success. The bed is finally secured by the threat to play upon the piano. We are in a detached house—most houses are detached here—and there is a dusky dame on our porch washing clothes and ironing them. This she keeps up most of the night, and each movement of her iron shakes us out of

sleep, worn out as we are with the hard trip from Honolulu.

The stages start at eight o'clock and all day long pass upward through the aisles of a tropical forest. To those who have not journeyed through the tropics in other lands these forests may seem a marvel of beauty, but to those who have travelled in Central America, in Ceylon, Java, or up to Darjeeling they will appear tame and of little interest.

It is very warm, and we jolt onward over a rough road to the rest house where a luncheon awaits us. The afternoon ride proves more interesting, the forests become denser and higher, the tree ferns are almost as majestic as those of Ceylon, while flowers of every known variety grow in the wildest profusion. The jungle becomes so thick that it seems impossible to penetrate it, and the combinations of the vegetable and floral life of all the zones is most remarkable. There, for instance, under that palm tree and around yonder mango, in a deep carpet of the richest grass, roses and magnolias, pinks, jasmine, and heliotrope are hobnobbing in the most friendly fashion.

One of the chief charms of these islands lies in the fact that snakes and wild animals are unheard of. One may penetrate these jungles without fear of cobra or tiger. Nothing wilder than the descendants of some few cattle, turned loose here by the sailors years ago, haunt these solitudes. This is certainly a consolation, for, in other southern lands, one never approaches a tree or a ruin, without close investigation for fear of snakes of all sorts.

As the road winds higher and higher—all the way

## 20 Islands of the Southern Seas

over deposits of lava—the ferns grow shorter and the air becomes cooler until we reach the volcano house at an altitude of four thousand feet. However we may be impressed by the volcano, the view from this plateau is certainly most interesting.

We are on a table-like projection, and all around us rises the steam from the subterranean fires. The scene is weirdly fantastic, and suggestive of the resting-place of Brunhilde. The flames of the hidden fires may or may not break out at any moment. At our feet the land takes a sudden drop of some five hundred feet and then spreads off in a vast field of lava, resembling Niagara above the Horseshoe suddenly congealed into still life. Here and there rise great columns of steam and one of them hangs over the "Lake of Fire." Off to our right the mountains tower into cloudland, while far in the distance slumbers the Southern Ocean. As the daylight fades and the shadows gather, the sky becomes crimsoned from the reflected fires. It is a weird, uncanny sight.

We are told that throughout our night of rest the fires were very active, illuminating the heavens for hours, but this morning there is no evidence that that great black field below has ever shown signs satanic.

The great irruption, in 1880, was not from the crater below us—Kilauea—but from the one on the mountain above—Mokuaweoweo, some thirteen thousand feet above yonder glittering ocean. It has been silent since then, but at that time it cast its flaming scarf all the way to Hilo. The small extinct crater of Kiluaikii is a hole in the mountain

with sheer sides eight hundred and fifty feet in depth, its bottom being covered with a smooth field of lava whose heat departed centuries ago.

As day declines, the fires seem to have been lighted all around, and we hope by nightfall that the lake will have gotten itself ready for exhibition. A descent of five hundred feet brings us to the level of the lava fields, which stretch away in all directions mile on mile. Our way lies straight forward for three miles to the Lake of Fire, which is situated in the centre of this solidified mass. I know of nothing that mortal eye has ever looked upon with which to compare this field of lava. One could almost fancy that the Judgment Day had come and gone; that the Omnipotent had passed sentence and departed heavenward with the souls of the elect, while here below His sentence had been executed, and that around one lies the first brewing of the damned. One gazes in wonder at the endless coils of black lava as they lie rolled and twisted around, and ever and anon touches them in half belief that they will yield quivering and flesh-like to the touch.

Onward and onward we walk until the rest-house is reached, where those on horses must dismount and finish their journey on foot. The lava becomes softer and more broken as we proceed, crumbling here and there as we pass over it, and seeming to be partly of ashes. Some of us in advance of the guides reach a point where two paths separate, and taking that to the left, we push on until we are brought to a standstill by the steam and smoke of sulphur and by a road-bed almost too hot to step upon. Hesitating, we take council, but seeing that

## 22 Islands of the Southern Seas

the path is well marked we decide to push onward to a vast opening now plainly in sight. It is hot work and we would not have been permitted to follow that path had the guides been at hand, for we afterwards learned that we were standing upon a thin crust beneath which there was no bottom!

I think I have never seen anything more awe-inspiring than that first view of the gulf of the lake. A perfectly circular crater some fifteen hundred or two thousand feet across and some seven hundred feet deep sank into the lava immediately before us. The sides were cracked and seared with the heat of ages, and at its base a field of molten lava of thirty or forty acres glowed and steamed in a hellish fashion, while explosions that shook the earth followed each other in quick succession. The fascination of the spot was intense, but as it took the form of a desire to jump in, and as our guides were, from a distance, waving to us to return, we departed for a safe vantage ground on the other side.

As yet the Lake of Fire has not justified its name, therefore we wait, and as we wait the rain comes down, and we gather around one of the natural stoves that rise here, there, and everywhere. While deep in the examination of luncheon, a shout from the guides recalls us to the crater's brink. Half of the floor below has blown up and is boiling like molten iron. It is a marvellous and terrifying sight, one that causes us to hold on wildly to the rocks, for we have only the knowledge that the spot on which we stand has been safe for four years to assure us that its floor may not break away also, when, like the mist of the morning, we should vanish.

Of course, what we see now, is nothing to the awful sight of a great irruption, when this crater is filled to the top with crimson waves that dash against and over the sides, and how grand past all description must have been the sight, when all this plain which stretches out around us was a sea of tossing, living flames. At times the fires die away entirely, and one may gaze into this pit and see far down into darkness and nothingness.

As the darkness gathers, we can trace the brilliant fires under all the flooring below, and as we look, again it gives away and the awful element bursts forth, only to coat over quickly with a dusky brown, like dust thrown on a cauldron of molten iron.

No comparison can be made between the Lake of Fire and any other volcano that the world holds. *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, stately and beautiful to look upon as the white smoke drifts around their lofty summits, are undoubtedly very grand during the period of great eruptions. The same holds true of the volcanoes of Java, but this Lake of Fire is a realization of one's old ideas of the halls of Hell, and needs but Satan on his throne to complete the picture. One cannot but feel that the veil which separates the here from the hereafter, has been penetrated, in one direction at least, and the believers in a place of torment can do no better than to bring their sinful ones to Hawaii and show them this. Their conversion would be prompt and most enduring.

But the rain increases and we start back, lantern in hand. Picking our weary way over the lava and up the cliff at last we reach the hotel, utterly used

## 24 Islands of the Southern Seas

up, but satisfied to have undergone all the fatigue for those glimpses into the jaws of Hell.

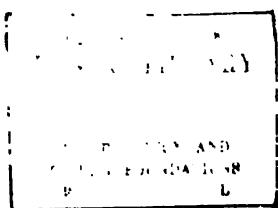
We were favored this morning, with some native melodies sung by Kanaka women with very sweet voices. The airs remind us of those of many lands. A strange mingling of the quaint sounds of Norway with the plaintive murmurs of our own South, through which clashes now and then a strain of barbaric music from the Orient. The language seems a blending of all the vowels around the letter "K," every word ending in a vowel.

At seven o'clock we start down the mountain in a wagonette and the mist closes in, in a manner worthy of Scotland, shutting off our last view of the abode of the powers of the under world. The early morning seems to have awakened the birds and for the first time the air is filled with their melody. I am told that since the advent of the Chinese and Japanese the birds and game have been driven by them into the farther mountains, certainly we have seen little or no animal life on this island. Large game (wild deer) abounds on Molokai, and the sport is fine there in many places. Thus far, the ubiquitous German sparrow has not moved in, but he has given notice of his coming by a few avant couriers.

We are obliged, on account of the mules, to stop at the half-way house for an hour. Fodder is so scarce and so dear that the poor animals fare badly on the mountains, and, consequently, are not very vigorous. These islands do not produce much hay or grass, and neither grass nor hay contains much nourishment. Hay brought from California costs from twenty-five to thirty dollars per ton. The animals drawing our stage move along well enough,



THE HOME OF PELE, LAKE OF FIRE, HAWAII.



but their task is made infinitely harder by a constant application of the brake no matter whether we are moving over a dead level or down hill, all because we "must not arrive ahead of schedule time." It is trying enough to our patience, but it must be torture for the mules, so the arrival at Hilo is a great relief to all. Here we shall rest until the ship carries us back to Honolulu.

In the back yard of this little hotel there is an immense turtle of great age, being credited with something more than two hundred years. It is known to have been in its present enclosure for more than half a century, and, I am told, it bears marks on its shell which prove its great age. It is supposed to have come from South America. Now it leads a contented existence in a large field. In size it is some four feet long and its shell is very high. There is, I believe, in the Zoölogical Gardens of London a turtle which is supposed to be three hundred years old. Both are of the same species, a species that is fast becoming extinct, because of sailors' fondness for turtle steak. I should fancy that the meat of this bit of antiquity at Hilo must be somewhat tough. It seems to be quite tame, as a small brown boy, crowned with scarlet flowers, is making stately progress, mounted on its back. It does not pause for an instant, even when prodded with a cane, but with an expression of concentrated wisdom sweeps onward with its burden and passes slowly out of sight.

The sail back to Honolulu was uneventful and we were very glad to reach the hotel again. On the whole, though very interesting, the week had been a fatiguing one.



## CHAPTER IV

### LIFE IN HONOLULU

Native Yarns—Moonlight on Diamond Head—Annexation—A Dinner of Strange Fruits, a Bath in the Sea, and Farewell to Wikiki

THESE natives are wonderful watermen and wonderful are the tales related of their strength and endurance. Here are two of them:

Some weeks ago a native fell overboard from an incoming ship and twenty-four hours after was found paddling towards land. The second is even more astonishing and relates the only known attempt to escape from Molokai. It is to the effect that a leper swam the thirty miles of sea separating that island from Oahu, with the dead body of his wife upon his back. I do not insist upon belief in either of these tales, and as to shark stories, those related here are so marvellous that I do not dare repeat any of them.

On our drive to the "Punch Bowl" just now I questioned the driver (a native) about the *awa* (pronounced ava), and he corroborated all that Dr. — had stated concerning it, adding that it was entirely possible to have the root ground and made up in a

cleanly way, but that his people were so dirty and lazy that they preferred their own horrid custom, fully knowing the awful risk which they ran. I was glad to have the man's testimony, which came free and unsolicited, as I confess I had doubted Dr. —.

The root of the *taro* is treated by the natives in much the same way, therefore I could not bring myself to touch it even when I knew that it was prepared in a proper and cleanly manner. The *taro* is the large elephant-eared lily—the caladium—which we use in our foliage beds. It is either baked, fried like the sweet potato, or ground up and made into a sort of mush called *poi*, which the people eat as we do oatmeal. In combination with cracked ice, sugar and milk it is said to be a specific for sea-sickness and the concoction is called a " *poi cocktail*. "

The " *Punch Bowl* " is an eminence immediately back of the town and some two or three hundred feet in elevation. It commands a splendid view of the town, mountain, and harbor, with the slumbering ocean stretching away in endless reaches.

The *City of Rio* is expected inward bound from Yokohama. She should have been in this morning, but as we gazed westward over the water there was no evidence of her coming. Even with three or four steamships a month between here and San Francisco, these islands seem very remote, but what must they have seemed when the nearest point was a month off and when but one ship a year came this way. New Zealand with its direct telegraph communication does not seem half so far afield.

Honolulu is blessed with some very delightful localities for residences. Back from the town, toward

## 28 Islands of the Southern Seas

the Pali, the ground rises rapidly, so that within a short walk one may overlook the whole valley, and may plant one's home comparatively secure from ocean mists, if one objects to them. On the other hand all down the coast to the eastward stretches the charming suburb of Wikiki. Each house has its beach and an uninterrupted view of the ocean. There, may be found both still water and surf bathing, and there, we indulge in the exhilarating exercise of surf riding, which is much like our tobogganing. The vehicles are not unlike save that these "boats" are longer and possess no cushions or hand rails. We must cling as best we can while the ocean tosses us landward, and one is apt to cling with a life and death clutch, mindful of the sharks in the waters around. We are told that we are too near the reef to be troubled by the monsters, but they have been known to come here and may do so again.

How beautiful it is to-night. How soft the light of the rising moon over yonder bold rock, Diamond Head. How the lights of the town twinkle amid the groves of palm and mango, whose deep greens are contrasted with the flaming *poinciana* and *hibiscus*, so brilliant in color that they almost rival the transfiguring glory of the sunset just now turning the ocean into molten crimson, as though jealous of the glowing flowers.

The air is laden with the faint odor of the *stephanotis*. Some native music from soft-stringed instruments floats outward in the quiet night. All nature is at peace, all the world at dreamful ease. Far away overhead floats one solitary, white-winged bird. Is it a soul from the other world—perhaps

the soul of one who has been happy here, and does not willingly lose sight of this earthly Paradise.

The Pacific, here, does not often remember that she is storm-tossed, and to-night the waters murmur around us as though this were some fairy lake, and not an almost limitless ocean, an ocean so peaceful that one would scarce hesitate to drift off into the silence with an infinite trust that all would be well, with almost a belief that here at last are the waters of eternity.

*August 25th.*—We dined last night with Mrs. C—r, and for the first time I can say that I really enjoyed some of the strange natural productions of this southern land, such as the bread fruit, mangos, alligator pear, taro, and several others, the names of which I have forgotten.

The bread fruit, as it hangs on the tree looks like a great Osage orange. To prepare it for the table it is baked like a potato and broken open, when its meat resembles that of a sweet potato, but is somewhat more stringy and is white in color. The flavor also is like that of sweet potato, but much more delicate. It is eaten with butter and salt. The mango was cooked like a sauce and had the flavor of rhubarb. It was much more pleasant to the palate than the ripe fruit, for which I have not as yet acquired a taste. The alligator pear, sliced and used with a lettuce salad, was also a pleasant dish. The pear itself looks like a great green, and sometimes purple, gourd with a smooth surface. Inside it resembles a cantaloupe, but the seed is in a large soft pod which fills all the interior. There was also

## 30 Islands of the Southern Seas

a dessert, dainty and pleasant, which tasted very much like a gooseberry. Knowing that we were strangers, our hostess had arranged all this for us and the result was very agreeable.

After dinner several hours were spent on the broad veranda of her charming home. A full moon had swung up over the adjacent mountain and was shedding its brilliant light over the marvellous foliage of the trees. The air was balmy and delightful, and we moved our chairs out on the lawn, only to be driven in by a sudden dash of rain from a perfectly cloudless sky. Thanks to the open-hearted hospitality of the good people of Honolulu every moment of our stay has sped by on winged wheels, and to-night, when we departed hotel-ward, I discovered that the hour, instead of being about nine, was half-past eleven. Our hostess was herself to blame in that she made her house so enjoyable. As we start away down the silent moonlit road the *Minas* in the great rubber trees around, wake and clatter at the sound of our footsteps. Nothing else breaks the silence of the night save some soft-sounding music from a native hut in the distance, the liquid note of an awakened dove, or the thunk, thunk of some over-ripe mangos as they strike the earth.

During our three weeks' stay in the islands we have had opportunities of talking concerning annexation with some of the best men—resident Americans—some of whom were “sons of missionaries.” Almost without exception those of them in favor of annexation admitted that it would be a most excellent thing for the islands but a very poor thing for the United States. They seem to realize, however,

that they have a better government than we have, as they are governed by the best of their own people. As proof of this, we saw that, in Honolulu, a city which is better governed than any of its size in America, property pays a tax of but one per cent. for all purposes. The party which favors annexation fails to tell us any way in which the United States could derive a benefit thereby, except for a coaling station. They allege that all local taxation would have to go for local purposes, and that they have already given up a place for a coaling station in Pearl Harbor which we have not considered of sufficient importance to take possession of. The statement, so often made in Congress, that these islands "lie at our very door," is manifestly absurd to any one who has, as we did, steamed six days in the finest ship on the Pacific Ocean, in order to reach Honolulu.

The Year-Book of the Hawaiian Republic shows that if two cents per pound duty were levied upon sugar brought from these islands to America, the United States Government would have received from seven to eight million dollars for the year, which now goes into the pockets of a few Hawaiian planters. It also shows that the total exportation from the United States to Hawaii amounted to less than \$5,000,000. Annexation, therefore, would mean a loss of some \$7,000,000 possible revenue to the United States for the sake of doing a business of \$5,000,000.

There are less than forty sugar plantations in the Islands, and all the land capable of raising sugar is now used for that purpose, the remainder being

## 32 Islands of the Southern Seas

mountainous or unfit for growing the cane. A small amount of this land may be reclaimed for the raising of sugar if irrigation can be applied. The statement was uncontradicted that the cane can be cultivated in the Hawaiian Islands only by black or yellow people, and that white people are unable to do such work in that climate, so that the employment of American labor is practically impossible.

The expense of maintaining a coaling station at Hawaii would be greater than to fortify our Pacific ports. Naturally, the few sugar planters and their satellites are crying for annexation because they fear that Americans will come to their senses and abrogate the present treaty, which grants full entry to Hawaiian sugar. It is therefore not surprising that we find the same faction advocating in Congress Hawaiian annexation, and demanding increased favors for the sugar trust. Thoughtful Americans, who are not interested in the sugar trust and in the political appointments from Washington, cannot fail to think that the correct solution of the Hawaiian problem would be for the United States and Great Britain to unite in guaranteeing autonomy to the Islands, in consideration for which Hawaii should give a neutral coaling station for the two nations and free entry for British and American products.

*August 27th.*—Our last day in these Islands dawns as brilliantly as all that have gone before. The *Monowai* should come in from "Frisco" to-day, and she will carry us away toward Samoa and New Zealand.

While we are at breakfast, an invitation reaches us from Wikiki—an invitation to "dine, after a bath in the ocean." As the ship is late we accept, and start forth about five o'clock for that charming spot and find our hostess and her guests at tea under the spreading *algerobas*. We are banished shortly to the water, and for the next hour enjoy that most delightful of all recreations—a sea bath, though I do not find that these warmer waters produce that feeling of exhilaration which I experience after a bath in the surf of our North Atlantic.

Dinner follows—dinner in the open *lanai* with the waters rushing and gurgling almost at our feet. How soft the air is, how dense are the shadows as night falls. Honolulu has vanished save for a belt of lights twinkling among the dense foliage of the mangos, while above them stately palms are silhouetted against the western sky. All nature has gone to sleep, but, suddenly, the waters take on a tinge of pink which fast deepens into crimson. The farther mountains become outlined against the sky. Brighter and brighter grows the light until all the world is aflame with the afterglow, only to be quickly shrouded in the deepest black as the tropical night drops like a curtain against which glitters the constellation of the scorpion.

We would prolong this last night, but it is willed otherwise, and the telephone brings us word that our ship has been sighted off Diamond Head. Around that promontory she shortly makes her appearance glittering with lights. She brings us letters and news of the outer world. In the latter we had almost ceased to feel an interest, so com-

## 34 Islands of the Southern Seas

pletely has the charm of these islands enfolded us, and the ship is far towards her moorings before we tear ourselves away from the moonlight and the music of the ocean, and from the warm-hearted hospitality of Wikiki.





## CHAPTER V

### TOWARD THE EQUATOR

Departure Southward—The Lady in Waiting to the Queen of the Bismarck Islands—The Immensity of the Pacific—Life on a Lonely Ocean—Swayne's Island and its Patriarch

IT is high noon on August 29th before we are under-way to the south. There is no prelude, no sail down a beautiful bay, nor two or three hours preparation. The ocean seizes at once upon the ship and in less than half an hour from starting we are rolling around in an uneasy fashion. This ship is not to be compared with the *China* and, just now, a two weeks' voyage in her does not appeal pleasantly to our thoughts. There is certainly a motley crew and a motley cargo aboard. Some horses stalled on the upper deck, some dozen or so of parrots, making clatter and clamor between decks.

Our first glimpse of a Papuan is in the shape of the maid of her Majesty, the Queen of the Bismarck Islands. The maid is as black as midnight; her wool, all stuck through with brass pins, is done up in the most marvellous twists. Her costume seems to consist of one garment, crimson slashed

## 36 Islands of the Southern Seas

with blue, confined only around the neck, while her black cheeks are ornamented with huge spiders of blacker paint, if such can be. Her solemn black eyes regard us with disfavor, and we glance around for the throne of skulls and the guard of naked warriors which should be near. Her mistress, the Queen, is a mulatto woman, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, and dressed in what we call a "Mother-Hubbard" of white muslin. She speaks several languages, and is married to a huge, fair-haired German of not more than thirty years of age. They are *en route* for their kingdom, a coral reef, somewhere off in the boundless waste of waters which rolls around us.

We learn, however, that her Majesty is not really Queen of the Bismarck Islands, but merely a relative of the late King, or the present King,—it seems a matter of dispute. She is a native of Apia in Samoa, but owns a large estate in Bismarck, an island situated near New Guinea, from which country she secured the marvellous maid. I have endeavored to draw the latter into conversation, but so far without success, though I am told she speaks English very clearly.

The immensity of the Pacific becomes more and more impressive as we sail southward. These are the seas of Robinson Crusoe and the Ancient Mariner, though we have not yet seen an albatross. Even the flying fish seem to have deserted, or are afraid to enter the desolation of these far-off waters. The trade winds blow steadily, and the ocean forever keeps up a deep heaving motion, with never a storm to disturb the dead monotony. Nearer to

Samoa tempests sometimes rage, but not around the equator.

This is the widest part of the Pacific. On the east nothing breaks the waters nearer than the shores of Ecuador, five thousand miles away. New Guinea lies almost as far off on the west, while, to the north, we may go on and on until the Aleutian Islands block the way to Behring Sea, and to the southward there is nothing until the mysterious shores of the dark Antarctic Continent forbid farther progress.

I have never before seen such gorgeous sunsets, and such wonderful atmospheric effects as those we have witnessed in these latitudes! Last night's sunset beggared description. A background of glowing olive and pure blue, over which flaming clouds were cast in the wildest profusion, contrasted ever and anon with others of the deepest purple and the black-looking, slumbering ocean whose waves were flame-tipped. No sign of life broke the solemn silence of nature's high court.

During most of the day the monotony is great, so great that I have been trying all this morning to flirt with the lady-in-waiting to her Majesty, the Queen of the Bismarck Islands, but so far without success. When I whistle she sticks out her lips, and as they are something like three inches thick by six wide it is no joke, though it may be meant as a compliment; but if one ventured to bestow a kiss on those dainty lips, one might disappear into the cavern behind them; therefore, it would be just as well to have a rope attached to one's feet.

How dependent we are upon our fellow-mortals

for pleasure, and especially so when shut up in a small ship for two weeks! There are two or three pleasant people aboard this craft, but aside from them there is scarcely a soul in whom it is possible to be in any way interested, unless it be the troupe of acrobats *en route* to charm the eyes and shillings of the Australians.

What a sad thing life is for some of us. I cannot but think of it as I look at this company of acrobats. The men and boys can take care of themselves, but there is a little child, a girl, of not more than four years of age. What a prospect stretches before her for all the years of her life! Standing on its threshold with her blue eyes full of wonder, with no shadow or thought of evil clouding her little face, she is shaking her golden curls in pure glee at the applause we have given her for a short recitation, little dreaming of what the years may, and probably will, bring to her. How complete is her ignorance of the dreary sawdust ring with its grind, grind, grind, of the glitter and gold all turned to tinsel and tarnished brass, and of the probable loss of all that makes life worth living to a woman. God keep the little one!

A sudden downpour of rain drives us below, but the storm passes as swiftly as it came, leaving the ocean calm and almost black in color, and the two white birds that have followed us for days are skimming close to its heaving surface. To-day we pass the sun in his course to the southward, and shall reach the equator twenty-one days before he does.

*September 3rd.—Crossed the line at 3.30 A.M.*

"A sail!" Books are thrown down and chairs upset in the scramble to see the messenger from the world. Away to the westward, a mere cloud of white against the horizon, glides a full-rigged ship northward bound; it is only the second sail that this ship has seen in six years, save when in port. That gives some idea of the vast solitude of these waters. If anything were to happen to our machinery we might drift and drift for months with no chance of assistance. It would be weeks before we should be reported as missing, and if searched for, imagine the task of locating us in this immensity!

It is a matter of astonishment to a student of the map that, during this voyage, he does not sight some of the many islands which seem (from the map) to cluster about the course. But we have seen none, and shall see but one before reaching Samoa.

*September 4th.*—Swayne's Island gives us our first glimpse of land, a mere dot upon the ocean. Yet on it a man and his wife have lived and reared a family, who are all now grown to man's estate. For thirty years this one family has held supreme sway over this little kingdom, with no life nearer than Samoa, one hundred and sixty miles away.

The island is a mass of waving cocoa palms, indeed, the cocoanut forms its staple of commerce. The natives call it *copra*, and the meat, after being cut in slices, is partly dried in the sun or in a hot house, and then packed and shipped to Europe, where the oil is pressed out, and the refuse furnishes a food most fattening to animals. The Spaniards were the discoverers of this point in the ocean in

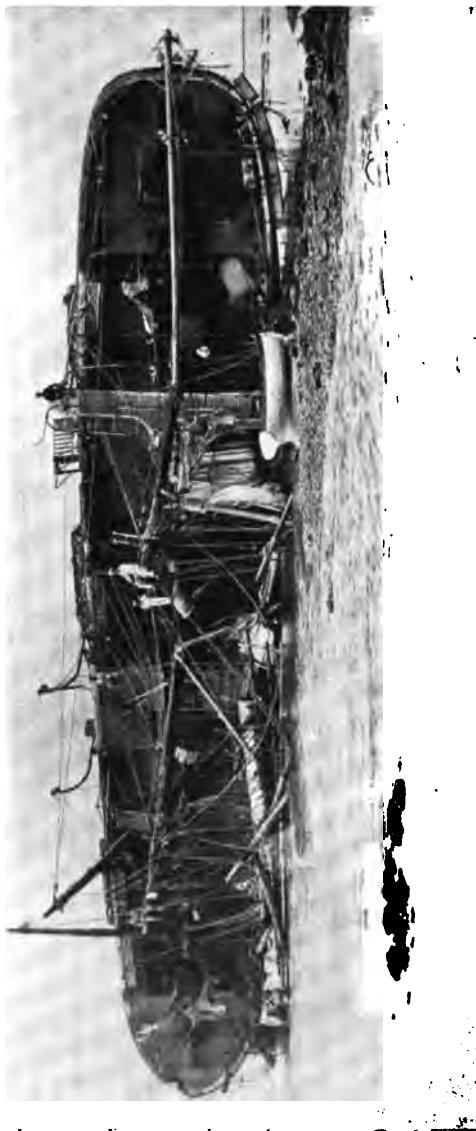
## 40 Islands of the Southern Seas

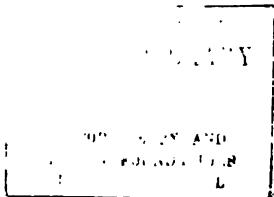
1602, but it has not been of sufficient importance for even England to raise her flag over it, and I fancy that the present patriarch may establish an hereditary monarchy upon it, if he desires.

We are near enough for two small houses to be visible, and we are as near as the life of the world ever approaches to the inhabitants thereof. Can one imagine a more utterly solitary existence? The sun in its passage makes the only change that ever comes to the dwellers yonder, the murmur of the waves and the soughing of the winds are the only sounds that ever break the eternal stillness. Twice a year a ship comes from Samoa with provisions, but for the rest of the time Swayne's Island remains in solitude. Save in a dead calm no boat can land, and fifty feet from the beach the ocean drops away to a depth of three miles. All the peaks of the Alps and of the United States might be placed in a circle around that green spot, which is in itself but the top of a great mountain, and we could sail safely over all of them with hundreds of feet to spare. Spring, autumn and winter with their glorious changes are never known, only the perfect stillness of eternal summer reigns supreme.



WRECK OF THE "ADLER," SAMOA.







## CHAPTER VI

### SAMOA

**Wrecks of the Great Storm still Visible—The Grave of Stevenson—  
The People and Their Present Condition—Time, Nothing in  
Samoa**

A BOUT three o'clock on the morning of September 5th, we were awakened by the sudden cessation of the regular beat of the screw, and on looking out found that the ocean had vanished, and, save for a little patch of water, nothing but green mountains was in sight. It was too early as yet to see the town of Samoa, and the natives evidently were unaware of our arrival as no canoes appeared upon the waters. This state of affairs, however, did not last long. The sky had not yet shown any signs of day when the bay became alive with all sorts of native craft manned by sturdy brown boatmen and laden with the usual assortment of coral, mats, and native fruits. The rising sun has brought the low white houses into view, and we turn from the waters to our first view of this now famous Samoa.

Almost the first thing we see is the great hulk of the German warship *Adler*, which was lost in the

## 42 Islands of the Southern Seas

hurricane of 1889. Beyond it, spreading in a crescent along the shore, is the town of Apia, while high above it and directly in the centre of the landscape rises the mountain where Stevenson sleeps his last sleep. Green hills stretch away on both sides, as though in silent watch and ward over his resting-place, but he needs no guard, so deeply rooted is the love for him in the hearts of these people.

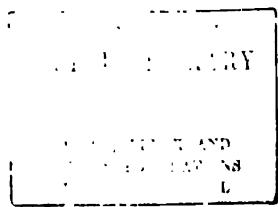
The usual struggle occurs among the boatmen for the honor of taking us ashore. One could fancy that civil war had broken out, so great is the clamor, but we sail off at last and are shortly landed at the pier of the city of Apia.

The traveller is at once impressed with the unusually fine appearance of the natives. The men are strong and muscular and healthy-looking, while the women might certainly be called robust. I never saw such hair, it would be impossible to use anything weaker than a currycomb in the dressing thereof. Indeed the only method of cleansing it seems to be by means of ashes and strong lye, and that accounts for the startling combination of jet black and bright red on the same head.

The natives are pleasant-mannered and perfectly friendly, and a stranger may travel alone over the land with perfect safety. Our stay will be of but two hours' duration, so that we can catch but a glimpse of the spot which we do by wandering around near the port. The native huts, which have been crowded away from the water front by the houses and stores of the foreigners, we find facing a small river which flows in from the hills. Simple structures all of them,—mere scaffolds with heavily



SAMOAN.



thatched roofs over which the mango and bread-fruit trees stand guard. The floors are of stone and the only furniture consists of some rolls of matting. All the cooking is done outside, the entire life of the occupant being open to inspection.

We are invited to dinner but do not accept, though it is difficult to resist some of the invitations. Life here appears to be passed in dreamful ease. It takes but little, a few bananas or bread-fruit, to keep the engine going, and a man has but to stretch his hand without moving to pluck one or both, and so most of the natives do not move, as they have nothing to gain thereby.

Meeting our consul, Mr. C——, as I came back to the ship, he remarked, "The affairs of the outside world matter nothing at all to us. We are here a long way off from everywhere and time is naught."

"So I judge, as I notice that your paper (why they have a paper is a marvel to me) gives to-day, Saturday the fifth, as the fourth."

"My dear sir, that is but a small error. Why, last winter, or rather last New Year, they did not change the year until March, and then I think it was done by accident."

He tells me that it is only by constant disciplining of both parties of natives by the English, Germans, and Americans that peace is preserved. He regrets, as I certainly do, that our stay is so very brief; but so it must be. The ship is once more in motion, and as he clammers down the side and into his boat, he waves our own flag to us in parting salute.

The German interest in Samoa is by far the most important at present. The great firm of Godeffroy

## 44 Islands of the Southern Seas

& Son own eighty-five thousand out of the one hundred and thirty-five thousand acres of land held by foreigners. The existence of this firm alone caused the conference of the three great powers. Of late years, however, its business has shrunken appallingly. There were no dividends in 1893 or 1894, and with its collapse or sale would pass all the interest of Germany in these islands.

The English are next in importance, and our own interests are a good third, but none of them will amount to much until the three great powers put an end to the constant petty wars between the natives. Things are certainly in a state of chaos just now. At present, Samoa boasts a king and a government supposed to govern everything, but the municipality exercises far greater power through its custom duties and other taxes. The consul of each of the three powers is, of course, very influential. With so many masters, it cannot be a matter of astonishment that the state of affairs in these Navigator Islands is not a happy one.

It seems impossible to leave Samoa without some mention of the greatest power of all, and one which probably prevented a war between Germany and America, the "Storm King," which descended upon this harbor on the wings of the great hurricane of 1889, but I shall refrain, as it is already much more than a twice-told tale. It is certainly an eternal reproach to our government that it required such a catastrophe as that tempest to induce it to furnish our sailors with ships of any degree of safety, and even now we have men in such hulks as the *Monockasy* and the *Adams*,—the former in Chinese



BREAD-FRUIT TREES AND NATIVE HUT, SAMOA.



waters where typhoons are common, the latter in Honolulu. To put to sea in either would be a dangerous undertaking.

Though these islands appear, from the sea, to be more thickly covered with foliage than the Hawaiian group, still one misses the gorgeous flowers, and, indeed, save for the *hibiscus* and oleander, I saw no flowers of any description. Of course, such may not be the case back in the country.

The harbor of Apia is on the north side of the island, and we must steam entirely around it before we can take our course for Auckland. The mountains, as we sail along, assume a bolder and more rugged appearance, and down by the sea the cliffs are torn and jagged as though from constant onslaughts of the ocean. One last glimpse backward, before we settle for our final voyage to Auckland, to where the sun is bathing all the island in a golden glory, a glory deeper and more golden on the mountain where Stevenson sleeps. If you would "live and lie reclined" in the "Land of the Lotus," come here to Samoa.

I find, when well out at sea—else I might be tempted to remain—that the Queen of the Bismarck Islands has disembarked, and what is worse has taken with her her lady-in-waiting. That ends another dream. I shall never again see "her Blackness" or her wondrous costume. The one she wore to-day was all gorgeous in white and scarlet, what there was of it, and must have cost about twenty-five cents. In fact, I fancy that one dollar would cover the value of her entire wardrobe. She persisted in not speaking to us, and my whistle made

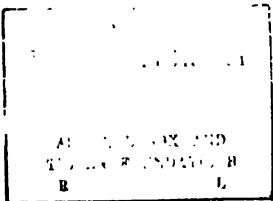
46      Islands of the Southern Seas

her run like a deer. She has vanished from our stage of life now, and I wish her the full joy of her life—which evidently consists in plenty of black paint and brass pins, together with a few strips of calico.





A SAMOAN AMAZON.





## CHAPTER VII

### AUCKLAND AND THE MAORIS

**Our First Albatross—Spring in Autumn—Sighting New Zealand—Landing in Auckland—Lilies in Eden—The Southern Cross—The Maoris, Their Marvellous Tattooing, Their Rapid Progress—The Gold of New Zealand—Starting Inland**

WHEN there are two springs in the same year, one may be considered to have had more than one's share of the good things of this life, for mankind knows no greater blessing than the bright crisp weather of spring. Full of bounding life, its fresh air gives hope and strength once more, and gives also a firm belief in the resurrection of all things when it follows the death of winter, but when it comes closely on the heels of summer, it suggests a case of second childhood.

Yesterday morning we walked around at Samoa, surrounded by the languor of summer. The very air was heavy with that fulness of repose which comes after completed labor, and there was a silence over all nature, upon whose work seemed to have been written, "It is finished."

To-day, September 6th, the ocean rolls and flashes with all the life of our North Atlantic. Heavier

## 48      Islands of the Southern Seas

clothing is in order, and those of us who have slept away the past ten days are really alive and walking about the ship. It is hard to believe that it is not early April, and that we are not just off Cape Cod, with Europe, in all its glory of spring, but a few days away. Yet how far away all that is! To-night we cross the Tropic of Capricorn, and Auckland, not Queenstown, is our destination.

As the shadows of night are falling, a ghost in the robes of a black friar drifts past on the air. White of body, with gleaming eyes and long black wings which beat the air with measured sweep, the albatross sails majestically upon the wings of the storm which has come to meet us from the Antarctic Ocean. The bird is a fitting messenger from the solitude of that desolate sea to this *Monowai*, which being translated means "lonely waters." The captain tells me that the great black bird called the *gunie*, which one sees in the neighborhood of our Pacific coast, is in fact the northern albatross, but, if so, its actions do not in the least resemble the majestic bird of the southern waters. The *gunie* flies most of the time near enough to the waves to paddle among them with its feet. This gives it the unsteady motion of an old man, but I have never seen a more magnificent action than that of the albatross, as it wheels and circles, now high, now low, now with the tempest and anon beating against it with lightning speed. It seems indeed the veritable spirit of the air. Yonder is one that with scarcely a movement of the very tips of its wings rests motionless in the teeth of a gale that drives our ship along like a lost soul.

While at dinner to-night an Englishman remarked on the fact that our vessel had listed to the port side. W—— suggested that it was probably because we had "thrown overboard all those heavy English newspapers." Whereupon, the loyal subject of her Majesty jumped up and ejaculated, "Oh, I say now, don't you know, they do not weigh any more than the *New York Herald*."

*September 10th.*—The sun flashes through my porthole this morning awakening me with its greeting to this "the other side of the world." The ship has ceased its rolling. There is no swish of the waters as they flow past her sides, and I find on looking out that the first outposts of New Zealand, the islands of the Great and Little Barrier surrounds us, islands which bring to mind those on our Maine coast.

The long journey is over and at noon we shall land in Auckland, a name which in my childish years, and, in fact, for many years later, meant nothing less than the South Pole.

I have never been more impressed with the perfection of modern invention than while on this tour. The tourist has but to walk into a ticket office at home, and in a short time he is booked for such a tour, with the certainty, almost, of having every section of the journey carried out as then and there decided upon, and of being landed upon the appointed day at his destination, be that destination in almost any portion of the known world. In these days, no more note is taken by your friends of your departure for New Zealand than if you were simply

## 50      Islands of the Southern Seas

going down town. Fifty years ago such a journey was looked upon with horror. In fact, the route that we have taken across our continent, etc., was then almost an impossibility. Friends would have felt like reading the burial service over the travellers and would never have expected to see them again. Then, at best, months of waiting must have gone by before any news could have been received. While now, after four weeks of a journey over smiling lands and seas upon disembarking at yonder town of Auckland, in an hour, or it might be in a moment, if all things were arranged therefor, the watching friends at home can know of the safe arrival. Everything which happened at home yesterday will be known to us this morning. New Zealand after all lies at our threshold.

This gulf of Hauraki greatly resembles the bay of San Francisco, with perhaps a more mountainous background, but as our ship passes inward to where in the American harbor lies the city of San Francisco, she turns at right angles and enters the inner harbor where stands the city of Auckland. From the harbor, Auckland has the appearance of an American town, and as we pass up its streets, the resemblance abides, but the people are those of provincial England, of Carlisle for instance. Our hotel, the Grand, is perched on one of the upper terraces and commands a fine view of the city and harbor. The air has become so cool that we are glad to don heavier clothing. All the languor of the tropics has vanished. Everything is brisk and full of the life and growth of spring. Instead of a languid-eyed, softly smiling John Chinaman, we are served by

"Buttons," and there are two bright-eyed "maids" behind the bar. The hotel is not a large one, but everything is clean, and the dinner is excellent; but, though this is the land of mutton, none is served during our stay in Auckland.

The great drive of the town is toward "Eden," a hill just in the centre of everything, and which commands views of both coasts and of the innumerable islands which dot the fjords. The view is greatly like that which unfolds itself from the battlements of the old castle in Christiania, Norway, but the thought of the great oceans and mighty continents which separate the two places makes us feel our utter insignificance. These hills are very green as they spread downward to the harbor, and their gullies are filled with masses of Calla lilies, all in a glory of white bloom. Yonder garden is a bower of crimson camelias, which, with the cacti and tree ferns growing out of doors demonstrate the fact that latitude  $38^{\circ}$  south and latitude  $38^{\circ}$  north are very different places as to climate.

All these islands are of volcanic origin. Just below this hill of Eden is an extinct crater of no mean dimensions, and the ground which crumbles away beneath our feet was once molten lava. The hill-side shows traces of the terraces which once formed the fortifications of the natives, the Maoris, but there are few of the race near Auckland. Though they are, to my thinking, the best of all the aborigines of the world, like those of all other lands, they are gradually passing away and, in time, New Zealand will know them no more. Of their origin little is to be learned from their traditions, but it is cer-

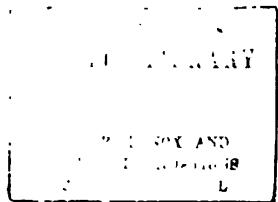
## 52 Islands of the Southern Seas

tain that they were immigrants, probably from Tahiti, Hawaiki, or New Guinea. There were certainly no people upon New Zealand prior to their coming. This immigration is supposed to have occurred some five hundred years before the advent of the white men.

Tasman, the Dutch navigator, first made these islands known to the world about 1642. He did not land on any part of the group as the natives had murdered the crew of one of his boats. Many of the bays and capes retain the names he gave them. Captain Cook came next, but not until nearly one hundred and thirty years had rolled by. A lad on his ship first caught the loom of the land and the point of Poverty Bay was named for him, "Young Nick's Head." Here, as elsewhere, the natives regarded Cook's ship as some huge bird,—himself and his men as gods. The Maoris, at that time, were savages in the fullest sense of the word. Their religious ideas were of the vaguest, but their one fixed idea was war, which fact closely links them to all other savage races of the earth. Female virtue was of little account, while cannibalism was the universal practice of the race. They have, however, adapted themselves to civilization as few of the races of the earth have ever done, and to-day they form a very sturdy, good element of the population. The English have treated them fairly, according to them many rights, and allowing them to retain large sections of land; and, what is better, protecting them in the possession thereof. From what I saw of them during my sojourn in New Zealand, I should not hesitate to travel alone in their midst, a statement which speaks



MAORI HOUSES, AND WAR CANOE TO HOLD SEVENTY MEN, NEW ZEALAND.



volumes for their progress, as they were cannibals but a few years ago.

Even as late as 1868, the Maoris were known to dig up a soldier killed in action, and cook and eat his flesh. The following tale of a crime committed at Murimotu was told before the native land court : \* A father with his six sons was snowed up while his wife was away on a visit. As starvation faced them all, he, the father, decoyed the youngest son on a pretended hunt, slew him, cut off his flesh and carried it back. That being consumed, he did the same to the next, and undoubtedly would have done so with the others, but that, on the melting of the snow, his wife returned and demanded the children. Discovering what had happened, she took those left alive and fled to Taupo. Armed parties were sent after the father, but he was never found.

Auckland is a city of over sixty thousand inhabitants. I cannot say much for the domestic architecture of the town, nor can I commend her streets. The dwelling houses are mostly ugly frame structures, while the streets are rough and covered several inches deep with dust. A watering cart seems an unknown luxury. This is their March, and the winds blow the dust in clouds over everything. However, one must remember that New Zealand is a young country, so to speak, for not until 1835 did the white race begin to settle here.

The connections of these colonies with the British Empire are of the most pleasant sort. Had George III. and his Parliament treated their American

\* See *Defenders of New Zealand*, page 616, by L. A. Gudgeon.

colonies as these are treated, there would have been no independence for years and no war when it did come. England furnishes army and navy when needed, but New Zealand has a small army of her own. The Crown appoints a governor who is recommended by the people. There are two houses of legislature, and, until lately, the members of the Upper House held office for life, but that has been changed. Seven years is now the limit, though those who were already in will remain for life. These members of the Upper House are nominated by the Ministry and confirmed by the Governor-General. The Lower House is elected by the people. There are four Maori representatives, and female suffrage prevails.

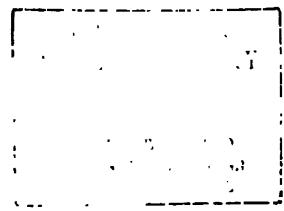
We have just returned from "Cook's Office," where we have arranged for a seven weeks' trip through the Islands, coming out finally at the bluff in the extreme south. There we take ship for Tasmania and Melbourne, Cook's charges, exclusive of hotels, being £30 (\$150)—not dear, certainly.

To-night, for the first time the Southern Cross flames out in all its glory, but the Scorpion is by far the most magnificent constellation in the southern heavens.

*September 14th.*—Good-bye to Auckland, and I cannot say that I regret my departure. It is on the whole a depressing town. The prosperity of a place is judged, I think, rather more by the homes than by the business section. The business part of Auckland consists of one long street with good solid buildings on both sides, a large number of which are used



**OLD CHIEF HEAVILY TATTOOED IN BRILLIANT COLORS, NEW ZEALAND.**



as banks; but the people seem to have no pride in their homes. I do not remember one attractive looking house. All had the look of rented dwellings, and as though the dwellers therein were merely waiting to make enough money to go home—*i. e.*, to England. The place had none of the freshness of a young city. The vast distance from the rest of the world seems to have taken the life out of its people. I shall always remember, however, its beauties of nature, its majestic mountains, fair fjords, and its millions of pure white lilies hedging the roadside, filling the gullies, and framing the many lakes and ponds—the homes of the stately black swans.

We have had as travelling companions several mining experts, sent out by English capitalists to inspect the gold mines of this region. As to their value, reports vary. Some state that the precious metal is only found in patches, others, that it is most abundant. Some of the mines have been sold for immense amounts and if they justify the sale, the prosperity of Auckland is assured. I fervently hope that it may turn out so.

Nine o'clock in the morning finds us moving through a smiling country. The cars are such as we use in America; not drawing-room coaches, but the ordinary car in first and second class. Speed seems no object, and we rattle easily along at not more than twenty miles an hour. The engines are of the American build and the road is a narrow gauge.

Lava, Lava, everywhere. All the roads are paved with it. All the fences are made of it. How long ago was this on fire, what ages have rolled by since

## 56 Islands of the Southern Seas

then? The trees all appear to be pine, save some *eucalyptus*, and there is therefore the same monotony to the landscape which the traveller encounters throughout our Southern States.

We shall stop to-night at Okorire.\* It is almost as impossible, at first, to remember these names as it is those in Norway. We came near being carried off on the wrong train because of our pronunciation of that name, and when someone asked W— where we were going to-morrow, he "declined to state," as he found it "impossible to remember but one name at a time."



A TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND HOME.

Ah! there is a group of weeping willows, and that little house seems more homelike than usual. The fields are golden with masses of gorse. It seems that there is no native tree, in the North Island, save the pine. All others, shrubs and trees, are imported, but the gorse certainly thrives in its adopted country. I never saw such masses before. It grows as high as our Osage orange hedge, and is a mass of yellow blossoms.

We stop at Mercer for dinner and find the usual coarse beef, boiled potatoes and cabbage, a meal

\* O-ko-ri-ry.

which only an Englishman or laboring man in America would put up with. The road here crosses the Waungatawhiri River, which is but a small creek. This section was the scene of the Waikato war of 1863-4, when some ten thousand British troops were engaged. The river was considered a Rubicon by the natives and crossing it was accepted as a declaration of war.

The Waikato River curves into view soon after leaving Mercer. It is more of a stream than the Waungatawhiri, being like our Mohawk, and the natives hold regattas on it every spring. There were a few Maoris on the platform at Mercer. The men looked like the Mexican greasers, except that their faces were tattooed in most fantastic lines and figures. The work seems heavier than tattooing for the lines appear to be almost cut through the skin and then colored in green, red, brown, pink, and black. When such a combination is thrown upon a dusky face the result is startling.

Rangiriri Lake is the site of one of the most celebrated *Pas* (or stockades) of the natives. Here they concentrated their forces in 1863, after retreating from near Mercer, and were dislodged only after a hard day's fighting. There are now forty thousand of these people left on the island. Their women strongly resembling our Indians; they have the same jet black hair, thick as fur but often curly, and the same flat features. They also carry their children papoose fashion.

The kauri gum, which is used for the manufacture of varnish is found buried under these marshes. It is from the kauri pine, one of the most stately trees

## 58 Islands of the Southern Seas

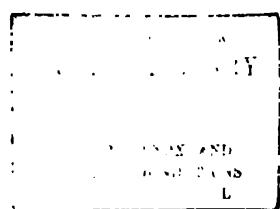
of New Zealand, and one which often attains a height of one hundred and sixty feet with a diameter of twenty feet. Often a height of eighty feet is attained before branching. The wood is of wonderful strength, and the long-buried trunks of the ancient forests have been dug up and found to be in perfect condition. The gum which has been buried for some time is considered the best, and comes in large lumps. It has the color and character of amber and is very light in weight. There are kauri forests still in existence, but the gum is not of value.

The railways were built by the government, which borrows at the rate of four and a half per cent. to build them. They net three per cent., so that there is a loss of one and a half per cent. This is because the people travel by steamer, the towns, such as Auckland, Napier, Wellington, Christ Church (Lytletown), and Dunedin all being on the coast. The roads would probably be used more if they charged less and the speed were greater, and if, in North Island, they were completed from Auckland to Napier and Wellington. The rate of fare is three cents per mile first class, and the speed is never more than twenty miles per hour.





A "PA," OR STOCKADE OF THE MAORIS, NEW ZEALAND.





## CHAPTER VIII

### ROTO RUA

**The Region of the Hot Lakes—Roto Rua—Waiotapu—The Champagne Pool and Mud Volcano—The Maoris at Whakarewarewa—The Great Eruption of 1886 and the Destruction of the Pink Terraces—The Caterpillar Plant**

**T**O-DAY has been one of great interest. We are in the heart of the hot springs region, and, as in the Yellowstone Park, it lies close to the borders of a beautiful lake of pure cold water. Around this hotel are pits and pools and geysers, such as one finds near Norris in our own Park.

After breakfast we took coach for Waiotapu, which might be considered the "Upper Geyser Basin." The way lay over rather a desolate region. The treeless hills were covered with ferns which grew densely, covering all in sight, but they were brown and withered and we were told that they are never green. Seventeen miles brought us to the valley of the formations; the Maoris have fenced this in and charge, or attempt to charge, the sightseer six shillings per head.

To those who know our National Park these lakes

## 60 Islands of the Southern Seas

and springs of many colors and boiling water need no description. There is, however, one lake of marvellous beauty, with waters of the most exquisite turquoise blue, and surrounded by bright yellow cliffs. There is, also, a baby volcano about two feet high, a perfect cone. In its apex is a crater, or hole like that of a bottle, out of which steam and sulphur spurt in royal fashion. There are no geysers here, but it is quite possible that they may break forth at any moment. The great eruption of 1886 changed the features of most of this valley.

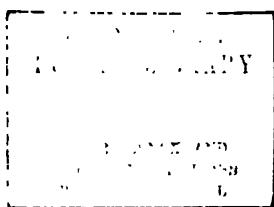
The Champagne Pool is a lake which boils like champagne if you throw a stick into its bright yellow and green waters. It has been sounded for eight hundred feet and no bottom found. The Mud Volcano should also be mentioned. It is a circular cone about ten feet high and of the same width across the top. It is full of mud which gurgles and spurts and runs down its sides.

On our return, we mount a little hill for a view of the scene of the great devastation of 1886. A vast valley spreads below us, all a mass of white cinders. There stood the famous pink and white terraces—vanished now. Beyond the valley rises a gigantic mountain which was split from top to base and had two vast holes gouged out of its sides. The scene is one of the most impressive that I have ever looked upon. Nature and God seem to have done with it. Desolation wild and complete reigns supreme.

The lake of Roto Rua so strongly resembles that of Saratoga that I found myself rubbing my eyes in amazement. There is the same shape, there is the same projecting mountain, "Snake Hill," filling all



MOUNTAIN AND LAKE OF TARAWERA,  
SITE OF THE PINK AND WHITE TERRACES, THE SCENE OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1886, NEW ZEALAND.



the centre, while off on both sides stretch the same low-lying hills.

The island in its centre was the Holy Isle of the Maoris, where the priests stored the sacred relics brought from Hawaiki. Of course it has its legend, that of *Hine Moa*, the usual beautiful maiden for whom Tutanekai conceived a violent passion, which was fully returned by the maiden. At the summons of his trumpet she swam the lake and all was well.

Whakarewarewa, our first Maori village, groups itself around these formations at Roto Rua. As we approach, over a little bridge, the dusky inhabitants come, ghost-like, out of the mists of the hot-springs, while dark-skinned and dark-eyed maidens offer to dance for us; in fact, our court becomes so numerous as to embarrass our movements. Order being restored at last, we are consigned to the care of three, who start forward forthwith, and, as our first show, stop us on the brink of a warm pool where their fathers, husbands, and brothers are taking their morning bath. I must say that what modesty was displayed was on the part of the men. The women were not in the least disconcerted. I am told that after marriage these women are, as a general thing, very moral, but before that they are allowed by their laws all liberty and they take it to the fullest extent.

The women are a stolid-looking lot, but some of the men are perfect specimens of their race, with copper-colored skin, great black eyes, and hair which is not exactly wool, while their features are firmly moulded and their expression is pleasant in the extreme. I noticed one man particularly as he stood

## 62 Islands of the Southern Seas

naked in the midst of the hot pool. He would have commanded attention anywhere. The race is not long-lived, consumption and pneumonia being their greatest foes. The government allows them to control some of these formations, and they levy heavy toll accordingly. Their houses or huts cluster around the springs, and in the hot water one may see their vegetables, in net-like bags, being boiled to a finish.

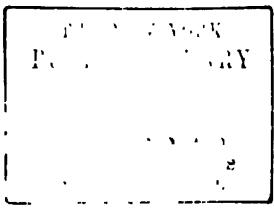
These people at Roto Rua have an orchestra of their own, to which distance certainly must lend enchantment, judging by the sounds which come through every window after I go to bed.

We gathered by the fire in the smoking room after dinner, last night, to listen to the spinning of many yarns. Our host had been a whaler in his day, and sailed the seas from the ice of the Arctic to that of the Antarctic. He had much to relate. By his side sat a tall, slender man, all muscle, who had travelled the wide world over, especially that part of our own land from Salt Lake to Old Mexico. He is now on a quest amongst these natives in the upper mountains. The room is full of faces, each telling a far different tale as the firelight flickers and flashes over it, but our host has the floor and will speak. So I listen dreamily, but yet I think I hear all, and you need not put down what follows to my imagination sleeping or waking.

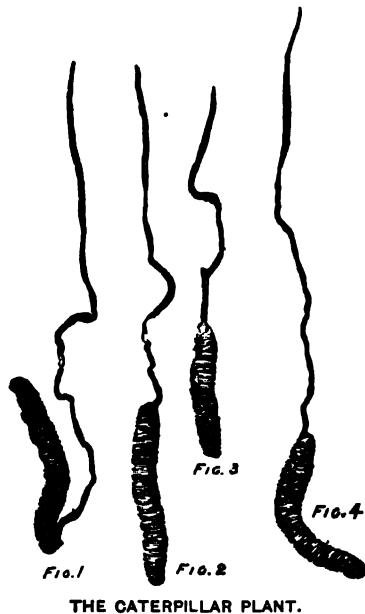
"Have you never seen the caterpillar plant? Well, if you would remain over to-morrow I could show you a number. Does it grow from that insect? I cannot vouch for that. Some say it does. Certainly its root has been fashioned like it, you would declare that it is a



MAORI BRAVE, NOT TATTOOED, NEW ZEALAND.



caterpillar carved in wood. The plant grows from the back and reaches two or three inches in height. It is always brown and possesses only two leaves. It is affirmed that the caterpillar buries itself and from its back grows this plant."



I venture to break in upon the old man's reverie to tell what is known of this strange freak of nature. Through the kindness of J. Baring-Gould, Esq., of Wellington, I am in possession of two very perfect specimens of the *vegetable caterpillar*. He also furnished me with Sir Walter Buller's treatise thereon, which I quote:

"In the discussion which followed the reading of Mr.

## 64 Islands of the Southern Seas

Maskell's paper on the 14th November, I maintained, in opposition to that gentleman's definition—'animal at one end, vegetable at the other'—that the so-called *vegetable caterpillar*, as we now find it, is entirely vegetable substance. The author, as I understood him, contended that the body of the caterpillar had become permeated with vegetable tissue, but that the outer integument or skin was still dried animal matter. To put an end to any possible doubt on the subject, I forwarded to Sir James Hector a specimen of the *vegetable caterpillar*, and asked him to get it examined and tested by the Government analyst, for the purpose of ascertaining its true constituents. The following result has been officially communicated to me :

" Mr. SKEY :

" The question at issue is, whether the skin of the caterpillar remains, or if it has been converted into fungus like the soft internal tissues. The presence or absence of chitine will determine the question. Save the specimen for reference.

" JAMES HECTOR. 22/11/94.

" *Vegetable caterpillar.*—For animal matter in the so-called skin. The skin does not give any indication of the presence of chitine or other animal substance. It burns without intumescence, and does not evolve the odor of nitrogenous matter in combustion.

" WILLIAM SKEY. 23/11/94.

" In the course of my remarks at the meeting I stated that I had dug up in the woods hundreds of this singular product, and in every instance that had come under my observation the caterpillar, in the living state, had descended into the ground tail foremost, the stem of the fungus afterwards springing from a point between the

back of the head and the first fold of the neck, and then ascending vertically to reach the light. Since that date I have been examining the specimens in my collection, and I have found one very curious example in which there is evidence of a different proceeding on the part of the caterpillar, with exactly similar growth of the fungus. In this instance the caterpillar had evidently buried itself head-foremost, and then turned its head slightly to the left, whereupon the fungus had commenced its stem growth at the usual point and travelled upwards in a line with the body, curving and twisting somewhat before emerging at the surface of the ground.

"In most specimens the stem is more or less twisted and sometimes bifurcate before it reaches the surface, after which it assumes a perfectly erect character, the fructification being at the top, 3 in. or 4 in. of the terminal part being covered with closely set spores, having externally a granulate appearance. The longest stems I have met with ordinarily measure 7 in. or 8 in. from the insertion to the extreme tip.

"I trust I have made myself sufficiently clear, but the peculiarity I have been describing is better seen on the accompanying plate (reduced from a photograph), in which fig. 1 represents this abnormal form. Figs. 2 and 3 on the same plate exhibit the *vegetable caterpillar* as it is ordinarily met with (upper and lower aspect), the smaller of the two showing the branched process I have mentioned, about an inch from its head. Fig. 4 illustrates the curved manner in which the caterpillar sometimes disposes its body before undergoing the final transmutation into fungus. The body of the specimen represented by fig. 1 measures 75 mm., and its stem measured in a straight line, 150 mm. Although the caterpillars are of about equal size, the stem of No. 1, owing to its eccentric manner of growth, is 2.5 in. longer

than that of No. 2. (The body of the largest of the caterpillars here figured measures exactly 3 in. in length.)

"The popular notion that the *vegetable caterpillar* is found only under rata and kauri trees is quite an erroneous one. It is abundant in the southern parts of the North Island, where the kauri does not exist, and I have found it in localities from which the rata is entirely absent—for example, in small clumps of bush in the Taupo country. Indeed, it may be looked for in all suitable places, although as a rule it is more numerous near the summits of the wooded ranges, the fungus shooting up its little stem, like a miniature bulrush, among the dead leaves and decaying vegetation which cover the ground in such situations, often to the depth of several inches. After scraping away this surface covering it is necessary to dig out the *vegetable caterpillar* very carefully with a sheath-knife, the slightest attempt at forcing it up breaking the stem and destroying the specimen. Sometimes several are found grouped together within a foot of each other; but it requires a practised eye to distinguish the tiny stem among its surroundings of a similar hue. It is often rooted up and eaten by the wild pigs, and in the Taupo country I found the woodhen digging up and devouring it. When fresh it has a pleasant nut-like flavor."

But let us return to the story teller at Roto Rua:

"Then we have that bird without wings, the *kiwi*. Its plumes are almost hairlike. It is all black, and its absorbing passion—curiosity—has often caused its own capture, as it will poke its head into a noose to see what is on the other side. It is also a thief, and will empty your pockets if you don't watch it. It will enter your

tent and investigate your feet if you happen to have fallen asleep."

"Then there is the skylark. Imported? Oh yes, of course, but it has not only domesticated itself, but married our native ground lark, so that the mixed breed has gotten over the soaring habits of the English bird and sits on the fence rails to hold its concert."

"These Maoris are a queer people and great on ancestry. One of them the other day showed me a list of ancestors running through twenty-two generations. There were nine thousand ancestors. If you want to buy a piece of land you must get the consent of every member of the owner's family, no matter how remote. The trouble thereof caused the late war.

"You will notice that their wood carvings are like those in Alaska. They were cannibals at first. They also worship the organs of life. Now they are mostly Catholics, what are left of them.

"They were great fighters, but are very friendly now. They laughed at the British red coats, and simply retired amongst all these hot places, where 'Tommy Atkins' dare not follow. But our native soldiers (white) were too much for them."

"In the great eruption in 1886, one hundred and thirty-six were buried alive. The wife and children of that jabbering, half-witted old man yonder were of the number. It drove him demented, and I keep him here to do the only thing he is capable of doing now—to clean shoes. He carries on that imaginary conversation all the time and with his dead, I fancy."

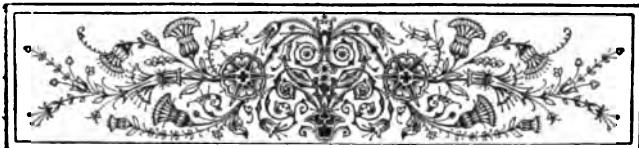
I turn for an instant to look at the old man as he sits in the corner. His woolly head is bowed low with his face turned up to the firelight. He laughs and mutters and waves his hand. Is he living over

## 68      Islands of the Southern Seas

again that awful day when yonder mountain was rent in twain, when the pink terrace vanished like mist, when fleeing for his life he looked backward to see his home, wife and children in the dreadful cauldron ? No wonder his reason fled. No wonder he sits there to-day a jabbering idiot !

The fire burns low and the shadows deepen. Mine host's pipe has gone out and he nods in his chair. The others have long since gone to bed, and I put up my pencil and follow. Good night !





## CHAPTER IX

### WAIRAKEI TO WELLINGTON

The Geysers of Wairakei and the Drive Thither—Illness at Tarawera  
—Arrival in Napier—The Journey to Wellington—New Zealand's Club Life *versus* American

*September 16th.*—Having decided to engage a private carriage, so that we may spend some hours at Wairakei, 6.30 A.M. finds us *en route* in a comfortable spring wagon drawn by two sturdy horses. The way is monotonous and somewhat dreary. These hills are still fern-clad from top to base; no other shrubs or trees are seen, and the brown bracken makes the general outlook sad colored. Here and there we pass groups of wild horses. How they were introduced into the land is not known, but here they are and though sometimes caught and tamed, they are not good for much.

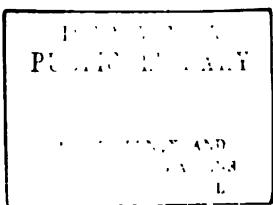
Moving on at a smart trot, Wairakei is reached in a drenching rain. Are we to trudge a mile and a half to see the geysers, etc., or shall we give it up? It is now or never, so we start out in charge of a guide, and for an hour or more tramp through dripping bushes, down slippery tracks, and over wet

rocks. Not a very pleasant experience, yet we were repaid for our effort. These springs and geysers have one decided advantage over those of our Yellowstone Park. They are not situated in such utterly desolate spots, but along a deep green valley where one walks under endless tunnels of overhanging ferns. Here is a champagne pool, a paint pot, three or four more or less active geysers and numberless smaller springs. It must be a charming spot for a walk on a sunny day. In fact, I would prefer a sojourn at Wairakei to any other spot we have yet visited.

The hotel, which is kept by an American woman, consists of several detached cottages in a charming park, where, with agreeable company, some weeks might be spent very pleasantly when the spring is a month older. Now it is apt to be rainy, and in summer it is very hot and dusty. On our return to the tea house we find it occupied by an Englishman, who appropriates the only chair and all the fire. Though he had only wandered in from an adjoining cottage when he saw us coming, and though he sees that we are soaked and very weary, he makes no motion to move or to share the fire, but coolly stretching himself, begins to question me. I confess that his selfishness disgusts me and I cut him very short. Later, I discovered that he was Professor F—, who had lately claimed, with absolutely no justice, to have chained our Niagara. He is out here prospecting for the same kind of work with the falls of Huka in the Waikato River. We passed them after leaving Wairakei. They are very like the Upper Falls in the Yellowstone River.



GEYSER OF THE DRAGON'S MOUTH, WAIRAKEI, NEW ZEALAND.



Our way, for the rest of the afternoon, is by the banks of the Waikato River, whose deep green waters race past us with great rapidity. Five o'clock brings us to our hotel on the banks of the Lake of Taupo, some fifty-seven miles from Roto Rua. Travelling, as we have done to-day, in a separate conveyance, has cost us about fifteen dollars, or just double what one pays in the Yellowstone.

*September 17th.*—The morning opens up cold and windy and with the promise of more rain. W— is not very well and I dread the jolting of the stage for him, but we must go on or wait a week, and the former seems the lesser evil. So we mount to the interior as it would not be well to risk a wetting. We are not greatly encouraged as to our day's pleasure when the coach stops and picks up a lot of Maoris, returning to Napier after a visit to their king, three of whom are bundled in with us. Two of them are huge women, wrapped up in dirty furs, with faces all tattooed and mouths blackened until they look as though they had been polished with stove blacking. The fashion of tattooing is passing away and one now sees some very pretty faces among the younger women. The young men have entirely abandoned the disfiguring custom.

Our dinner at Rangitaiki was excellent, though how it found its way to that desolate spot, a wild wilderness of wind-swept plains with no sign of life save the rest house, is a wonder. The wind howled most dismally all the time we were there, but a warm fire and the good fare made us unmindful of

it, and we shall always remember the landlady with pleasure. After dinner I had a chat with one of the Maori men, and found him a sturdy and most intelligent fellow, knowing his rights and meaning to maintain them.

All the afternoon we mounted the pass, seeing some scenery of moderate interest, and passing one Maori village, where the natives thronged out to

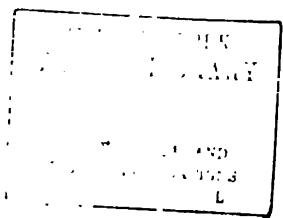


MAORI SALUTATION.

greet our passengers. They have a mode of salutation which, to my thinking, is superior to ours, and certainly more healthy. It consists of a hand-clasp, while at the same time they press their foreheads and noses together as they gaze most touchingly into each other's eyes. There is evidently the same amount of hypocrisy amongst these people as among more civilized races, for some of them, who had shed tears and looked sad at parting, were no sooner out of sight of each other than they indulged in derisive laughter.



MAORI WOMAN, SLIGHTLY TATTOOED.



A sharp descent for an hour brings us to Tarawera, where we pass the night, and where W—— goes promptly to bed. It may be necessary to stay here and rest. If so, this clean and apparently very comfortable house is a good place to stop in, though one does not like to be out of reach of a doctor when threatened with illness. The landlady, a neat body, strongly objects to taking in the Maoris. One cannot blame her. They are a dirty lot and camp all over the floor. I can hear them now bargaining over the use of hot water in the kitchen.

I trust that, if, in the rearrangement and peopling of this or future worlds, I am destined to appear again, and in the body of a native, it may be my lot to fall upon some tropical island, Hawaii for instance. The leprosy will have vanished by that time, and life for the poor is so much easier in a place where they can live forever out of doors. There, one does not mind the dirt so much, whereas dirt in a wet climate is insupportable.

We are resting to-night in a high cool valley with mountain peaks all around us, and it looks as though it may be a prolonged rest as W—— is quite ill. We are remote from medical assistance, the nearest doctor being forty-five miles away at Napier. Every one around us is very kind, and so far as this hotel (and its service) is concerned, we could not be better placed. Fortunately, there is a telegraph office here and Mr. Gould of Wellington, very kindly wires W——'s symptoms to Dr. De Lille at Napier, who replies at once and starts a mounted messenger with medicines. I always carry some drugs with me, and also that best of all things, a hot water bag, so that

W—— secures a good night's rest, and the early dawn brings the messenger from Napier.

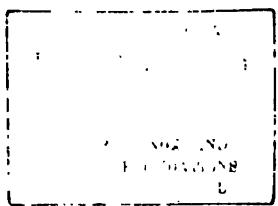
It is out of the question to go on with the stage, but to see it drive off makes me decidedly blue as to spirits, but that cannot be allowed. The stage carries off two who have been our companions for days back, one of whom came with us from Honolulu. They have both been most kind and both insisted upon remaining, but we would not permit that. Nevertheless, the offer to do so made our enforced delay seem more bearable.

*Sunday, September 20.*—W—— was so much better yesterday that I telegraphed for a wagon to come up from Napier, and 9 A.M. to-day found us once more *en route*, with very deep thankfulness that all had ended so well. The morning ride is over a mountainous land, desolate, but not very grand, as the highest peaks in sight are only some five thousand feet above the sea. About eleven o'clock a sudden turn in the road brings us in sight of the sparkling ocean, with Napier on a bluff above it some thirty-five miles away. After a rapid descent through rich pasture lands we arrive at the town at 5 P.M. These pasture lands are among the richest in New Zealand, one man alone supporting fifty-two thousand sheep on his hills.

After an absence of a week from all news of the outer world, the traveller naturally turns to the papers hoping that he may learn something of the movements of mankind. But from America, aside from three lines concerning the battleship *Texas*, there is nothing in the Napier papers, though cer-



**MAORI WOMAN.**



tainly in this year of silver *versus* gold, a problem which affects all the world, one would imagine that some news might be inserted. A whole column is devoted to some boyish pranks in the House of Parliament at Wellington, etc., but of the news of mankind, which might instruct and enlighten, there is not one word.

This is true of all the papers, yet a New Zealander on the ship coming down insisted that the Auckland *Herald* contained more telegraph news than that of New York. The reason for this lack of news is, that owing to the immense distance a cablegram costs enormously.

Napier is a pretty town of ten thousand people, and is destined to become much larger. The main portion lies on a flat, and possesses a handsome esplanade running along the sea. The residences are mostly on a high bluff, around which, as it projects far out into the water, the tremendous surges of the Pacific are forever thundering.

The railway journey of some two hundred miles to Wellington takes twelve hours and becomes very tedious. The scenery is not interesting, save to one concerned in sheep raising. I never before saw so many sheep. It is said that there are in all about two millions on these islands.

We lunched about noon, and had one of the best meals we have enjoyed since entering New Zealand, but as for the dining car which was attached later, the less said of it the better. They are never tolerable unless of the best, and this was quite the worst I have ever encountered. As the train stops several times long enough to obtain lunch, I cannot understand the reasons for its existence.

Fortunately, there was moonlight that night, so we were enabled to see some of the very pretty scenery that surrounds Wellington—numerous gorges and mountain ranges,—until, finally, the train swung around a mountain high up over the beautiful land-locked harbor of New Zealand's capital, where, in her very comfortable club, we found rooms awaiting us. I must thank the gentlemen of New Zealand for their kindness in the matter of clubs. Though I have often attended several of the great London clubs with a member, I have not, nor has any one else, ever received such a thing as a card to any of them, and even when in them with a member I was allowed to enter certain rooms only—generally back rooms. In New Zealand our American plan has been adopted, and we are as much at home in this club as in our own in America.

I notice that there is a little of what we call "treating" done in New Zealand, whereas such a thing never happens in England. It is a custom that would be more honored in the breach than in the observance, I think, and my opinion has been strengthened by a sad incident in America. One poor fellow, his own worst enemy, had been forced, at last, to take the gold cure. He came through it well and might have struggled back into something like life and health had it not been for this habit of treating. To my thinking, it was little short of murder for the men who knew his story deliberately to place temptation in his way by asking him to drink again, as I have heard them do,—men who called themselves friends of his,—time and time again. Well, he is dead now, poor fellow!

There was a stately funeral. There were many flowers and beautiful music. He was borne to the grave by some of these same men. But the music and flowers could no more change the terrible sadness of that death than they could change the snow and ice, which soon covered his grave, to blossoms of hope and promise. I am not a teetotaler. I drink when I desire to do so, but I think the standard of the American gentleman will be elevated in no inconsiderable degree when he drops the fashion of general treating. It will clear public places of dozens who hang around all day long simply that they may be asked to drink. It certainly will elevate the tone of our country, and make it forever free of many scenes which disgrace it to-day. Gentlemen of New Zealand, there are things in our great land which you might imitate to advantage, but not that, not that.

Wellington, a city of thirty-five thousand people, is most beautifully situated on a harbor which seems completely land-locked. The mountains rise around it to a considerable height, and the handsome city spreads from the water's edge well up on the hills, which now are all golden with the blossoming furze. The business blocks are built of brick, but the government buildings, churches and houses are all of wood, and one of them is said to be the largest wooden building in the world. It would make a fine fire.

I am told that the stone of these hills is rotten and useless for building purposes. It seems to me that there is a fine opening in New Zealand for an archi-

## 78 Islands of the Southern Seas

tect. I do not like to make unkind comments, but I never saw less taste displayed in buildings even in our own crude West, which is saying a great deal. The government house is a rambling, wooden structure; so are the houses of parliament. We spent an hour or so in the two chambers of the latter today, but there was nothing of interest on hand to chronicle.

As I write, the sound of the Westminster chimes comes floating in from an adjoining church. Wherever the British flag floats, there you will hear those chimes with never the least variation in their musical clangor. In London, if you stand in Trafalgar Square, you may here them from three or four quarters,—the Clock Tower, the Abbey, and St. Martin's, while, in every hotel, half a dozen clocks will ring them at you. It was the first sound that I heard on landing at Auckland. It greeted us at Napier, and is sounding here, and I doubt not will sound throughout Australia. I fancy that chime is music of the sweetest to those who dwell in this distant island, a melody that keeps the memory of "home" forever green, a sound that brings with it other voices that have long since faltered into silence. Indeed, it does that to some of us who, though not reared under the shadows of the Abbey, and holding no allegiance to the British Crown, yet have passed some of the happiest, holiest days of younger and better years wandering old England over with those whose feet now rest by the wayside.



## CHAPTER X

### SOUTH ISLAND

Over Cook's Straits to South New Zealand—Christ Church Town and Beautiful Scenery—Dunedin and a Day in a Private House—Englishmen, England, and America

*September 24th.*—We leave Wellington in a gale of wind, which churns the water of her harbor into foam, but we find it rather to our advantage in crossing Cook's Straits which separate North and South New Zealand, and which are as famously turbulent as the English Channel, and somewhat wider at their narrowest part.

The cliffs of South New Zealand are dimly visible against the evening glow as we sail outward, and the tempest hurries us along until we slide under their shelter on the eastern side. There the waters settle to a long roll, which grows longer and longer until, as the moon rises, it sinks into a calm. Then we turn in to take what rest we may while the night lasts.

Beautiful upon the mountains are the lights and mists of the morning. As the sun rises it touches

## 80 Islands of the Southern Seas

into life a long range of stately mountains, whose snowy mantle, stretching away in long lines to the north and south, sparkles and glistens in answer to the awakening rays, while the brown hills near the sea are marked by bands of golden gorse, like bows of orange ribbon.

The port of Littleton is in a bowl of the mountains, a bowl apparently hollowed out by the winds which forever roar around these seaports of far New Zealand. A railroad of some eight miles in length carries us inland to the town of Christ Church, and in the journey passes through a tunnel a mile and a half long—the longest in the land. After quitting the tunnel we enter upon a smiling sunny valley, with a much more balmy atmosphere than any spot thus far visited in New Zealand. Apple trees are in full bloom, and mingle their dainty blossoms with those of the peach and cherry trees, while around the houses of Christ Church camellias grow in the wildest profusion.

We breakfast at Cocker's, a most comfortable and even luxurious hotel. W— is peculiar. He is never so happy as when endeavoring to disconcert a person, so to speak. He tried it on the waiter at Cocker's by asking for a fingerbowl, an unknown article in a New Zealand hotel, but the waiter was equal to the occasion, and saved the reputation of his hotel by means of a glass preserve dish.

We find Christ Church well built and prosperous looking in its business portion. Its cathedral will be a very fine edifice when completed, or rather restored. At present there is a nave and a spire, with an outline of choir and aisles. The avenues of the

town are very wide and are made attractive by beautiful trees and hedges. I find the grounds of many of the houses both extensive and beautiful, but there is, strange to say, and as I have before remarked of other places, absolutely no beauty in the houses. The homes of the merchants and trades-people, even of the very poor, are neat, one-story wooden cottages. Those of the rich are not in any way worthy of their surroundings, and they also are generally one story in height, and consist of some eight or ten rooms, but there is absolutely no attempt at architectural beauty. I am told that the New Zealanders object to stairs and fear earthquakes, but their business blocks, of three and four story stone buildings, refute this. There is certainly no house in this town, which cost more than \$15,000, if as much, yet Christ Church is regarded as quite the most luxurious town in New Zealand.

In the museum in Christ Church we saw a complete skeleton of the great *moa* bird. Murray tells us that the *moa* disappeared before the advent of the Maoris, as "his bones are found deeply imbedded in the gravels and swamps, while the evidences of human occupation are confined to the surface soil, caves and sand dunes. The *moa* was a wingless bird, some twelve or fifteen feet in height, with legs "as long and strong as a camel's; its egg was a foot long and it swallowed handfuls of pebbles to aid its digestion."

The morning ride is over a richly cultivated plain, and in full view of the very fine mountain range which separates the agricultural from the mining districts. The range is snow-capped its entire

## 82      Islands of the Southern Seas

length, and the view as we roll along resembles that presented by the Caucasus as one approaches from the north, though of course these peaks are not so lofty. The highest, Mt. Cook, being but twelve thousand feet; but that altitude is attained within a short distance of tide-water, and not after the long reaches of a continent as in the case of our Rockies.

Dunedin is the Aberdeen of the South. Its forty-seven thousand people are mostly from Scotland, and its streets and houses have the prosperous, thrifty look of that nation. The town lies somewhat in from the sea on a land-locked harbor. Yet the outer ocean on the other side from the harbor comes very near to the settlement. The broad streets are bordered by handsome stone blocks, and there are cable cars, made in America, to carry the inhabitants to their homes on the surrounding hills, and here for the first time I notice handsome homes. There is no great splendor, but the owners of these mansions evidently do not object to going upstairs, as the houses are mostly two stories high.

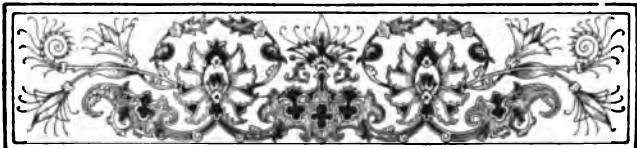
This hotel is one of the best in New Zealand. We have fires in our rooms and it is cold enough to make them most acceptable. On the whole, the town pleases me more than any in the land.

We have passed, to-day, one of those mile-stones in the life of a traveller—an afternoon in a private house, and what a glimpse of sunshine it was after the long chain of hotels. The lovely house and grounds, the pleasant hour at luncheon, and above all the presence of gracious women. What would this world be without them! We shall always pleasantly remember that afternoon in the home of Mr.

M—— as one of the brightest spots of our New Zealand journey. Aside from the family, there were three or four agreeable men present, English and Scotch; men who knew this world by actual contact, and not, as is the case with so many at home, by simply reading the accounts in the Press.

The English are the greatest travellers on the globe. If you listen to a conversation among any group you may happen to encounter, you will hear references dropped as to tiger hunts in India, elephants slaughtered in Siam, a visit to Thibet, or a jaunt in Tasmania or South Africa. They are most familiar with all quarters of our globe except Central Asia. But few, save the greatest, of their travellers, have ever been there, and a mention of Samarkand or Bokhara will always command instant attention, not only because of their inaccessibility, but because of that great land of the Pamirs, which lies between India and the valley of the Zarafshan. It is impossible that such men should be other than intelligent, and I have always found that such men entertain the most friendly feeling for our own land, and the most fervent hope that no war cloud will ever come between Britannia and Columbia.





## CHAPTER XI

### THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS

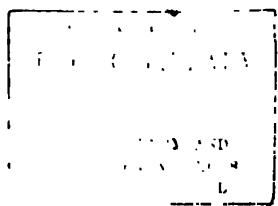
From Dunedin to the New Zealand Alps—Queenstown and the Shotover River—The Land of the Rabbit—Easter Lilies in October—Up Lake Wakatipu to Glenorchy—Through the Gate of Heaven to Paradise Flats and the Routeburn Valley under the Shadow of Mt. Ernslaw—The Sheep Destroying Kea

ON the whole, the ride from Dunedin to Kingston on Lake Wakatipu is a dreary one and continues most of the day. It was six o'clock and almost dark as the little steamer swung out on her way up the lake, entirely too dark to see any of the scenery. Rain commenced to fall in a short time, and after our arrival at Queenstown at 9.30, it settled into a steady downpour, which lasted all night and well on toward eight o'clock, forcing us to give up one ride in the neighborhood.

As the sun came out later, I decided to venture on one of the shorter excursions—that via the falls of the Shotover River and Lake Hayes. The first portion of the way lay over the hills which surround the lake and affords a fine view of a range of mountains with the strange name of "The Remarkables," a jagged, snow-capped line somewhat resembling



VIEW FROM BEN LOMOND, UP LAKE WAKATIPU, NEW ZEALAND.



Mt. Pilatus. Indeed, I think the whole scene reminded me of the Lake of the Four Cantons.

Our morning's drive led through the valley of the Shotover River, a stream rich in gold and called the gold stream. It might receive that poetic name of the river of Samarkand, *Zarafshan*, as the meaning is the same. Unfortunately, a hard hail storm came on shortly after passing over it, and I saw nothing more until the lunch station was reached. It poured in torrents during our two hours' halt, making the prospect for the afternoon gloomy indeed. Matters were in no degree bettered by the snow storm which we encountered for the first half hour of our return ride but the snow ceased with the wind and a dead calm settled over mountain and valley. Shortly the mists began to lift until they streamed like bridal veils from the snow caps rising in every direction and which the storm had made all the whiter. Though the sun did not shine again, the prospect was beautiful all the way to Queenstown.

During the drive I first encountered Brother Rabbit, that pest of New Zealand and Australia. Many fields were enclosed by fine wire netting to keep him out, and there was one yard whose fence was backed by tin in the shape of cast-off tubs, boilers and cans. It was easy to see that Brother Rabbit had laughed at these defences, and, retiring some ten feet, had burrowed his way under them. His kind were so numerous, that one had but to clap one's hands and the adjacent landscape looked like a snowstorm as the little pests skurried away.

We passed the Queenstown hospital this morning; it is a collection of comfortable cottages charmingly

placed on a hill overlooking the lake—a point from which the changing lights and shadows are forever beautiful.

*September 30th.*—It was a debated question amid the storms of yesterday whether it would not be better to give up these mountains and take this week's ship from Invercargil, especially as W—— has too bad a cold to venture out, and scenery from a dreary sitting room is not altogether interesting. However, we both felt that, probably, we never should be here again, and to leave New Zealand without having seen these mountains would insure a lasting regret. Therefore, the steamer went off without us, and we are now booked for a week in these hills.

The air is so dry that to me it feels not half so cold as at Dunedin by the sea, and as we walked around the town just now the doors of the houses and offices were all wide open. Peach and apple trees bloomed on every side, while the gardens were golden with the Easter lilies, and cabbage palms stood around in the perfection of foliage, mingling their dark green leaves with the yellow acacia. Far above the mountains sparkled in the sunlight; far below danced the waters of the deep blue lake, while over all, through the air, which was still as midsummer, fell the glittering snow.

Easter lilies in *October!* Do you think you could celebrate our festival of Easter in the failing season of the year? Could you trim your altars with the grapes of autumn and fully ripened fruit? Could you do without your Easter lilies? Could you deck

your risen Christ in autumn leaves? Would it not almost upset your faith to celebrate the Resurrection at a season when all nature is tottering to its death? That is what you would be forced to do if you lived in the Southern Hemisphere, unless you moved your festival into October.

The fact that the world is not here lends additional beauty to this lake and these mountains. They are also much more beautiful, because of the season, than they will be later, or when the summer sun has melted their spotless mantles.

As I walk along the shore of the lake the day becomes cloudless, and the "Remarkables" stand out against a pure background of blue for the first time since our arrival. Now I notice the resemblance to the Dents du Midi as seen from Vevay. The other mountains have marshalled themselves for inspection, and as far as the eye can reach around the entire horizon rises a circle of dazzling peaks. Portions of the scene are like the Hardanger Fjord of Norway, as the rocks have that same blue-black so familiar to us in that far off land.\*

The streets of the little town have a deserted Sunday appearance and most of the shops are closed, as, according to the laws of the land, the people must close up for half a day each week. They may select Wednesday or Saturday, and the inhabitants of Queenstown evidently prefer the former day. Their one-story buildings are built of stone and brick, and are roofed with corrugated iron.

\* I use comparison more than I desire, but it seems the only way for the reader to appreciate the beauties of New Zealand, beauties about which I fear most persons in America are perhaps sceptical.

## 88      Islands of the Southern Seas

I noticed, yesterday, that the farmers are all supplied with American farming implements and machines, and on some of these railways the rolling stock all comes from our country. Yet I do not think that New Zealand, as a market, is in any degree appreciated or valued as it should be at home. Would not our government gain a large share of the trade which now goes to England, if she would place some of the many millions now being used for a navy, in subsidizing lines of ships to these colonies?

The fishing season commenced at midnight last night, September 30th, and this morning we had salmon trout for breakfast—rather a dry fish with little taste. There is no sport for rodsmen in these singularly clear waters, and even those with nets must fish by dark. In the moonlight or daylight nothing can be accomplished.

I must compliment New Zealand on the very comfortable hotels one finds in these mountains, and when contrasted with those the traveller would have to put up with in our own mountains—out of season—they are comfort itself. The rooms are clean, the beds good, and the table excellent, and above all the price moderate,—ten shillings, or \$2.50 per day, everything included. When one is gone all day the meals which are missed are not charged for.

This morning opened gray and misty and our hopes of a pleasant sail were accordingly sad colored, but the clouds lifted and the mountain tops came out as we steamed away from Queenstown at half past ten.

The jagged peaks of the "Remarkables" stand boldly out to our left while between them another

range, of glittering snow, blocks the horizon. Under the gray sky the scene looks more Scotch than Swiss, though of course it is far grander than anything in Scotland.

Just at the great bend of the lake, Mt. Trumbull, 6306 feet in height, comes into view. I notice there is not a mountain in this section ten thousand feet in altitude, therefore none are so high as the Electric Peak in our National Park, but, there, you have a rise of six thousand feet before you see the mountain, while, here, you have the full height, less the thousand feet of the lake's altitude.

At the great upper bend the flat top of Mt. Nicholas comes into view, and then the great Toothpick Range. Crossing the lake to the town of Nicholas, we have the full range of the upper lake to our left, backed by the Humboldt Mountains. Nicholas consists of two houses, and the reason for their existence is the neighboring river with its gold. A sharp cold wind comes down from the ice fields as we swing into the upper arm of the lake. The day is rather too cloudy for a perfect view, still the ranges are very distinct and very grand, but it is all very barren. Nowhere does one see the beautiful verdure of Switzerland. In fact, I know of no mountains where one does, unless it be those of the Trans-Alai in Turkestan, and there the green is of the grass which spreads like a vast meadow upward to the snow. These mountains are as barren as those of Norway and the resemblance to the fjords of that land becomes more marked as we proceed. Clouds have closed in between us, but ahead the sun shines brightly and the snows are a blaze of light.

To our left lies Elfin Bay and on the right Pig and Pigeon Islands. Mount Cosmos holds the centre of the panorama, another enlarged and snow-capped Pilatus, with Mt. Alfred to support it on the right, while high over both, Mt. Ernslaw is just coming through the clouds (ninety-one hundred feet). The little hamlets of Kinlock and Glenorchy nestle near the shores of the lake. They appear to be dreary places, and we are half tempted to turn back with the boat rather than spend five days in the latter, but we finally conclude to stay and are soon settled in a most comfortable little hotel—the “ Alpine Club ”—which we have all to ourselves.

*October 2d.*—A brilliant sun sends the mists higher and higher up the mountains as we start on a drive to Paradise Flats. The first few miles are over a stony and rather uninteresting plain, until we come to a “ bit of the brush,” as it is here termed, of red and white birch. We should call it a majestic forest. The trees are tall and stately and reach high up over the over-hanging cliffs. The sunlight glistens on the snows far overhead, and then comes shimmering downward through the fern-like foliage.

In the midst of the forest we reach the “ Gate of Heaven,”—only a five-barred gate, but it gives entrance to Paradise Flats, and we drive through it with no questioning from St. Peter. Our advent is heralded by the deep bell-like notes of the *tui*, and the “ bul bul ” of thrush and blackbirds. Some miles farther on a deep green valley opens before us. Through its centre runs a river and the snow mountains form a rampart around its rich carpet of green.



PARADISE FLATS, NEW ZEALAND ALPS.



All nature is at peace here. The birds come without fear and investigate our lunch basket, and the sheep approach close and stare at us. That hush, which is forever in the higher mountains drops its mantle of silence over Paradise Flats.

Mt. Cosmos still holds the centre of the landscape with the Dart River winding around it. Mt. Ernslaw towers to the right and the triple peaks of the Humboldt Mountains to the left, while on all sides circle the glistening snows. The air is balmy and spring-like, and one lies at length on the grass with a strong indisposition to move onward. Surely one may tarry in "Paradise Flats," surely the world may drift by for a season. Our boy and our horses have all gone to sleep and the valley is dotted with slumbering sheep. Let us follow their example and stretch at full length under yonder cabbage palm. W—— fears that we would never waken, and verily there is something strange in the air, something which suggests that eternal slumber would be our fate.

Save for the "konk, konk" of a flight of wild duck, clanging down through the silence, the murmur of the river where float some stately black swans, or the thunder of a distant avalanche, there is absolutely no sound. How near unto God one feels in such a sanctuary. How little it would surprise one to hear the grand tones of the *Gloria in Excelsis* chanted by some heavenly choir. This is a day wherein life has paused a moment,—this day at "Paradise Flats."

The evenings in Glenorchy are cold and we spend them before great open fires. During the day the

weather seems to have been ordered especially for our benefit. I never have known a more glorious spring morning than this, the 3d of October. The sunshine is dazzling, the air so clear that the mountains seem to have advanced almost to our windows. Not a cloud anywhere. I can hear our young major-domo outside getting our wagon ready for a long day's jaunt to Routeburn Valley. Our course lies over the rough stony bed of the Dart, and from the wagon we pause to take a photograph of the reflections of Mt. Cosmos in a quiet pool.

It is necessary to change to saddle horses about half way up, and a strange lot are produced for our use. They certainly have not been cleaned all winter. However, visitors are not expected here at this season, and we are the only ones in these mountains. Yet it must be infinitely more beautiful here now than in midsummer.

In this South Island, but especially at this point, the traveller may see that brown hawk-like bird the *kea*, which preys upon the sheep. Hovering over a flock it will select its victim, and swooping downward will light on the animal's back, at the same time fastening its claws in the wool. Then it begins its work of literally devouring the poor sheep alive. It selects that spot on the back just over the kidneys, and pecks and tears until it has worked its way through, when, having eaten those organs, it deserts its banquet. Of course the animal dies. The poor beast does all it can to free itself, but at best the sheep is a stupid animal. There is no way of shaking off the *kea's* hold without rolling over—not an easy thing in a sheep's case. If he succeeds in do-

ing so his assassin will soar away for an instant, only to settle again the moment its victim rises. Exhaustion soon takes place and that ends the struggle. These birds are night prowlers, and having learned the ways of men, generally come in the moonlight to carry on their murderous work.

But there is no such tragedy of the animal kingdom in sight just now. The view is indeed beautiful. Broad and green with great dashes of gold, white, and pink, the valley stretches away to the dark masses of the lower mountains, which in turn give place to the snow fields glistening against a blue sky, and the air is crisp and sparkling. The rest of the day is spent in the glades of the forest and in crossing over a steep mountain trail which separates two valleys of the same character as our Yosemite, with the same grand cliffs, covered in part by trees. Waterfalls are here and there, but there is more snow on one of these peaks than on all the mountains around our valley. These mountains are forever present and seem to peer down upon us as though questioning our intrusion of their solitudes.

Through the forest every species of fern and moss grows in wildest profusion. The dainty Maiden Hair falls gracefully above carpets of mosses so deep that one may sink one's hand out of sight in their soft masses. The air is full of the song of birds and the gurgle of waters. We rest for an hour in a mountain hut and then turn backward to Glenorchy, where we dine on a "Paradise" duck.

It is with great regret that we turn our backs on New Zealand without having seen her sounds and fjords, but as no boats run to them save in January

## 94      Islands of the Southern Seas

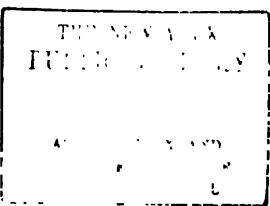
and February we must, of course, defer that pleasure until some later trip, as this is only the beginning of October.

Truly, for so small a country, New Zealand is a wonderland. In North Island are the geysers and the gold. In South Island there are these beautiful lakes and mountains as well as gold. Here are glaciers rivalling any in the world in beauty, and fjords surpassing all others in grandeur. If you wish to lead the life of a shepherd, there are two million sheep here to care for. If you want gold, every creek and valley holds it. Do you want rabbits? Well, come here and the authorities will pay you two pence for every skin you take. And as for birds, I have never heard more beautiful melodies than are poured downward from the boughs of New Zealand trees. One could almost believe from the notes which come flooding down from yonder golden songster that Siegfried's bird had come here to dwell when his mission was ended near the Drachenfels. His song ends with the setting of the sun, and we, weary of the outer world, find it pleasant to return to our comfortable inn, and, sitting by a roaring fire, gaze into its glowing depths, or out, through open windows, upon the silent majesty of these eternal snows.





MILFORD SOUND, NEW ZEALAND.





## CHAPTER XII

### INVERCARGILL AND THE BLUFF

Leaving the Mountains—The Hotels of New Zealand—Invercargill  
—The Government in the Money Lending Business—The Lack  
of Vegetables?—The Bluff and Farewell to the Land

*October 6th.*—A strong wind seizes upon our little steamer as we leave Glenorchy, and by the aid of a sail blows us along at a lively rate, so that Queenstown is reached in good time. It is a pretty place, but the mountains around it have lost much of their snow, and consequently their beauty, during our week at Glenorchy. The sunshine also seems to be deserting us as we move farther and farther southward.

Scattered clouds are visible to-day, and as we journey over a dreary bit of country they become denser until the rain falls as we enter Invercargill, a place of some ten thousand inhabitants, and the most southern town of any size in New Zealand. It strongly resembles a Russian town in its great width of streets and in the appearance of many of its buildings. The former are one hundred and fifty feet wide, each and all of them, but the town has not “grown up to them,” as I heard a man say last

## 96      Islands of the Southern Seas

night. Still it is a pretty place, seemingly lively and full of business.

We are ensconced in a most excellent hotel, such as it would be impossible to find in some much larger cities in our own land. Albany and Troy, for instance, have nothing in any degree so comfortable. Why is this? New Zealand is a much younger country, as far as settlement is concerned, than our own, and this particular place is not of any commercial importance, nor is it a point much affected by tourists, even from Australia, yet such hotels as this would be found at home only in cities of two hundred thousand inhabitants.

It is astonishing, however, that so few vegetables are produced in a land possessing all climates. One never sees tomatoes or sweet potatoes, and there is no corn. A man at Queenstown, after boasting of the fertility of the neighboring soil told me that he had never tasted any of those, to us, most necessary vegetables. One becomes so weary of the eternal boiled potato that it is simply impossible to eat it. This state of affairs is not peculiar to New Zealand. All those who know the British race will agree with me in saying that they know and use few vegetables. Not only in the small hotels of England and Scotland but even in the large ones few vegetables are served save boiled potatoes and cabbage, with now and then cauliflower, spinach, and French beans.

I must also remark upon the absence of fruit. It is expensive in England, and, therefore, rarely met with, save in the best hotels, and then only for dinner; and this custom prevails wherever the English race predominates, though the reason therefor may

have ceased to exist. An English hotel in the tropics, or a steamship in Southern Seas, will have almost no fruit or vegetables; but the instant they become partly American, or run to American ports all this is changed. On the ship to Auckland (an English ship) fruit was served with all the meals.

This hotel is, as I have stated, superior in all respects to those in our own country, in towns anywhere near the size of Invercargill, except in regard to the table. The meats are good, and the bread and butter and tea, but the coffee is not coffee at all. In fact, the English and Scotch do not know what coffee is, and openly state their preference for chicory. As for the vegetables, I have ceased even to raise the dish cover, knowing I shall only find the repulsive boiled potatoes.

At Mr. M——'s in Dunedin we were offered some passion fruit, and found it most pleasant to the taste. It is from the same passion vine common to us at home, but which with us does not fructify. The fruit is a round, greenish-purple gourd, which upon being cut open, shows a pulpy mass full of seeds, something like the *grandilla* of Mexico; it has a pleasant acid taste, and is most wholesome.

The government here is in the money lending business and makes money thereby, borrowing in London at three and a half and four per cent. loaning it as follows:—on first class freehold securities, up to three fifths of value,—in sums of £100 to £10,000 at the following low rates, £500 to £10,000 at 5%; under £500 at 5½%.

Loans are also made payable by instalments, liquidating principal and interest at end of given period,

## 98      Islands of the Southern Seas

etc. This shuts off private lenders and saves the people much, and yet, as W—— suggests, what would happen to the government if the sheep ranges should fail through any cause? The land would all be thrown on the hands of the government and it would not be worth two-thirds of its former value. The result would, I fancy, be ruin.

We have seen but two beggars in all New Zealand. The reason is, I suppose, because it costs too much for the scum of the Old World to get here. It is a pity that the rates to our country cannot be raised in order to produce a like happy result. Still, I should judge from the public press, that the question of the unemployed is becoming a serious one even here.

This country, like some others I know of, seems also to be cursed by too much legislation. Though young and poor, with a great debt hanging over it, its legislators do not hesitate to throw money in all directions. The public purse seems to be their grab-bag. Some of their proceedings are certainly remarkable. One bill, which did not pass, I am happy to say, provided for the *exclusion* of all persons with any tubercular disease. One journal, the *Southland Times*, Oct. 10, 1896, remarked that Robert Louis Stevenson would have been turned from these shores; and if any stranger should develop the symptoms of consumption six months after his arrival, the ship which brought him would have to be hunted up and its captain heavily fined. If a New Zealander develop the symptoms during a sojourn abroad, he could not return to his family. Of course the bill failed.

New Zealand possesses, in her mountain districts, in the South Island, one of the finest climates in the world for such diseases, an even temperature, perfectly dry, and full of sunshine. The invalid may be enfolded in mists and rain on the plains of Dunedin and Invercargill, but six hours will carry him to Queenstown on Lake Wakatipu where all is as I have described. How different this from the mountains in our own land where one must wait for summer, or be drowned or frozen out. Invercargill is not a seaport. We are obliged to take the train to the Bluff some twenty miles away. The Bluff is a spot strangely like Brindisi, possessing the same loneliness, the same desolation, the same stretch of hotels and houses along the quay, where are congregated some half dozen craft that seem eager to be away. The resemblance is continued in the harbor with its low-lying yellow shores and its adjacent island, but the ocean beyond is not the Mediterranean Sea, but the far South Pacific, whose waves lap the frozen solitudes of the Antarctic continent, and not the sunny land of the Pharaohs.

There is a great, full-rigged ship lying at the wharf, waiting for her cargo which is still on the backs of some of the millions of sheep in the land, and between shearing, packing, etc., it will be four months more before she will sail away on her return to London around Cape Horn. Ninety-eight days were consumed on the outward passage via the Cape of Good Hope, so, taking all things into consideration, she can make but one round trip a year, if that. We have just been on board, but while clean and attractive, and though I know one sees more of the

## 100 Islands of the Southern Seas

ocean life on such a craft, I do not think I could face, with any degree of pleasure, the prospect of three or four months of such isolation. She looks lonely even here in port. Her sailors peer at us in a furtive way, her dog is overjoyed at our coming, and with his expressive eyes and more expressive tail plainly ask that we shall remain. Her cabin boy tells us that it is "very lonely" and seems to regard even this place as one of wild excitement. To appreciate fully and enter into the spirit of the *Ancient Mariner*, it should be read on such a ship somewhere beyond the Antipodes; but I shall leave that pleasure to some other man.

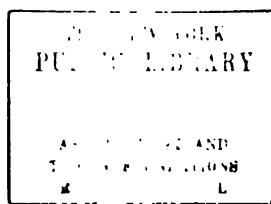
And now farewell to New Zealand. I do not think it probable that I shall ever again visit her shores, but I shall always remember the land of the south with great pleasure.

The sun shines as beautifully on our departure as it did upon our arrival. I sincerely trust that New Zealand may know nothing but sunshine as her years roll onward, and as she grows in wealth and prosperity, so may all her days be days of pleasantness and all her paths be paths of peace.





"THE LONG WASH OF AUSTRALASIAN SEAS."





## CHAPTER XIII

### "THE LONG WASH OF AUSTRALASIAN SEAS"

The Tempestuous "Tasman Sea"—The Home of the Albatross—Penguin, and Cape Pigeon—The League-Long Rollers of the Southern Ocean

BEING familiar with most of the waters of the globe, save those which may surround the poles, I think I can safely give the prize for roughness to this thousand miles of ocean which tosses between New Zealand and Tasmania.\* The officers of the ship say that ten out of a dozen voyages are tempestuous. Certainly this 18th of October finds "the long wash" of these Australian seas anything but peaceful.

Our departure from the Bluff was most serene. As long as we sailed under the lea of New Zealand the sea was as quiet as a millpond, and reflected the stars as in a mirror. As our ship sped along she disturbed countless sea-fowl asleep upon the waters, but no sooner had she passed beyond the projecting land than she began to pitch and toss, and for

\* That portion of the South Pacific is now called "Tasman Sea."

three days has jerked onward in a most unpleasant manner. Strange to say, the wind is cold and penetrating, although it blows directly from the warmer regions to the northward. This craft is one of those slow-going old tubs, which the traveller so often meets with in his travels. Built a quarter of a century ago it possesses none of the scarcely modern improvements, such as bells in the state rooms and steam in the baths. If ill during the night, it would be impossible to call any assistance, unless you chanced to have a room-mate. The foul tins in the state-rooms reek with the very necessary carbolic acid; roaches and dirt are everywhere; dirt such as can only be found on an old ship. The General Manager, Mr. M——, told me that though slow she—the *Wakatipu*—was a “most comfortable ship.” I suppose he meant for horses and cattle. She is a very steady ship and is therefore in great demand by the shippers of live stock; but it is an imposition to ask white people to endure her for four days, and, if the storm be heavy, for a week or more, as is sometimes the case. The attendance is good, the table fair, but the ship is insufferable.

I have spent most of the day in watching the albatross. Some dozens of the birds are always in our wake, and I notice that the greater the storm the more plentiful are these strange spirits of this Southern Ocean. Yonder in the hollow of the waves, moves majestically one that must measure fifteen feet from tip to tip. With his pure white body and jet black wings he looks like the soul of a bishop, or, as I fancy, the spiritual essence of one of the heads of our church would look if there be truth in the



ALBATROSS

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A TRAIL BOX AND  
THEIR FORMATIONS  
**K**                   **L**

transmigration theory. Now he has wrapped his drapery around him and rests on the billows as calmly as a swan on a lake.

There are also hundreds of Cape Pigeons circling around us, white in the body with black and white wings marked in checks. Then there are mutton-birds or petrels as they are sometimes called. They are killed for the grease which they yield. But of all the feathered flock there is none to compare with the stately albatross. They are rarely molested, and seem entirely devoid of fear, often coming near the side of the ship, as though inspecting us animals of the higher kingdom; and then, fully satisfied that that word "higher" is a misnomer, they spread their great wings and sail off to Antarctic seas, probably to join madam who, at this season of the year, is keeping house upon some island never visited by man.

This is the region of great waves. Just a little to the southward they sweep entirely around the globe without touching any land. Nearly fifteen hundred feet in length and forty feet high they roll onward in majestic procession, always from west to east. A ship among them looks like a fly on the side of a mountain climbing up and up and down and down as they move forever onward. Froude, in his *Oceania*, states that no vessel can make headway against them, but this is certainly not the case, as ships do constantly pass from east to west in these waters.

When one is abroad on the immensity and solitude of these far southern seas the Southern Cross comes out in all its splendor. Now, its stars are

very brilliant and especially those two in the pointers—one of them "Centaurus," being the nearest fixed star to our planet. Nothing so greatly impresses the traveller with a realizing sense of his vast distance from home as to look on high and see not one familiar constellation. We are indeed far off; verily these are strange seas; those are non-familiar heavens.

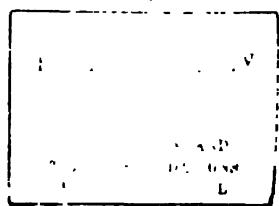
We shall reach Tasmania to-morrow, after a voyage of three days and a half from the Bluff. Do you not always form an idea as to what a place will be like? and how rarely does it agree with the reality, unless assisted by photographs.

As for Tasmania, the name has always suggested to me frowning cliffs and stormy seas, dense forests and wretched villages, forsaken by God, because of the convicts, though I know it ceased to be a convict station back in 1853. I still associate it, and I fancy most persons do the same, with hand-cuffs and chains, and with the old ballad, *Ten Thousand Miles Away*, whose treadmill-like accompaniment still rings in my ears. To-morrow will reveal the reality. So for to-morrow let us wait.





CAPE PILLAR, TASMANIA.





## CHAPTER XIV

### THE PRISONS OF PORT ARTHUR

Tasmania—Hobart Town and Mt. Wellington—The Great Convict Station of Port Arthur, its Cathedral, Model Prison, Penitentiary, and “Island of the Dead”

THE southern coast of Tasmania presents a stern and forbidding front to the voyager inward bound. Its rocks rise in basaltic, column-like palisades like the cliffs on the island of Staffa. Cape Pillar projects well out into the waters of the ocean and is worn and jagged from its ceaseless conflict with the elements. Far in a nook behind it, nestles all that is left of Port Arthur, the former convict station.

The entrance to Storm Bay is some sixty miles wide and the bay is, therefore, open to storms from the south, but is fully protected on all other sides. As one nears Hobart, several islands stretch across the bay, so that its upper end forms a harbor large enough to float all the navies of the world, and so deep that the greatest ships can come up to the docks of Hobart. I think it is one of the most beautiful harbors I have ever seen. Hobart lies on a number of small hills all backed by Mt. Wellington.

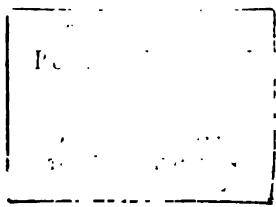
ton, which rises four thousand feet above the bay. The mountain stands out alone like Fuji Yama, and seems to keep guard over all around it as Fuji Yama does over Japan, but, unlike the sacred mountain of the north, Mt. Wellington has no snow and is square-topped and not cone-shaped.

Hobart impresses the traveller as being a charming town, a place where one might care to live. It is never very cold here and to-day is like one of our May days. The streets are broad and clean, and, in the business portion are bordered by substantial blocks of buildings, while the homes on the surrounding hills are delightful to look at, all of them being embowered in flowers and trailing vines. There is, apparently, an interest taken in them by their occupants, which interest, as I have said before, seems strangely lacking around most of the homes of New Zealand.

Hobart, or "Hobart Town," as it was known until 1881, is a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants and has at all times been the centre of whatever life Tasmania could boast of,—a life so connected and bound up with the convicts sent out from England, that, to this day, the shadow of those long dead times rests like a blight over all this fair island. Though only about the size of Ireland and though known to possess great mineral wealth, at least one-half of Tasmania remains unexplored. The eastern portion containing Hobart and Launceston is well populated, but aside from a fringe along the coast, all the western half is as unknown as it was a century and a half ago. An effort is now being made to build a railroad from Hobart westward, but, strange



HOBART AND MOUNT WELLINGTON, TASMANIA.



to say, the inhabitants of Launceston vigorously oppose the project because the road will start from Hobart; and so jealousy may yet hold down the curtain of night over fair Tasmania.

As is the case with nearly all this section of the world, Tasmania, or Van Dieman's Land, was discovered by the Dutch, Tasman having landed here in 1642. He remained but five days being under the impression that the land formed a part of Australia. He was followed by the French in 1772, and several Englishmen came later, Captain Cook arriving in 1777. The fact of Tasmania's insularity was finally established by Dr. Bass in 1778, but not until 1803 did it become a convict station, in which year three hundred and seven prisoners were sent out in H.M.S. *Calcutta* and the transport *Ocean*. From that date onward, until 1853, the history of the island has been that of the criminals of England; but that cloud is gone now, and with its superb climate, its fertile soil, and its rich minerals, there is no reason why it should not become one of the garden spots of earth. It is already a haven of refuge for thousands of Australians when the heat of that continent becomes too great to bear.

Tasman's Peninsula, upon which was located England's greatest convict station, Port Arthur, is the most southerly of the two peninsulas, which, dropping southward from the main island, form the eastern side of Storm Bay. The upper peninsula is called "Foresters," and is joined to that of Tasman by the isthmus of "Eagle Hawk's Nest," a narrow strip of land which, well guarded, made the lower peninsula a most secure prison.

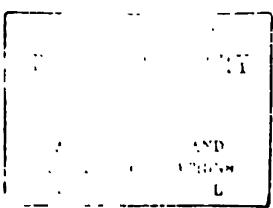
The time at our disposal will enable us to visit Port Arthur, though as Sunday comes in we must journey across country in order to be in Hobart in due season for our steamer train in the direction of Launceston.

Cook arranged the tour for us. I have always found his company very efficient in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and, though it seems able to do little or nothing in America, it certainly works very well here. Our route lay down the bay around the long hook which forms the upper harbor, and then eastward across the head of Storm Bay and Norfolk Bay, until, on the northern side of Tasman Peninsula, we came to the coal mines where of old there was a convict station with six hundred prisoners. Somewhat farther on were located the Governor's farms called "Salt Water River," also containing six hundred prisoners.

We land at 2 P.M. at Taranna, and, mounting into a crazy two-wheeled cart drawn by a solid looking gray horse, we start off for the seven miles to Port Arthur. The way lies through the forest and by the track of the ancient tram which in the old days crossed the peninsula. The cars were hauled by relays of convicts and the way was long and weary I have no doubt. The forest through which we pass has been blasted by fires, as is fitting in a land that has witnessed so much misery, while the skeleton arms of the trees seem tossed upward toward Heaven in vain protest at the memory of man's inhumanity to man. But nature is fast covering all traces of the past on this road. The tram and its tracks have long since vanished and their site



PORT ARTHUR AS IT STANDS TO-DAY, TASMANIA.



is only marked by some beaten pathways and by a hedge of wild shrubs, now all a mass of blossom.

I have before me a little pamphlet printed in 1842, and containing extracts from the *Tasmanian Journal* about a journey in that year to Port Arthur. It was evidently written by one who saw through the eyes of the jailer and not of the prisoners. This human tramway was then in full operation and was considered a great achievement. It seems terrible that human beings should be reduced to the level of beasts of burden, but since it was done it was easier for the convicts to draw cars which ran on wooden rails, than to haul the timber of the forest over the ground by means of chains, as they had been forced to do before the tram was built. Visitors to the peninsula in those days were hauled in passenger cars by the convicts. The tram followed the natural level of the ground, and as we drive along its ancient track still shows a barren streak under the bushes. It ended at Long Bay down which the logs were floated to Port Arthur.

Some three miles farther on, at a sudden turn in the road, that famous settlement stands revealed before us, the most prominent object in the landscape being the ruined cathedral, stately even in its decay. Beyond stretch the waters of the Port and on their western shores stand the buildings of the prisons, with the penitentiary looming up close to the ancient pier, while the "Model Prison" and numerous other buildings stand behind it. Off over the placid waters of the land-locked harbor rises Point Puer, sacred to the sorrows of the children. While beyond it, seemingly floating between heaven

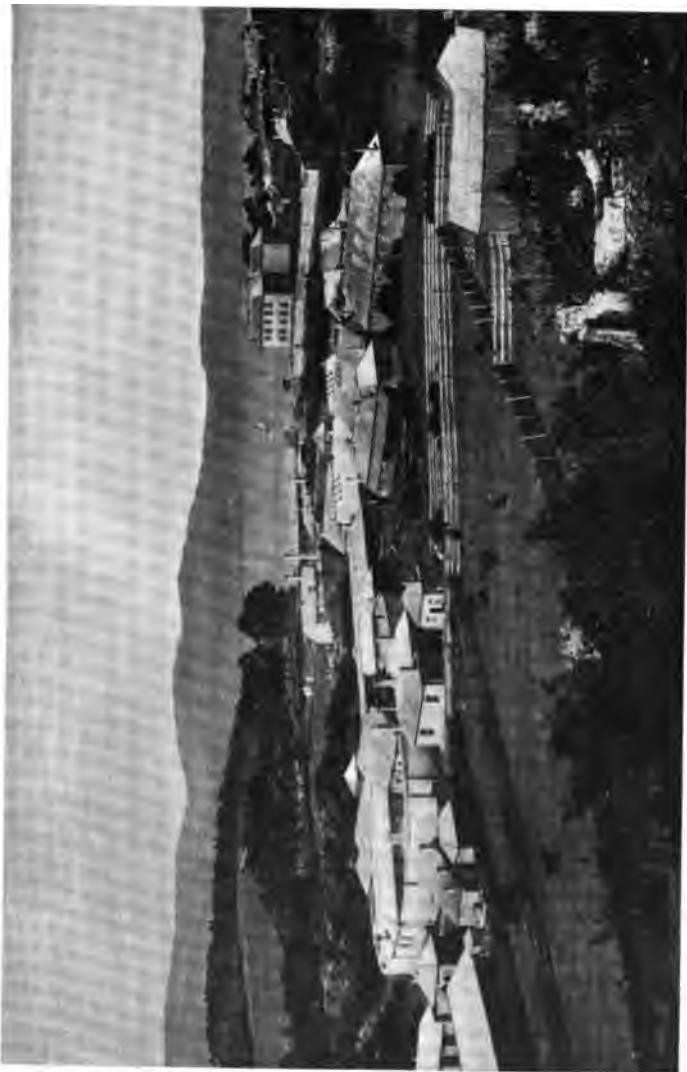
## 110 Islands of the Southern Seas

and earth is that final refuge for each and all, the "Island of the Dead."

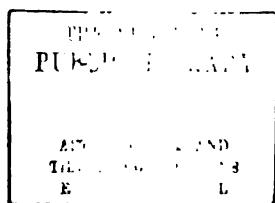
We pause a moment as we enter the town to inspect the cathedral. It was a beautiful spacious edifice of hewn stone, in the form of a cross, with a high tower and gables. We are told that "internally it was simply but neatly fitted up and seated some two thousand people." There was no organ, the convicts furnishing the music. The architect was a convict who received a pardon for his work.

It would seem, indeed, that God or nature has decreed that all connected with Port Arthur should pass into a state of ruin, unfit for the use of man. The church stands an ivy-clad ruin, the "Model Prison," after having been handed over to a priest as a residence, was almost immediately destroyed by fire, and, in fact, all the buildings connected with this once most terrible prison, are now useless forever, unless it be the large penitentiary which fills the centre of the picture. That could be utilized as an hotel. Its walls and roofs are in good condition and would last a century or more. Port Arthur is most beautifully situated on a bay which is completely sheltered from the ocean. It must be a healthy spot at all seasons.

We were met by an old ex-convict, who acted as a guide to the various spots of interest. He was transported for burglary and served here twenty years, and now is the only master where once he served in chains in company with a thousand others. He has no complaint to make as to his treatment. "If a man behaved himself and did his work, he was as well off as a prisoner could be."



THE MODEL PRISON, PORT ARTHUR, TASMANIA.



"Were you ever flogged?"

"Oh yes, often."

"What for?"

"Why, I knocked down a keeper for trying to impose upon me."

He had considerable to say about the torture of the dark cells in the "Model Prison," a one storied circular building with a guard hall, in the centre, which commanded all the corridors. The cells, where no ray of light could penetrate, were mere cellars, damp and mouldy. There, men were kept from seven to fourteen days and longer, and, in order to kill time, they would cast a pin away and spend hours in finding it, or would count and count against time and insanity, until often these walls would echo to their shrieks and demoniacal laughter. Hope might well have been lost, once a man entered the "Model Prison." After its abandonment by the government, it was rented and as I have stated was destroyed by fire in a short time.

As for the penitentiary, it certainly was as comfortable as many a home, and from all I can learn the men there were, on the whole, well treated during the latter years of the settlement. In earlier days when England and all fear of punishment or discovery were six months off, undoubtedly there were many acts of cruelty practised by the governors who were no better than brutes. It is dangerous at all times to place absolute power in the hands of the animal called man, and it is fatal to all concerned when the man is a tiger by nature, like the Commandant "Price," who was, probably, the most brutal man that either Port Arthur or Norfolk Island

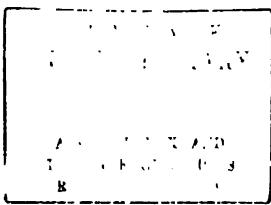
ever saw. The book entitled *For the Term of His Natural Life* sets forth the story of his persecutions and the picture is *not* over-drawn.

On his arrival the convict was sent first to the penitentiary or main building. For bad behavior, or at the will of his captor, he went to the "Model Prison" and to solitary confinement. Then followed the lunatic asylum and the hospital, and then the "Island of the Dead" closed the chapter. From all accounts, the convicts dreaded less the "Island of the Dead" than the abodes of the living, and even formed a murder club in order to get there, a club in which, upon drawing lots, a convict would murder his mate, thereby insuring his own execution, and so the rest and peace of the grave were secured for both.

Just as the sun was setting to-day, we sailed out over the placid waters of this beautiful bay to where the "Island of the Dead" floats upon its shimmering surface. We find a pebbly beach, a tangle of wild flowers, and the waving boughs of many trees, under which gleam the headstones of some dozens of free men. But not in these does the interest centre, but in the great outer circle of graves where, nameless now and forever, seventeen hundred convicts sleep where none will ever disturb their rest,—two, and sometimes three, in one grave, but that matters little. They were used to narrow quarters in life and mind it not now that life's fitful fever is over forever. So let us leave them. If their crimes were great, so was their punishment. Therefore they and this world are quits, and she can afford to give them this resting place that kings might envy, "The Island of the Dead."



THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD, PORT ARTHUR.





## CHAPTER XV

### THE CHILDREN'S PRISON

Convict Life in 1840—Point Puer, the Prison of the Children, their Dreadful Treatment and Suicides—Norfolk Island and the Mutiny of the *Bounty*—Slaughter in the Church—The horrors of the Philippine Islands and of the French Prison of to-day in the “ Isles of Safety ”

SURELY “ the child’s sob in the silence curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath,” and the curse of the tortured children will forever hover over Point Puer. Projecting its wooded shores close to the Island of the Dead, it acts as a barrier to the onslaughts of the outer ocean. There are, of course, two sides to every question. As to what this prison of the children was in 1840, there are two very decided opinions. I quote one written in that year :

“ Embarking in a splendid six-oared whaleboat we crossed the bay to Point Puer, the boy thief’s establishment. They were busily occupied in learning and repeating the catechism. At the penitentiary of Point Puer we encountered Queen Caroline’s celebrated witness, Lieutenant Flynn of the Navy, a miscreant who was convicted in 1839, at the Old Bailey, of forging poor

widows' pension tickets. For this fellow Queen Caroline obtained the third class order of St. Ferdinand, and since his arrival here letters have been actually addressed to Sir John Flynn.

"Lights are kept burning throughout the night in the penitentiary barracks, the inmates of which are never for a moment sure when or by whom they may be visited. We accompanied the Commandant in one of his tours of inspection, visiting several of the wards at 10 P.M. In one the odor of tobacco smoke was discerned, and as the possession of tobacco is an offense against the regulations, notice was given that the entire ward would be placed in charge until the smoker was known. When we came away they had not discovered the offender, and in consequence every man was made to sleep in a "silent" apartment. In passing along the road of the settlement after dark, every sentry challenges, and without the countersign even the Commandant would be peremptorily detained. Every soldier invariably bears loaded arms; the penitentiary yards are commanded in various places. They are repeatedly visited, and such is the severity of discipline, such the rigidity of scrutiny, aye, and such the felons'\* mutual distrust, that anything like concerted revolt is as hopeless as impracticable. We slept in perfect tranquillity in a house unconscious of window-shutters—guiltless of window fastenings.

"Having witnessed the devotional exercises of Point Puer, we next morning paid a visit to the various workshops. In this admirable establishment between six hundred and seven hundred boys are taught the means of obtaining an honest livelihood. When first received they are instructed in the use of the spade, the hoe, and the grubbing axe. They clear, break up, fence, and cultivate

\* Children all of them,—those "*felons*."

their own land, the product being principally confined to potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables. After a term of good conduct the option of trade is conceded as a boon, five or six kinds of handicraft being submitted for selection. At the head of each department the necessary instructors are to be found; and as means and opportunities admit, these are chosen from among persons arriving free in the colony.

"The juvenile sawyers first attracted our notice; of these there are from fifteen to twenty pairs. At present they work in open pits, but sheds are in progress to shelter them from the weather. These lads not only cut sufficient timber for their own buildings, but furnish considerable supplies to the other work. The boat-builders' department, in which is Kirby, the poisoner of his master at Lincoln, now a young man of exemplary conduct, comes next under review. There a beautiful whaleboat of Huon pine, the timbers of light (a resemblance of rose) wood, was rapidly attaining completion. At the cooperage, tubs, buckets, mess kids, and ship buoys were in progress of manufacture. About fifty tailors actively cut out and make up clothing, while there are seventy-five shoemakers equally assiduous in their vocation. Every scrap of old iron is turned to account in the blacksmith's shop, where the boys were converting fragments of hoops into nails, rivets, and the like. At the carpenter's shop they were framing doors and window sashes, and preparing boards. The bookbinders were in full employ, having several of Mr. Manton's volumes in hand. The turners alone were inactive. I must here remark that any of the boy or adult mechanics or laborers performing work for any of the civil or military officers, a record of the amount of such service is kept and charged against the employer. Some £500 a year thereby finds its way into the military chest.

"The stonemasons were next visited. They have a great variety of material prepared and preparing for the purpose of erecting a large and substantial barrack, together with an extensive range of improved workshops. At the bakery a large supply of goodly provender, the production of sundry juveniles, met our eyes, whilst the savory steams of the cook-house induced us to take a peep at the excellent fare, the boys being allowed an equal ration with the adult. Before dinner the boys are taught a habit of cleanliness by being obliged to wash. A short space is also allotted to play, and every afternoon half of the youngsters attend school. Although the origin of this establishment be founded in guilt, it is one of deep interest, for, from the very core of crime, there springs the cherished hope of fairer, happier days. Infamy may be lost in industry, sin give place to grace, and transportation itself may, through the blessing of God, be the balsam of the reckless. Such consummation is within the power of all. Many, no doubt, have, and will again clutch the offered gift; and I earnestly hope, as I sincerely believe, that many will bless the hour they saw Point Puer, which, under Providence, may prove the salvation (body and soul) of hundreds. Several instructed there are already earning comfortable livelihoods in various parts of the colony, and numbers have feelingly acknowledged to Captain Booth the blessings they thence derived. How many of England's poor but virtuous children would be overjoyed with the full provisions, excellent lodging, and comfortable clothing—not to say a word of the beneficial instruction—of Point Puer!"

The other side presented a far different picture, and one that makes man shudder even at this late day. Be it said to the credit of England that when

she fully understood the condition of affairs, orders were promptly issued, not only for the suppression of the institution but for the removal of every stone of the buildings. The boys confined here were all transports, ranging from twelve to eighteen years. When they attained the latter age they were transferred to the men's penitentiary.

There are many accounts of the treatment of these children, but the original records—official records—are apt to state the truth, especially when the statements are not considered anything remarkable. Last night I examined a pile of these documents, and here quote one:

"Charged on the complaint of overseer Mills with misconduct in having *part of a loaf of bread* improperly in his possession.

"Guilty.

"Sentence—5 days' solitary confinement.

"Executed."

These solitary cells still exist. They are underground, damp as any cellar, and not one ray of light could possibly penetrate their gloom. When for possessing a crust of bread a child of twelve years is subject to so many lashes with the birch, and for from five to fifteen days imprisonment in such places, one certainly must cease to look back to the Middle Ages for torture. One may not wonder that these children preferred as they did, death in the sea to such a life. What the usual treatment was is certainly proven by the necessity for secreting a "crust of bread."

The cliff where the suicides took place rises abruptly above deep water to a height of fifty feet.

Once at the bottom the waves, which sweep in in unbroken rollers, would render all pursuit useless. The horror of suicide must, however, have been terrible to those little ones, but how much more terrible the life that they could endure no longer.

In the punishments by the lash blood did not flow before the twenty-fifth stroke. After that there was no skin to flog, simply a mass of quivering flesh. Among the documents examined last night was one condemning a man to one hundred lashes for possessing, unknown to the keepers, a piece of raw pork. At the bottom of the warrant was written "Executed," and it was signed by the brute "Price." One hundred lashes with a "cat-o'-nine-tails" for being hungry and laying hands on a piece of raw pork! These warrants for severe punishment were all dated back in the forties and before, and the prison for the children vanished forever about 1845. Certainly one petition to England's Queen would ensure its total destruction. Humanity owes the downfall of all these prisons to Bishop Wilson. All honor to his memory.

Placards like the following were common sights in Hobart Town in the forties, but they are curiosities now.

### **R E W A R D !**

**Fifty Sovereigns, and a Conditional Pardon.**

WHEREAS the three Convicts (Runaways from Port Arthur), MARTIN CASH, GEORGE JONES, and LAWRENCE KAVENAGH, whose de-



UNDERGROUND CELLS, PRISON OF THE CHILDREN, POINT PUER, TASMANIA.

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scriptions are as under, stand charged with having committed divers Capital Felonies, and are now illegally at large: This is to give Notice, that I am authorized by His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor to offer a Reward of Fifty Sovereigns to any person or persons who shall apprehend or cause to be apprehended and lodged in safe custody either of the said Felons; and should this service be performed by a Convict, then, in addition to such pecuniary Reward, a CONDITIONAL PARDON.

M. FORSTER,  
Chief Police Magistrate.

*19th January, 1843.*

#### Description of the above-named Convicts.

Martin Cash, per Francis Freeling, tried at Launceston, Q. S., 24th March, 1840, 7 years, laborer, 6 feet, age 33; native place, Wexford, complexion very ruddy, head small and round, hair curly and caroty, whiskers red, small, forehead low, eyebrows red, eyes blue, small, nose small, mouth large, chin small. Remarks—remarkably long feet, a very swift runner.

Lawrence Kavenagh, per Marian Watson, tried at Sydney, 12th April, 1842, life, stonemason, 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ , age 30, complexion pale, head long, large, hair brown to gray, whiskers brown, visage long, forehead high, eyebrows brown, eyes light gray, nose long and sharp, mouth and chin medium size, native place, Wicklow. Remarks—A.D. above elbow joint left arm, 2 scars on palm of left hand, lost little finger on right hand.

George Jones, per Marian Watson, tried at Sydney, 14th April, 1842, life, laborer, 5 feet 7, age 27, complexion ruddy fair, freckled, head long, hair brown, whiskers brown, visage long, forehead perpendicular, eyebrows brown, eyes blue, nose medium, mouth medium, chin pointed, native place Westminster. Remarks—H. W. anchor on right arm, breast hairy.

Cash lived to repent. He married, settled down at Hobart, and left a very interesting autobiography. The other men died violent deaths, one being hanged.

We were startled last night, on walking out about eleven o'clock, to see lights gleaming through the bars of the penitentiary and to hear ghostly laughter echoing through the long deserted halls, but the ghosts were the young men of the town who have turned the dormitory into a gymnasium.

The proprietor of this hotel has a lot of old handcuffs, chains, gags, and other relics of the prison days. The men in chains slept on bunks on the floor, others in hammocks. The arrangement of the penitentiary cells is the same that we use now. All faced the outer walls with galleries running before them.

The barbarous laws of England, a century ago, were to blame for all the misery of this and other prisons. A man could be transported for twenty years for snaring a bird, even when he had a family dependent upon him. A small forgery meant a life sentence, and, in fact, any sentence of transportation meant "for life," for sentence was piled upon sentence, at the will of the commandant, until more than the allotted three score years and ten were covered. What use for good conduct? What pos-

sible hope in man or belief in God was left to the poor wretches ? Some of the crimes which then meant years of imprisonment would, to-day, scarcely send a man to the work-house for a month.

The old convict hulk *Success* has been lately restored. She is to-day exactly as she was when used to transport the criminals of England around the Cape of Good Hope to Tasmania, and has lately been out to these waters on exhibition. I believe she is now in England. One acquires from her a perfect idea of what the horrors of a voyage in the early years of the century must have been.

After its abandonment by England, "because of the expense, etc.,," the colony also gave up Port Arthur as a prison, though not until about 1870. Admiral Tryon, who was lost on the *Victoria*, desired to make it a naval station, and it seems most fitted for such use, but Hobart wanted the station to be placed near her limits, and so Port Arthur is given over to ruin and to the clambering vines. Where once there were thousands of people now there are scarce a hundred, save when some excursion comes this way from Melbourne. I fancy we are the first Americans who have visited it, unless it be from some wandering whale ship in the old days. These seas abounded in such ships, and one finds old harpoons, lances, and bomb guns in the possession of every little steamer. There were two on the one which brought us here. The lance is intended to bleed the whale to death, while the bomb explodes within three minutes after striking. It is shaped like an arrow, with feathers of rubber to keep it from turning over and over as it flies.

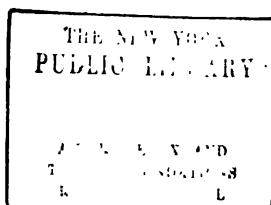
Norfolk Island, the other great penal settlement of Australasia, was abandoned before Port Arthur, and its reputation was more terrible than that of the latter place. It lies in the Pacific Ocean, somewhat north of the latitude of Sydney, eight hundred miles from Australia, and about four hundred from New Zealand, and was from its position a very safe prison. Still, small as it is, some five by six miles, convicts have been known to escape from surveillance and live for six or seven years in the bush. The bush being full of delicious oranges they were enabled to get on for a long time aided by raids on the farms, but to get off and away was impossible, and skeletons of those who had tried to do so were often found on the neighboring islands.

It was at Norfolk Island that that terrible affair occurred in the church. The convicts attending service were, as usual, all together in one portion of the edifice with their guards (fully armed) just opposite to them. The day was hot, and the commandant having imbibed more than was good for him had gone to sleep during the sermon. Awakened suddenly by some noise he cried out, "Fire, Fire!" and the guards did fire, with the result that eleven of the convicts were killed and many wounded. I have no idea that the sacrifice of these lives in any way deterred the man from running the risk of the repetition of the horror.

Norfolk Island is at present populated by the descendants of those concerned in the famous mutiny of *The Bounty*. They were brought there from Pitcairn Island after all the original offenders that survived from the sea had been hanged or had died.



ON BOARD THE PRISON HULK "SUCCESS."



The island itself is a bower of beauty. Its rocky sides rise precipitously from the deep sea to a height of from two to three hundred feet, except at one point where the harbor has been formed. All the fruits of the tropics and almost all those of the temperate zones grow here in the wildest profusion. The spot is also very healthful. The supply of fresh water being limited, that difficulty is overcome by means of huge tanks and wells. The prison buildings are still in perfect condition, and greatly resemble those at Port Arthur, therefore they need not be described.

There are other islands in the distant seas which show us that we do not have to look backward to find prisoners treated with all the horrible barbarity of the dark ages. During the present revolt in the Philippines, Spain brought forth and used the ancient instruments of torture from an old monastery, instruments that were actually used during the Inquisition. This does not so greatly astonish us, as we expect all things that are horrible to have an eternal abiding place in Spain; but how about France and her boasted freedom? What has she to say for the state of affairs existing to-day in her Isles of Safety? I quote from a late account thereof, which appeared in an Australian paper during our sojourn on that continent:

"The 'Isles of Safety,' the isolated spot where French convicts serve sentence, comprise three small islands off the coast of French Guiana, a few degrees north of the Equator, and, except a narrow sea frontage, are covered with tropical forests. The climate is simply murderous, certain death being the result of standing bareheaded in the sun even for an instant. From November to June

is the wet season, during which the average rainfall is 180 in.; yet the temperature is never less than 85°, and rises to 115° during the four dry months. Convict ships bound for these "Islands of the Curst" generally sail either from the Ile de Re, in the Bay of Biscay, or the Ile d'Aix, in the Mediterranean. A month is occupied by the voyage, the horrors of which are a fit prelude to those yet to come. Dressed in their convict garb the prisoners are confined in batches of fifty in great iron cages on the spar deck. Benches are placed round the sides of the cage, and hammocks are slung at night. But day and night they are watched by guards standing beside loaded mitrailleuses, ready to fire at the first sign of mutiny. Sometimes, indeed, such outbreaks do occur, but they are invariably quelled with remorseless severity. The horrors of the passage are too repulsive for description, the scenes resembling rather those observable a century or two back than what one would associate with the present times.

"On the arrival of the prisoners at the Iles de Salut they are taken to the 'Camp,' a clearing occupied by strongly-built iron-barred huts, furnished with double rows of hammocks. But at night the fœtid atmosphere within, combined with the noisome vapors of the outer air and the ever-present swarms of stinging insects, render any but the sleep of exhaustion impossible. From the moment of his arrival the convict has no name. He is known only by the number of his hammock. The new arrivals are put to the most severe tasks—draining marshes and clearing ground—to break their spirits.' They are conducted to their work by armed guards, who are ordered to fire at the least attempt at flight. Hardly any try to escape, for they know that if they evade the bullets of the guards and their pursuit, it will be necessary to traverse the sea and the virgin forest. At every

step will lie in wait for them death by hunger, by fatigue, by disease, or by the poisoned arrows of the natives, who receive a reward for every convict they bring back, dead or alive. Meanwhile, with bodies broken by their awful toil in a climate where a walk of a hundred yards is a formidable task, they labor in the blazing sun with spades and picks. About their heads hang clouds of stinging insects. Great red ants cover their bare legs, and sometimes poisonous serpents twist about their ankles and inflict mortal wounds. They stand in trenches up to their knees in water and mire, and the exhalations rising from the earth consume them with fever, or set their teeth chattering as with cold, while the sweat rolls from their foreheads. Occasionally, in their despair, some of the convicts revolt, in the hope, which is seldom disappointed, of finding in the bullets of their custodians a relief from this living torture. Others, again, go mad, or end their lives by deliberately exposing themselves to the sun, while very few ever succeed in escaping. Indeed, only once have any fugitives reached civilized countries again, and even then their period of freedom was comparatively brief."





ISTHMUS OF EAGLE HAWK'S NECK.

## CHAPTER XVI

### EAGLE HAWK'S NECK

Tasman's Arch—The Devil's Blow-Hole—Eagle Hawk's Neck,  
where the Blood Hounds were Chained—Drive back to Wellington  
and Departure for Australia

*October 17th.*—Storm and sunshine must be taken as they come when one is travelling, and to-day opens dark and drizzling, causing us to dislike to set out on a fifteen-mile ride in an open cart; but it cannot be helped, and we start forth, passing over our tracks of yesterday across the Peninsula, and then driving to our right until Eagle Hawk's Neck is left a mile or two behind, and our road vanishes in the brush, forcing us to get out and walk for another mile towards the sounding of the sea. There the ground suddenly disappears from beneath us, and we stand gazing downward into Tasman's Arch, a weird, uncanny opening of an acre in extent right in the centre of the field. The ocean has beaten its way inward, forming a natural arch through the cliffs on the opposite side from where we stand, and its waters are even on this calm day booming in two hundred and sixty feet below our



THE DEVIL'S BLOW HOLE, TASMANIA.

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look-out. We hold tightly to trees and shrubs as we gaze into the abyss. It must be an awe inspiring spot when the "Storm King" is out and the vast rollers of the Pacific come thundering in from the limitless expanse without. It is so even on this quiet day.

Not far off is the "Devil's Blow Hole," another opening of like description. In fact, the whole coast is honeycombed by the tremendous action of this tumultuous ocean. It would be most interesting to enter these places by means of a boat; in fact, they cannot be entered in any other way, and then only on a calm day like this; but there is no boat at hand, and we can, therefore, only look down from the heights and move on.

Our ride to the lunch station takes us over Eagle Hawk's Neck, an isthmus of sand about three hundred yards wide which joins Tasman's Peninsula to that of Forester's on the north. Here during the convict days were stationed the bloodhounds, thirteen in number, and so chained that they could almost reach one another, the first and the thirteenth being on stages out over the sea, which abounded with sharks and octopi. Lights were always kept burning at night, and there was always a strong guard on hand. The barracks of the guard still stand and also the house of the officers in charge. We lunch in the latter, a very old and rambling, one-storied white cottage, embowered in flowers. The walls are musty and dank, and still show traces of the occupancy of the officers.

Changing horses and trap we drive, during the afternoon, across Forester's Peninsula to "Dunal-

## 130 Islands of the Southern Seas

tural district, where but few people are to be seen, and ending at a ferry wharf. It was built fifty years ago, before railways were known, but it is as well kept to-day as in 1850, though it is paralleled for twenty miles by the railway.

*October 19th.*—Monday morning, at eight o'clock, finds us *en route* for Launceston and Melbourne. The line runs for the first three hours through a pleasant district under full cultivation, and then crosses the range at an elevation of fourteen hundred feet. The apple orchards are in full blossom, but the trees are not allowed to grow more than ten or twelve feet high. Each year they are trimmed out and cut down, under the idea that the strength will then pass into the fruit. Yet certainly I have seen no apples in Tasmania that will compare with those that come from our own great trees at home.

Launceston town is a pretty burgh of some twenty thousand people. It is at the northern end of the railway from Hobart, being one hundred and thirty-three miles distant from that town. A long arm of the sea, called the river, runs directly north to the Straits, forty miles distant from Launceston.

The sail down to the sea was of no interest. The ship for Melbourne had been obliged to start off with the falling tide, and we found her, about fourteen miles down stream, awaiting the little craft that bore us.

The mountains of Tasmania stood forth against a fair evening sky as we bade adieu to the beautiful island, and turned our bodies in for the night and our thoughts toward the vast Continent of Australia.



## CHAPTER XVII

### AUSTRALIA, " THE LAND OF THE NEVER NEVER "

The "Never Never Land"—Something of its Early History—The Straits of Bass—Port Philip and Melbourne—Complete Separation of the Sections of Australia—The Laughing Jackass—Departure for Sydney

THERE are few in our busy land who ever cast a thought toward the distant Continent of Australia, or, as it is more poetically called, "the land of the Never Never," and I doubt if many really understand its tremendous size or in any way appreciate the important position it will some day occupy among the nations of the earth. It is but some eighty-two thousand square miles smaller than our country (without Alaska). It is twenty-six times larger than Great Britain and Ireland, and yet, thus far, the population of all this vast extent of territory amounts to less than four millions of people. I mean, of course, white people, for the blacks are of so low a grade—in fact, the lowest grade of mankind—that one cannot consider them as a part of the population, and they do not figure as such save in Victoria and in New South Wales (about eight thousand five hundred).

It is believed that there are about sixty-five thou-

## 132 Islands of the Southern Seas

sand in all the land, but it is almost impossible to arrive at a correct estimate of their numbers. They are like our Indians in their dislike for work, and the settlers can put them to little use. In one thing, however,—the tracking qualities of the bloodhound—they excel. Be a man's footfall ever so light, they will hear it. Let him pass by leaving no apparent trace of his passage, yet they will track him step by step. The police use them to hunt criminals, and the settlers to find those lost in the Australian bush.

Australia is supposed to have been discovered by the Portuguese, about 1507, and is called on old maps "Great Java." There are French maps of 1547 which outline parts of this coast. The Dutch were the next to come. The first Englishman was Captain Dompier in 1609, but one associates Captain Cook more than all others with this far-off land of the South. He it was who traced her coast lines and sailed up her rivers and harbors. Of what his experience must have been in this then unknown land, one may judge from the names he gave to the capes, islands, and rivers, as he sailed along. "Weary Bay," "Endeavor River," Cape "Tribulation," etc.

It was not until this century had entered its second quarter that the tides of colonization really set in this direction, and to-day the four millions who make this land their home mostly congregate near the sea. The vast interior, or "up country" as it is called, is largely an unknown land, save such portions as will furnish pasturage for sheep and cattle which wander over it; but the sheep runs are



**STRIKING FIRE IN "THE BUSH," AUSTRALIA.**

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confined to those sections where there can be some surety of water. Lack of water is the curse of Australia. She possesses few rivers of any size, and rain in certain sections does not fall for months and sometimes years. The whole of her vast interior is a blistering horrid desert, for whose exploration parties are constantly forming, undeterred by the records of the horrible sufferings endured by those who have made previous attempts ; but though Central Australia may be a desert, the vast lands of her endless coast line are capable of supporting an immense population. There are gold, silver, copper, and tin in her mountains. Eighty millions of sheep and millions more of cattle roam over her meadow lands. Her greater cities seem to have been born, grown up, so to speak. They possess all the comforts and luxuries of life that those of the Old World boast, and their colleges are more severe in their requirements than those of England. A gentleman on the train to Sydney informed me that he had sent his son to Scotland as the college course in Australia was too hard for him.

The different sections of the Continent govern themselves, England merely sending out a Governor-General for each, but he is little more than a figure-head, doing only as he is told, following always the popular wishes. His term is short, and when finished, he is paid off and sent home. To my thinking, Australia is a collection of republics. There is no military rule by England, and I saw no British soldiers in all the land. England does not demand soldiers from Australia, but Australia has once or twice sent her men to the assistance of the

mother country in times of war. The provinces have their own navies, though I did see a few British ships of war.

A stranger can but laugh at the ridiculous jealousies which exist between the several sections of the continent. Such a union as exists between our States is unknown; but that will be changed in time, and then Australia will move onward to the great place among the nations of the earth to which she is entitled.

The Straits of Bass are to the Southern Hemisphere what the Straits of Dover are to Europe, and Cook's to Tasmania, though they are seven times wider, one hundred and eighty miles, than the northern passage. Still, like both of the others, they are generally very stormy, and to-night, though all is glorious overhead, we are pitched and tossed about in a most uncomfortable manner by the long sweep of the waves in coming across the great "Bight" of Australia. Most of the passengers go promptly to bed, and I fancy know little of the outer world of water until well within the bay of Port Philip. As I come on deck at eight o'clock, the coast of the continent stretches away on either side, a low lying sand bank crowded with shrub, as desolate as I have always imagined this coast would be.

The entrance to Port Philip harbor is not more than a mile or so wide, I should say, but the harbor immediately within circles away on both sides for forty miles from the capes to the mouth of the river Yarrow. Melbourne stands on the banks of that stream some miles farther up, at least so far as the

usual landing stage is concerned, but the city or its suburbs reach quite to the port side, and there the great steamers have their landing. Our craft enters the river Yarrow, which winds between its embankments almost parallel to the harbor line.

The scene is a busy one just now, as the great full-rigged ships are collecting here for the coming wool crop. The river is so narrow that I could toss a pebble on to the shore on either side. At present it is also the sewer of the city, and the stench, as our screw churns up the water, is something dreadful. Strange to say, though possessing four hundred thousand inhabitants, Melbourne has no sewerage system up to date, but this will all be changed in a year or two when the present very extensive work in that direction is completed.

The city impresses the traveller most favorably. Its streets are very wide, most excellently paved, and possess a cable system quite equal to that of San Francisco, and far superior to any in Chicago. In fact, between cable cars and bicycles, one finds no use for cabs, nor does one see many private carriages, comparatively speaking. It is difficult to believe, at first, that it is not an American city, and especially when your "luggage" has become "baggage" you feel the strong influence of America. The business portion might be dropped into the centre of Chicago, and would seem to fit, so to speak, except that Chicago people would wonder where that part of their goodly town got its cleanliness.

To my mind, there is also more taste exhibited in Melbourne's buildings, in that they are not "sky-

## 136 Islands of the Southern Seas

scrapers." They are all solidly constructed, and many of them are very handsome, notably the town-hall, post-office, Equitable Insurance block, and many of the banks, of which the late panic does not seem to have reduced the number. The Parliament buildings are not completed.

Most of the people of Melbourne live in the suburbs, very few in the city proper, which covers a small area, though each block is quite as long on each side as the cross-town blocks in New York. The suburbs spread away in all directions over the gently rolling land, and the homes in many of them are very beautiful, particularly in Toorak.

There are two most excellent hotels, Menzies and the Grand, and any number of others, which may be first class in every particular, but they do not possess the reputations of those mentioned. One, the "Federal Coffee Palace," is a temperance hotel, much the style and size of the Palmer House in Chicago.\*

I believe these coffee palaces are temperance only in name. At least, I am told that it is far from impossible to get any drink one may desire within their walls. Certainly to be known as a "coffee palace" almost destroys an hotel here. They appear to be, and I am told are, second class.

I confess I am astonished at the complete separation, politically and commercially, between the different sections of Australia. They seem as distinct one from another as is Canada from our own

\* I find myself using Chicago as a comparing point, because Melbourne is called, from its youth and great progress, the "Chicago of the South."

land. New South Wales, with Sydney as its capital, has adopted free trade; while Victoria, with Melbourne as its capital and chief city, has a heavy protective tariff. The governments have absolutely nothing to do with one another.

England occupies the position of a parent and mediator between the states. I fancy, for instance, that if Victoria should desire independence, she would meet with no assistance or sympathy from the other states, and the same would hold in the case of each of them. As in India, though in a very much less degree, England's hold over all seems to lie in the lack of sympathy between the sections, though the great tie is, of course, that of blood.

It is but five hundred and seventy-six miles from here to Sydney. Yet we must "change cars at the frontier where baggage will be examined." Imagine the disgust of travellers between New York and Chicago if they had to do that, say in Buffalo. The gauges of the roads are different, and if the governor of one section would pass to another, he must leave his private car at the frontier for that reason.

Even at this early day one can appreciate what the weather will be in full summer when the thermometer mounts to  $105^{\circ}$  and stays there. Then those who can do so depart for New Zealand and Tasmania.

Having a desire to make the acquaintance of that national celebrity, the "laughing jackass," we went this morning to several bird stores in search of him, but without success, being informed that the "creature is strictly protected the year round,"

consequently, the dealers are not allowed to sell him, and that we should "find him in the Zoölogical Gardens in Royal Park," and thither we went. The old gatekeeper guffawed when we asked for "His Jackass-ship," and pointed to the eagle's cage. Therein were many feathered creatures, from the king of birds to the impudent magpie, but which was the laughing jackass we knew not.

The name appeared on the cage, but that did not simplify matters. The only way to settle the point was to request a laugh, which we did, but with no results. We stated that we had come twelve thousand miles to hear one, and also that we were victims of melancholia, and would be greatly benefited thereby, but all to no purpose. No one laughed, and the birds in their cage settled themselves on their perches with a firm manner, fully giving us to understand that they were not "matinée girls," and that if we wished them to perform we must come at night and pay full price. Several kangaroos hopped up and joined in the consultation, seemingly siding with us. A grave "adjutant" contemplated the scene from his vantage post on one leg, but the feathered kingdom, save for an impudent parrot, was deadly silent. Our only hope lay in strategy, and we moved away as though in despair. After a visit to some superb black panthers and royal tigers, we returned stealthily. Still the same silence and the same watchfulness on the part of the feathery kingdom, but, suddenly, from a hole in the rear came a ghostly guffaw, that heard in a solitary place at night would drive a strong-minded man daft, and shortly the vicinity would



**LAUGHING JACKASS.**

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have rivalled the violent wards of a mad-house, such was the guffawing and demoniacal laughter that roared all around us.

The most innocent and wisest-looking birds of the lot were the jackasses. They are about the size of a magpie, dark brown as to wing, light brown on the breast, with a mop of feathers on the head, which stand up like the gray hair of a Hottentot, and deeply shade a pair of wise-looking eyes. The bill seems shaped like the pelican's, but is not so flat. We sat there and laughed as much as they did for a season, but as abruptly as they had commenced they ceased, and the shrewdest detective would never have had the slightest suspicion that any one of that congregation had been guilty of aught save the most solemn demeanor for a century back at least.

These queer productions of the feathery kingdom seems to love music. Often they gather near the open windows of a church and listen, apparently with great interest, as long as the music lasts, but when it ceases their peals of derisive laughter have been known to break up a service. This happened not long since, in one of Melbourne's most stately and fashionable sanctuaries ; but, on that occasion, it was the text which seemed to excite their ridicule, for, in the pause which followed the delivery thereof, the holy silence of the church was broken by such shouts of laughter that the minister was forced to dismiss his congregation.

On our return to town we visit the "Government House." Each of these Australian cities possesses a "Government House," this in Melbourne being a

## 140 Islands of the Southern Seas

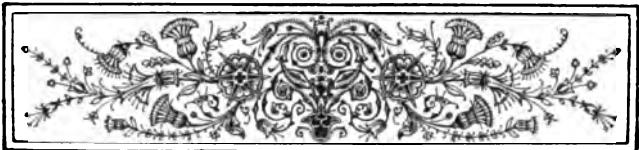
handsome structure standing in its own park,—a park of many acres. The Botanical Gardens adjoin it, but one cannot say much in their favor. They are very poorly cared for, and the commons or grounds which separate them from the highway are desolate and neglected.

I must alter my statement somewhat about the trip between Sydney and Melbourne. Coming toward Melbourne one must change at 5.30 A.M., and have all luggage examined at that time. Outgoing to Sydney, however, there is no examination, owing to the free-trade policy of New South Wales. One must change cars, but at 11.30 P.M., which is not so bad.

One is further reminded of America on arriving at the station in Melbourne; it is a wretchedly dirty frame shed, where one's "baggage" is "checked," and one's pocket is made heavy with brass. The car is a Mann Boudoir, but the one we enter at the frontier is a Pullman and as good as those at home, except for the dressing rooms, which are insufficient.

Of the journey there is little to say. It is monotonously dreary. The *eucalyptus* closes in around us in all its unsightly dreariness, not the splendid trees of Tasmania, but a low, scraggy and most melancholy looking species.





## CHAPTER XVIII

### SYDNEY

#### Natural Beauties of the City and Harbor—Botany Bay

NATURE has done everything for Sydney, nothing for Melbourne. The latter on its almost level plain owes all the beauty it possesses to the work of man, but if man had never entered the locality of the more northern city, it would still have been beautiful, and by his art its natural beauty has been intensified. Let us enter it from the sea, which forever lashes against the North and South Heads with a sullen roar.

The harbor, certainly the most beautiful in this part of the world, lies spread out like a great oak leaf with the entrance at the stem. The central portion stretches straight away before us, while on both sides with almost the regularity of the divisions of an oak leaf the arms thereof reach north and south. The shores are very hilly and those nearest the sea are dotted with numerous places of resort, and on this beautiful day the waters of the bay are alive with hundreds of craft *en route* thither from the city, which lies glittering in the middle foreground. The points of land that we pass as we sail

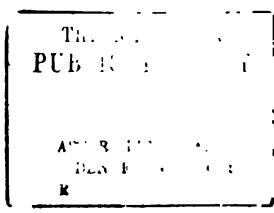
onward are crowded with beautiful homes surrounded by delightful grounds.

Right in the centre of the city's water-front the great public gardens or "domains," as they are called, afford an everlasting breathing spot for the people. Around them on the water side winds "Mrs. Macquaries' Road," an avenue three miles in length, designed by that lady in 1820. The grounds of the domain rise gradually, thereby affording a natural theatre from which the view over city and harbor is enchanting. Beautiful trees and the rarest flowers make the spot all that the heart can desire. The harbor winds in and around, so that its arms appear to be lakes specially designed for these gardens, and so I thought they were at first sight, until an ocean steamship moved slowly across one of them.

The city itself in its plan and its winding streets reminds me of Boston, and the resemblance is maintained by the rising ground and the numerous commons which one comes across all over it. I notice in most of them long avenues of fig trees, a tree which, here, in size, shape, and color resembles the magnolia of Florida. The fruit is small and not of the best. The city should, and I believe will shortly, abolish the hideous steam trams, which make many of her streets unsightly and unpleasant.

The bay is Sydney's chief beauty and great pleasure park. This being Sunday, and bright and fair, we are spending it on the waters, and it certainly does seem as if every man, woman and child, that can be, is afloat. The entire half million of inhabitants are around us in all sorts of marvellous crafts.





If any are laden with care and sorrow, they have apparently succeeded in forgetting both for a season. We are *en route* to South Head, the rocky promontory which forms the southern side of the harbor entrance, towering three hundred feet above the waters of the Pacific which roar and thunder into the caverns at its base. The view is most magnificent. On the one hand the beautiful harbor and glittering city, behind which rise the ranges of the Blue Mountains; on the other, the immensity of the ocean, and over all a fair blue sky.

It is late and the moon is rising before we turn our backs on South Head and sail back to our very comfortable quarters in the Hotel Australia, a large fine structure kept wholly on the American plan,—in fact, by a St. Louis man. It has a very fine rotunda, immense bar, billiard and drawing rooms, while the table is good, and the service all that can be desired. From its spacious door-way we wander in all directions, until I think there are few points of the city that we do not explore. Indeed we thoroughly enjoy our stay of three weeks, and feel well repaid for our long journey thither.

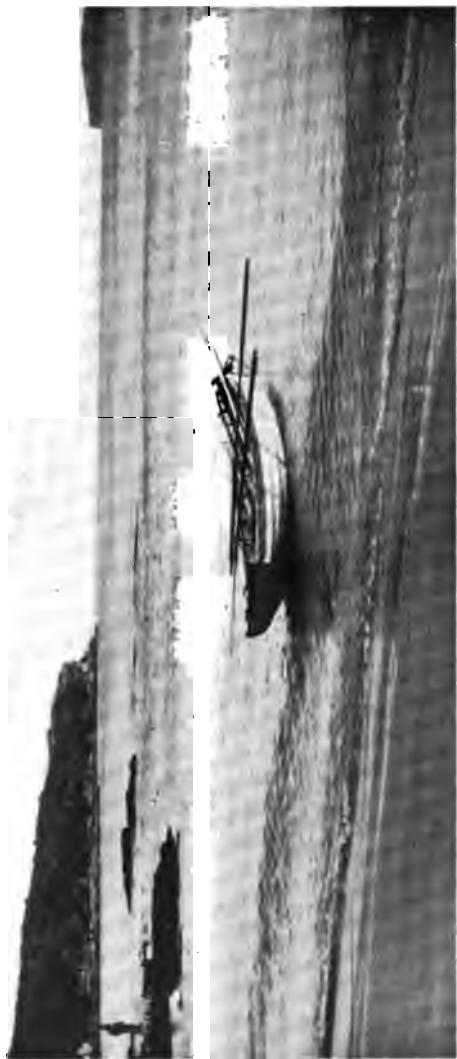
Sydney is old only from an Australian point of view, but even of her early days there is very little that has not been changed. Now and then we come across some low one-story houses that bear plainly the mark of early times, but her main streets are lined with fine modern buildings. As in Melbourne, the insurance companies possess superb blocks. The cathedral is a miniature of York Minster, and is "miniature" only when compared with that great temple. Near it stands the Town Hall, a very hand-

some structure, and just beyond that rises the new Fruit Market, which entirely surpasses any building for such a purpose that I know of. It is very large, built of light stone and in the Oriental style, blossoming out into arches and domes in all directions. I could scarcely believe it was intended for a market.

The Post Office is a stately structure. So is the Governor's House in its beautiful grounds. The Parliament Houses are old wooden buildings, which will be replaced in time by proper structures. There are some pretty clubs. As for the homes, those of the wealthy are beautiful in house and grounds, and through all ranks the people seem well housed. I suppose there is poverty and suffering, but I saw no evidences thereof. I can recall no beggars.

A visit to Australia would scarcely be considered complete without a trip to Botany Bay, a trip that is of one's own free will and not by her Majesty's order. The tram which rattles through the streets of Sydney with quite as much clatter as the Elevated in New York, and much more dirt, carries us for some miles southward through the poorest section of the city and suburbs, and lands us at a distance of ten miles, on the shores of the celebrated bay, a large expanse of shallow water surrounded by low sand banks and dreary groves of the cedar and *eucalyptus* trees. On the far side stands a monument marking the spot where Captain Cook landed, after having entered yonder portals from the sea.

To be sent to Botany Bay meant to the convict of fifty years ago the ending of all things, in so far as a free existence in this life was concerned; meant degradation and slavery through long years at least.



BOTANY BAY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

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ASTOR, LENORE AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATION  
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The prospect as his ship dropped anchor in this lonely harbor was as dreary as could well be imagined. There could have been no sign of life save the sea gulls, while as far as the eye could reach stretched the dead dreary level of this land of the south. Mile after mile, league after league, each the exact counterpart of the one gone before, with not even the changes which come over the ocean to vary the monotony, and no chance of a friendly hand anywhere. It is scarcely a matter of wonderment that the real criminal remained in his natural state of mind and principle, or that those unjustly condemned, or condemned for the most trivial offenses, gave over all thoughts of reform, and with a bad name thrust upon them soon justified the possession thereof.

The Botany Bay of to-day is, aside from some tanneries and the houses of the poor connected with them, as deserted as when the first ship came through yonder portal, and as its waters are shallow and full of shifting sands, it is likely to remain so. There is nothing to detain the most enthusiastic traveller, and boarding the tram we return to town and prepare for our visit to the Blue Mountains.

The first stage of the journey thither is by rail to Mount Victoria. We are afforded a fair opportunity of seeing the suburbs of Sydney that spread inland, and they seem endless. The city impresses one as being larger than Melbourne. As to the journey up the mountain I can say nothing as the greater portion of it was made after dark, but we shall see it by daylight on the return trip. Mount Victoria and its comfortable hotel (the Imperial) was reached about half past eight.



## CHAPTER XIX

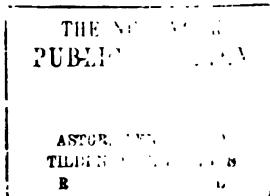
### THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, AND THE CAVES OF JENOLAN

Convict Highways—Scenery of Australia—Kangaroos, Dingos, and Snakes—Katoomba and Govet's Leap—Return to Sydney

MORNING disclosed the fact that Mount Victoria (the town) is perched some thirty-five hundred feet above tidewater on a range of mountains which strongly resemble our Blue Ridge. The drive to the caves of Jenolan is for the first nine miles over the great highway from Sydney to the west. Constructed by the convicts and finished in 1810, it is still in perfect condition, for, as our driver remarked, the "work of the convicts lasts forever." They possessed no surveyors in those days, and hence these roads go straight up and down the mountains. They are built of rock, and are smooth as a sidewalk. In crossing a ravine or gulch a solid stone embankment was built that would do credit to modern work. All of these roads of Australia are constructed and maintained by the government and are all in fine condition, though the work of those early convict days far surpasses in strength that of to-day.



LUCAS CAVE, JENOLAN.



Unlike New Zealand and Tasmania, Australia does possess numerous kinds of serpents, the most venomous being the tiger snake, which attains a length of five feet. Arsenic and chloride of lime are regarded as the best antidote for a snake bite. It seems to me, however, that what was left by the snake the chloride of lime would destroy.

This is our May and it is very hot. At Bourke, some five hundred miles out at the western terminus, the thermometer registered 106° yesterday. During the summer, the mercury here never mounts higher than 98°, but on the plains it runs to 120° and 126°. Sometimes there is no rain for a year, no water, no trees, and dead animals by the thousand. No wonder the people of Australia regard New Zealand and Tasmania as veritable heavens. This continent should have been located one thousand miles to the southward, if Providence ever intended that the greater portion should be inhabited by man.

I had greatly desired to visit some of the vast " up country " stations, such places as are made familiar to us through the pages of *Geoffry Hamlin* and *Mrs. Tregaskiss*, but I have been strongly advised against such a move. Still, I shall regret not having seen something of that side of Australian life.

The scenery of Australia, at least of all that we have seen, is marred by the sameness of the foliage. All the plains and even these mountains are covered by the ugliest species of the *eucalyptus*, a tree, save the blue gum species in Tasmania, as desolately ugly as one can find, and when, to the dreary tone which it lends to the prospect, is added thousands of dead trees, the desolation becomes most intense,

and the panorama resembles Doré's illustrations of the *Inferno*.

We hear but few song birds among these hills, but the incessant clattering of the locusts is deafening. As the day grows hotter their song becomes louder and more ear-splitting, but as the shadows lengthen it dies gradually away and the pests go to bed with the sun.

We are reminded more and more during the afternoon's ride of our Pennsylvania mountains, especially that view just west of Horseshoe Bend. We pause for a moment to take a photograph of an ant hill over six feet in height. The little laborers honeycomb the earth to a depth of twenty feet and throw up these mounds as they remove the clay from below. They will sometimes appropriate a great hollow tree and fill it with clay to the top. The forests of these mountains have two great enemies—man and an insect called the *amanythis*. The latter travels in swarms and devours every leaf for miles along.

Man seems determined to make away with the trees by setting fire to the grass, avowing that the latter is improved thereby, but is it not an acknowledged fact that with the disappearance of the forests the rainfall becomes less and less? Therefore it would seem that trees are of greater importance than grass, especially on these mountains, for with the disappearance of the trees the grass will go also.

As we cross the range to the southern side, the ferns and trailing vines appear, while the clematis casts its wreaths over rock and tree in wild profusion. Our road for the last hour descends rapidly

and we are treated to some fine driving that causes us to cling to our seats as we rush around curves and along precipices. The road runs directly into the face of the cliff and through a grand natural tunnel which arches one hundred feet above us. The little hotel stands just beyond, and everyone, including the horses, appears delighted to reach it, the latter indulging in some violent kicking which does away entirely with the necessity of unharnessing.

Jenolan is a bowl in the heart of the mountains, which rise up around it a thousand feet or more. There is no ingress save by the great arch through which we came, unless it be by yonder zigzag path down the bluff. The hotel nestles by a small stream, and on the rocks around it numbers of wallaby—a small kangaroo—are skipping about, while the laughing jackasses lend their assistance to the frogs and crickets to make things lively. There is also mourning in the hollow, our hostess's best cow having rolled to her death down yonder mountain.

Our first visit is to the left Imperial Cave, and for two hours we wander deep into the bowels of the earth, now along narrow passages, up ladders and winding stone stairs, and now into grottos full of the delicate stalactites and hanging drapery of transparent stone, some pale white, some like a Madras curtain, and many like the most delicate sponges. Yonder is a cascade of snow with blood-red cliffs around it, while overhead hangs the festival drapery of some vast hall. The guide carries a brilliant lime light, and as he throws it around, the walls seem studded with diamonds. The genius of Edison has

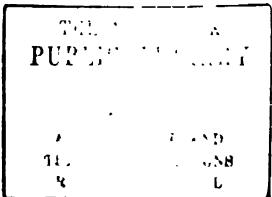
penetrated even here. Many of the caverns are illuminated with his light. I believe our journey has not been more than a mile in length, but it has seemed much longer. In detail this cave is very fine, but there are no vast halls, no majestic corridors as in our Mammoth.

In the Lucas Cave, the traveller finds more to remind him of Kentucky's wonder. The first chamber he enters is called the Cathedral, and possesses a dome about two hundred feet high. Passing on, the "Auditorium" is reached. As the electric light flashes over it it looks like a vast opera house with all its carvings, galleries, pillars, and even a proscenium arch thrown into bold relief by the vivid light. But to my mind it is more impressive under a subdued light, when its nooks and corners assume a mysterious and far off appearance. It is six hundred feet one way by four hundred the other, and through all the space nature has played at battledore and shuttlecock with great masses of rock. This Lucas Cave does not display the same amount of marvellous work in formations as the Imperial, but there are many of them that are very wonderful, notably, that growth of the "mystery" and the "broken column." The trip is a much more tiresome one than that through the other caves, but it amply repays all fatigue. These caves are the property of the government. The guides receive £50 per year and we are charged 1s. and 5d. per head for the round trip.

We have a fine view of the Arch of Carlotta after leaving Lucas Cave. It dwarfs our Natural Bridge. In the vast cavern called the Devil's Coachhouse,



THE "MYSTERY" CAVES OF JENOLAN.



one of the finest sights of Jenolan, the traveller gazes with awe up to a great dome, towering certainly not less than three hundred feet above where he stands. Stately trees grow under its portals, while from its many galleries wise-eyed kangaroos peer down in a curious questioning manner, and then hop silently away into some dim recess known only to themselves. The creatures seem without fear of man for even as I write, one has come very close to where I sit, overpowered by curiosity as it were. It stands erect on a rock not ten feet off, and gravely folds its forepaws across its breast. I fancy it would permit a closer inspection. These wallabys are dainty little animals, and would make nice pets; this one looks, as she sits there, like a grave quaker lady, and moves away in a reproving fashion as I shake my cap at her.



DINGO OR WILD DOG.

The sun casts long slanting rays through the vast cavern as I rise to depart. I should not be astonished to find Wotan working his forge in some shadowy

corner, or to meet Siegfried and Brunhilde. So I bid farewell to the caves of Jenolan. If I did not discover Etidorpha, and if my guide did possess eyes, and if I was permitted to return to the glimpses of the moon, still I have been in no way disappointed.

While at Jenolan I saw a Dingo or wild dog. It looks like a small black wolf, and is quite as cowardly a beast. It must love slaughter for slaughter's sake, as my landlady told me that her chickens, though killed by these brutes, are never eaten.

Fortunately the sun is clouded as we drive back to Mount Victoria and the breeze is sufficiently strong to blow away the dust. If the roads in our National Park were like these, journeying there would be a different matter. The last six hours of our ride were, however, most uncomfortable. The temperature mounted to ninety in the shade, the dust was dreadful, and the locusts kept up a clatter worthy of a boiler factory and rather more nerve splitting. So taking it all in all, we were not sorry to draw up at the Imperial, in Mount Victoria, a place whose cleanliness and comfort were in marked contrast to the filth of the luncheon station and of the hotel of the caves. To be sure the latter is only a remnant left by a fire some years ago, and the owners expect the government to buy and rebuild, but that is no excuse for the present dirt.

A boy at the hotel at Mount Victoria has a curious pet in the shape of a kangaroo rat. Head, body and tail are those of a rat, but the hind legs resemble those of a kangaroo. The animal is about the size of a prairie dog and very tame.

We leave Mount Victoria at 9 A.M. and drive to Wentworth Falls, a distance of twenty-six miles, visiting, *en route*, Govett's Leap and Katoomba. The former is very like the view from Inspiration Point in the Yosemite. One comes upon it quite unprepared and is much impressed. The point called the leap is somewhat down the gorge, and was named after a prisoner of the Crown, who, so the story runs, in fleeing from bloodhounds in the form of dogs and men, came to this table rock and, rather than return to the horrors of the prison, sprang off and down twelve hundred feet and more.

The walls of rock rise in stern grandeur like a vast amphitheatre, and the mountains stretch away blue and beautiful. Of the waterfalls one would be able to judge, if there were any water visible, but there is not. The views near Katoomba and Wentworth are to my thinking not nearly so impressive. At the latter place we took train for Sydney and two hours later found us once again in the city.





## CHAPTER XX

### THE HAWKSBERRY RIVER

Election News from Home—Friendship between England and America—The Blacks of Australia—Hawksberry River—Farewell to Sydney

THROUGH all these dark days of the late election at home we have waited here at Sydney to know the result. Not that we really doubted that, when they came to vote, our people could be other than true to their honor and to their flag, still it was not pleasant to be confronted by such headlines as "Probable Disgrace to the Great Republic," "Failure of the Experiment of a Century." To have all the years from Washington, through Jackson and Lincoln to Grant written down as a failure, was scarcely to be borne with patience, and therefore, when the first telegram "Triumph of the Flag," came at half-past ten last night, there were some of us who could scarcely keep dry eyes, so great was the relief. I think the news was watched for and longed for as ardently by all living on this far off continent as it was by the few wanderers from Columbia, and the same state of feeling exists in England itself.



"MURRAY JACK," EX-KING OF A BLACK TRIBE, AUSTRALIA.

THE UNIVERSITY  
PUBLICATIONS OF TORONTO

THE UNIVERSITY  
OF TORONTO

If there were more general travel by our congressmen and men of affairs throughout the dominions of Great Britain, there would be a fuller understanding of her real feeling towards America and of the great work she (England) is doing in the world, and there would also be less ignorant jingoism at home. This is '96, not '61. Times have changed and England now desires nothing so greatly as our friendship and alliance; and that there should be even a suggestion of war between us is as great a disgrace as the attempted one so lately defeated. Together the two nations would be an irresistible force moving forward in the name of peace and progress, and we need never dread the same treason from England that has so lately threatened our own land, from those who, while claiming the protection of our flag, did not hesitate to insult it. The interests of the two nations would clash at times, it is true, but with reasoning, thinking people, on both sides no trouble could come therefrom. We have never lost by arbitration when we have been properly represented.

In the hotel at Sydney, running over the whole house with the utmost freedom, I notice a small boy about eight years of age, black as night, woolly-headed, and thick-lipped. Just such a one as will turn somersaults for pennies any day in our South. I learn that he has been *adopted* by a rich squatter's wife, a pretty young white woman who appears in gorgeous costumes daily. She kisses and fondles the black imp constantly, and, in fact, seems to be in no way conscious of his color and peculiarities. Rather an odd sight on the whole.

Of the black race of Australia we have seen but

## 156 Islands of the Southern Seas

little, and that little does not excite our desire to see more of them. They are acknowledged to be the lowest of all mankind, a race which it is almost impossible to educate. A story is told of a boy from one of the tribes who was finely educated in England, yet, on his return to Australia, he straightway took off all his clothing, vanished into the bush and sank at once to his original degraded state.

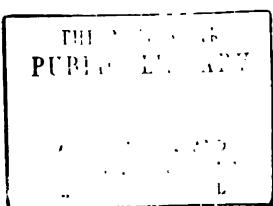
In order to see anything of these Aborigines one must go far into the interior. There are few in the settled sections. You will find them near Port Darwin, and you will also find on all the roads near the town, large notices warning these people that they must approach no nearer without putting on their clothes. They seem to possess no religion. In the north they are war-like and savage. Taking them as a whole, the world holds no other race so far down in the scale as these "Blacks."

We have at last arranged for our journey to Java. There were several routes open, but the only one we cared to take seemed the most difficult to arrange, but all is now settled, and we shall leave here next week for Brisbane, and go thence in a small ship to Townsville, where the British India S. S. *Bamffshire* will take us on board and proceed, via Torres Straits, to Batavia. The other routes, and it seemed at one time that we should be forced to adopt one of them, lay via the southern circuit of Australia to Columbo in Ceylon, thence to Singapore and Java, or via Hong Kong, Singapore, and Java. Either entailed almost endless sea voyaging with nothing to see, and seemed greatly like dancing around eternity.

Our last excursion about Sydney is to the Hawks-



**BLACK WOMAN AND CHILD, AUSTRALIA.**



berry River, and I must confess that it is a disappointment. What Trollope and the others mean by their extravagant praise I cannot understand. It is so like the middle harbor near the city that the one might be taken for the other. The Hawksberry is simply—the portions that strangers see—an estuary of the sea, with very moderate sized hills surrounding it, all of which are covered by the dreary *eucalyptus*. It may be a pleasant locality for fishing and for those who desire to get away from the city, but it does not deserve Mr. Trollope's praise. I fancy that, like Mr. Froude, anything that belonged to England was to be praised regardless of truth. Certainly Mr. Froude's descriptions are no more to be trusted than his historical statements. To my mind Sydney possesses several localities near her limits that are more beautiful than the Hawksberry.

We turn, during our last hours in Sydney, to her beautiful Domains and Botanical Gardens. The world does not hold anything more lovely than these Domains and Gardens, with the deep waters of the bay rushing in and out with the flood or ebb tide of the neighboring ocean; but one cannot linger forever, and our train starts at ten minutes past six, and so farewell to Sydney.





## CHAPTER XXI

### BRISBANE AND TOWNSVILLE

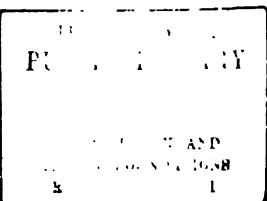
Brisbane and the Journey Thither—Meadow Lands of Australia—Northward by Sea within the Great Barrier Reef—Off on the *Bamffshire*—Catching Sharks—Perilous Passage of the Reefs—Wrecks and Stories of Wrecks—Loss of the *Quetta*

THE journey to Brisbane consumed some twenty-eight hours and covered seven hundred and twenty miles. There is but one portion of the whole of it which arouses any interest in the traveller, viz. : that which lies among the mountains of Queensland, the Darling Downs. There the land is rich, bears plentiful crops, and the meadows are green—really green—with the deep rich color to which we are accustomed amid the blue grass regions of Kentucky, not the pale, half dead color of Southern Australia. Stretching away in vast expanses to the mountains, the farms upon these downs look prosperous, and on the whole, this portion of Queensland seems a richer country for agriculture than either Victoria or New South Wales.

I notice as we rush along through the moonlight that the *eucalyptus* forests have closed down again like a pall; that being the case, one need look no



SHEEP SHEARING, AUSTRALIA.



longer, for each mile to come will be the counterpart of nearly all the hundreds that have gone before. I cannot say much for the sleeping cars on this route. They could not very well be worse.

My first glimpse this morning from my room in the Imperial Hotel showed me again the life and foliage of the tropics; all that we left in Honolulu, though we are somewhat farther south of the equator than that fair city is north of it, Brisbane being about twenty-eight degrees south. Further investigation speedily banishes all resemblance to the sleepy, dreamy town of the Hawaiians. This is a wide-awake, bustling place, full of gay shops and lively crowds of people. Because of the great continent stretching away to the westward, Brisbane attains to a much greater degree of heat than Honolulu, and, for this same reason, it is much colder by many degrees in winter. The foliage is of course much the same, but here they seem to have a rival to the *poinciana regia* (which also grows here) in a tree called the *jackaranda* (so pronounced). It is greatly like the scarlet glory but carries masses of bluish purple blossoms above its fern-like leaves.

In Australia, one can judge less by the appearance of a man as to his wealth and standing than in most other quarters of the globe. Yonder stands a rough looking old fellow, a laborer I should have taken him to be. He is, however, one who leases three thousand square miles from the government, and runs some hundred thousand head of cattle thereon. For the land he pays a rental of twenty-eight shillings, or about \$7 per square mile, making his rental in the neighborhood of \$21,000 per year. Success

crowned his work, and, as is so often the case, turned his head, so that he branched out into other fields of speculation, among them being huge canning works which have cost him a quarter of a million dollars already, and the end is not yet.

Our last day in Brisbane was passed in a steady downpour of rain, worth millions to this parched land if it but extended inland. Rain is such a blessing to Australia that it is always welcomed, though it may interfere with one's pleasure, and even the traveller soon learns to look over the reports of its coming with great interest.

The *Aramac* is late in getting started, and as it is cloudy we see nothing of the passage seaward and reach deep water about eleven o'clock to find the Pacific as restless as ever. "And there shall be no more sea" was verily uttered as a consolation to some weary mariner tossed about on this ever restless, limitless, Southern Ocean. One learns to look on the passage from New York to Europe as a mere ferriage after one has wandered over these far-off seas.

Morning brings us clouds and rain with distant glimpses of the Australian coast, and toward evening we glide into summer seas once more. Fairy islands float on the blue waters, white clouds drift across the azure sky, and the sea seems to dance and smile as it never does outside the tropics, and these are again tropical waters, for to-night we reach Capricorn and once more enter the kingdom of the sun.

The Great Barrier Reef commences at Rockhampton. First there are a few detached islands, and

then a long, low reef, which approaches the mainland nearer and nearer as one sails northward. Native legend hath it that in the old days the reef was connected with and formed part of the mainland. Now it encloses a long, narrow inland sea, protected from the fury of the outer Pacific, but quite capable of getting up a nasty sea of its own.

The first island of the chain possesses its lighthouse, and it would be a difficult matter to imagine a more desolate abiding-place; nothing but a low sand dune, on which wave the branches of some storm-tossed trees,—a desolate island some fifty miles off a more desolate coast,—the waters of the straits to the westward, while to the north, east, and south stretches the boundless, endless ocean, the murmur or roar of whose waves on its yellow sands is the only sound which ever breaks the eternal silence.

This is tropical weather with a vengeance; storm and sunshine, sunshine and storm follow each other in rapid succession. So intensely hot is the sun at one moment that we skurry under cover, while in the next and almost without warning the rush and roar of the storm is tremendous. The deluge comes from all quarters, rendering it impossible to remain even under double awnings. As suddenly as it came, the storm ceases, and not a cloud is in sight; the sea sleeps under a fair blue sky, while the air has that delicious balminess only to be found in the tropics, and one drops book or pencil and drifts off into dreamland. Last night the moon shone with such a glory over sea and land that I lay for hours watching the entrancing picture. Venus might have risen from the sea, Titania appeared on the

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palm islands, or Lohengrin sailed down the long river of light in his swan boat, and I would not have been astonished. The sea murmured in a mysterious fashion and the face of old moon seemed full of wisdom.

Rockhampton was passed about midnight. It is called the hottest place in Australia, and must therefore push the Inferno very closely for the championship of the universe in that respect.

TOWNSVILLE, S.S. BAMFFSHIRE.

*Nov. 25, 1896.*—At length we have reached the long sought for and waited for ship, and are pleasantly surprised at the accommodations she offers. She is a freightship and carries but twelve first-class passengers, high up amidships, with a delightful deck and a pleasant saloon all their own, surrounded by large staterooms, a commodious bathroom, and all the conveniences of a Cunarder with no crowd to bother one. The deck below offers an unbroken promenade of more than three hundred feet.

The ship is loading with frozen beef for London. As I look down into the hold of the lighter I see the men snow-ball one another though the heat on land is that of the torrid zone. It is cool on board, however, as a strong breeze blows in constantly from the ocean.

“Shark! shark!” Down go pencil and book, and seizing my kodak I rush for the stern of the ship to find a blue tiger shark, about fourteen feet long, half drawn out of the water. How enormous he looks and how beautifully his spotted gray, blue, and white skin glistens! But admiration changes

into shrinking aversion, to put it mildly, as I gaze upon his terrible jaws with their rows of dreadful teeth. Certainly I could disappear head first down that throat without great inconvenience to the monster, and I am over six feet in height.

Out of his stomach they take about twenty "sheep's trotters," several pelts, no end of refuse, a large shin bone that the cook recognizes as having been thrown overboard but half an hour before, and a dozen sea snakes. The men hoist him high over the deck and allow me to photograph him. They were obliged to shoot him before bringing him up. He is horribly fascinating. I am glad to see him killed (knowing that he would return the compliment), but I do not care to see him cut up, which is done to secure his backbone for a walking stick. These seas are infested with these monsters, and also with the great *stingaree*. But to return to the ship and her cargo.

The cattle are killed "up country" and shipped in quarters to Townsville. The freezing works are here in Townsville, the meat, after having been frozen, is sewed up in white calico and brought to this ship in a lighter which is a refrigerator, perfect in all the modern appliances. Our ship is the same, and both keep down the temperature, by means of evaporation of ammonia, to fifteen degrees above zero. I am told, however, that Australian beef is not so fine as American, being "full of tuberculosis and ticks." It is also stated that the exportation of Australian meat has not thus far been a profitable undertaking, the cost of transportation, including the dues of the Suez Canal, being enormous.

It is an odd sight to see the men, who work below storing away the meat, come up on to the hot deck all wrapped up as in winter at home, with hair and whiskers coated with frost. They swear and stamp around like Arctic explorers in their efforts to get warm. But warmth soon comes under that sun and in a few moments they skurry away below to get cool again.

The ship carries thirteen hundred tons of frozen meat, twenty-five hundred bales of wool, and a quantity of gold from the great mines at Charter Towers, inland some forty miles.

There are few sounds more welcome to the traveller, who has been killing time for a week on a waiting ship in the tropics, than the deep roar of the steamer's whistle, and ours, as it roars out on the 28th of November, awakens everyone from the lethargy of the past few days, and all look forward and outward to where the white caps dance and the wind races onward in wild freedom. No more sleeping all day, no more shark fishing. There will be other things to interest us more than the family of Javanese in the forward hold, though they are not without interest even now, and a funny little lot they are. A little man with a little wife, and a little baby, also two other little men, and all three carry around little spittoons in the shape of little tin cans. The little woman has the shrillest tongue and biggest temper that I have met with in some time. What a tempest she does raise and how she does whack that little baby!

But the screw is turning and we are off to the northward.

We have anchored to-day for an hour or so at a small port called Carnes, to take on copper ore and apples. All this section of Queensland is rich in sugar, bananas, and all other products which go to make commerce in the tropics, but the land lacks the men to cultivate it. It does not pay to employ whites, in fact they cannot do this work, yet the Labor Party, the curse of Australia, will not permit of the importation of coolies and other southern races. It is a dog in the manger policy, which in the end will be the ruin of the country. The South Sea Islanders are brought in to a limited extent, but the method smacks strongly of slavery, and in many cases, great cruelty has been experienced by these people. In fact, several Australians have been hung and some are now serving life sentences for their acts.

A captain of some tramp of the sea will call at a distant island; and, after he has made the king a present of a few strings of glass beads, or an old silk hat, the monarch will send on board a lot of men and women, when the ship promptly puts to sea and in due time lands its cargo on these coasts. The strangers are drafted to different plantations for a term of years, are well cared for, paid something, and treated kindly as a rule. But during the voyage those scenes we have read about on the old slavers are often re-enacted, and but rarely are the brutal captains punished, because there is no one to report on their conduct. It is impossible for the stolen people to do so, and perhaps the treatment received is no worse than they are accustomed to at home. The Australian authorities do their best to prevent all this, and try to have a commissioner on

every ship that sails these seas, but they cannot be ever present. Still, as the Brisbane cases testify, they promptly punish wherever they can do so, and the entire custom is obnoxious to their people. They desire to bring down coolies from India for work in this hot end of the continent, but as I have before stated, the Labor Party will not consent. Certainly the land will amount to little until something of the sort be done.

Australia is working hard for federation and will attain it in the end. At present, Queensland holds off because she fears that her black labor, now on hand, would be shut down upon, which would mean the abandonment of her great sugar industries. England desires imperial federation, of course, but that will not occur. The distribution of titles and knighthood by the mother country secures to her interest only those who foolishly receive them: I say foolishly, because they must see that they are bestowed, for no special merit, on anybody and everybody, thereby creating envy and jealousy amongst those who have not been so "honored." The women are greatly to blame. The desire to be called "My Lady" is as great as among the mothers in our own land, who sell their daughters abroad for titles. Australia is a country of such rapid reverses in fortune that Sir John Smith or Sir John Jones may to-morrow be relegated to the low rank and fortune from which he arose last week. New Zealand has taken the better course, and if I were emigrating to this section of the world, that would be the land of my choice, and for about every reason that can be mentioned.

The divisions of Australia, you will notice, are misnamed in some cases. For instance, all the centre section of the continent is called South Australia, though it extends from the Great Bight to the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Port Darwin is situated in the extreme north, and some twenty years ago a steamer was sent there from Adelaide with all the officers of court on board. After the session they started homeward via these Torres Straits, and one night the ship ran squarely on a reef. There she remained in an upright position all night, the passengers and officers being not at all disturbed by the accident. On the following morning the captain backed his ship off into the calm blue waters, and she went down like a rock, carrying every soul on board with her, except a few sailors who escaped to tell the tale. It would be impossible for us to proceed now were it not for the lighthouses, as this harmless, placid-looking water is full of jagged coral teeth of the dreaded reef, the more dreaded in that it rarely shows its head above the sea. Extending some twelve hundred miles along the coast, it varies in width from a mile or so to twenty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred miles. It does not seem to me that the pilots on such a route are overpaid. This line, the British India, employs its pilots by the year, paying them, so one captain says, about £300 per year, and for a single voyage like this £40. That is, for the sail from Townsville to Cape York, a distance of about six hundred miles. The pilot must be constantly on the watch during the entire three days of the passage. The ship always anchors at night.

We have been nearing a low-lying island, and we approach it so closely that one, wondering whether the ship has not gotten beyond control, looks around for life preservers. There is apparently plenty of water in other directions to float safely all the vessels on the seas. We certainly are not more than thirty yards from the vicious-looking yellow rocks when the ship veers sharply to the right, but still continues to hug the shore closely. Such intricate navigation for such a distance surely deserves higher payment than £300 per year.

Cooktown, our last port until Thursday Island be reached, we passed last night at nine, stopping only long enough to take on our last passenger, Dr. —, an Italian naturalist, and, surely, for the study of cockroaches he could find no better place than this ship, or any ship in the tropics. I never saw so many before, and spend an hour each night before retiring in killing the pests and distributing insect powder around the stateroom, all of which seems to be of no avail, as I am constantly awakened by them during the night, and this morning before getting up I counted twenty making a procession across the ceiling. However, one does not mind such trifles.

Hot, hot, hot, blazing hot, on sea and land, yet down in that hatch just yonder it is but sixteen degrees above zero. The wind blows from the south to-day, and when it can gather sufficient force drives away the heat, but its energy is not very great. We have at length steamed out into the open sea, no land is on either side or in front, but the ship moves cautiously onward. Now yellow sand dunes, which are not visible until we are almost on them,

apparently block the progress in all directions. A desolate land and a lonely ocean whose solitude is intensified by the call of one solitary bird.

All this coast is sacred to the memory of Captain Cook. Last night we passed his Cape Tribulation, Weary Bay, and Endeavor River. He named the islands above here after the days of the week. There is also an island called "Booby," on which, in the old days, was kept a supply of food, hidden in a cave, for shipwrecked mariners, as few who sailed these seas escaped shipwreck. There was a cleft in the rock where letters were left, and all ships which passed stopped and collected from that general post-office.

*December 1st.*—It is not a pleasant sensation to feel a great ship falter and hesitate, to hear a constant clanging of bells, that indicates a doubt as to the safe channel, and our satisfaction was intense when our vessel came to a halt and anchored last night at about eight o'clock. We remain until daylight gives permission to move onward, which is done over an apparently open sea, but the lighter streaks of color stretching away on either side mean reefs that would end our progress as effectually as they have done that of the vessel yonder. Her bows are deeply sunken, but her stern sticks high out of the water, a silent monument to the terrors of this navigation. Under yonder placid bit of water is the coral reef which sent the *Quetta*, with her load of humanity, deep into the blue waters farther on.

Our pilot paces the deck all smiles, as though this world had held nothing save sunshine and prosperity

for him, and yet he is the man who had charge of that ship. It was decided that he was not to blame, as the rock upon which she struck was not down on any chart. It would seem difficult to get all the rocks, sunken and otherwise, of this vast ocean down on any chart. What can be the thoughts of a man, whether culpably or otherwise, who has sent the souls of three hundred of his fellow beings into eternity? Does time efface the memory thereof? Can this red-faced, rather jolly-looking, blue-eyed man ever forget that night on this ocean? It was shortly after dinner, the piano was going, and the deck echoed to the dancers' tread. The night was full of the sound of laughter and song when he ran the ship on a rock, which ripped her bottom from stem to stern and sent her down in four minutes. Four minutes of concentrated horror, four minutes of wild tumult, and then—silence. Overhead the deeply arching sky, all around the quiet ocean. No living soul there save himself, where but ten short minutes before a ship had been sailing onward crowded with human freight. Can the memory of the silence of that sea ever desert him?





## CHAPTER XXII

### THURSDAY ISLAND AND TORRES STRAIT

**Passage of Torres Strait—Thursday Island, the most Desolate Spot on Earth—Pearls and Pearl Fishing and the Loss of Life Thereby**

A NCHORED again last night, and at six this morning steamed through Albany Passage. It was about a mile wide I should judge, and not very long, simply a pass between an island and the mainland. Leaving the pass behind us we came abreast of Cape York, the most northerly point of Queensland and hence of Australia. Dotted with innumerable islands, Torres Strait spreads out before us like a vision of Lake Superior, where it rolls its bright waters around "The Apostles."

Torres Strait proper extends from Cape York and its islands directly north to the coast of New Guinea, and though apparently a vast stretch of deep water, in reality it possesses but few safe passages for a ship of any size, all the rest being a mass of hidden coral reefs. Yonder rise the masts of a great ship—the *Volga*—wrecked in her passage to India. She was loaded with horses, some of which got ashore, but most of them furnished a banquet for the myriads of sharks which swarm in these waters.

Now we are turning into the harbor of Thursday Island and shall soon see the town of that name, a place that is said to rival Port Said in the diversity of the races which crowd its streets, and in the general wickedness thereof.

There may be a more utterly God-forsaken, detestable spot than this town on Thursday Island, but if so, I have never seen it in the course of my travels on this globe. It combines all the barrenness of Aden with the rawness and desolation of a town in our West twenty years ago. Wild streets commencing in desolation, bordered by wretched dwellings built out of galvanized iron, stretch way over the lonely land until they lose themselves in very hopelessness. A few dirty people, a few mangy dogs, together with numberless disreputable goats, form the population. The latter alone seem to thrive—upon the galvanized iron, I fancy.

The burning sun of the equator sends its rays downward upon the helpless traveller with a degree of intensity that not even the gale of wind, which forever howls inward from the ocean, can lessen. It would seem that all the dreariness, desolation, drouth, and despair of the vast continent to the southward had been poured over Cape York upon this hapless spot. "Like Port Said?" Why, there is more picturesqueness in one glimpse of that inferno than in all Thursday Island. They say that when the pearl fishers of these waters are paid off, the spot becomes a very hell indeed. But now the place is deserted. Those who still remain look out upon you with a degree of hopelessness that drives you in haste to your boat.

When once on board ship you endeavor to forget what lies around you, and turn your attention to that which makes the spot famous, and which is dear to the heart of every woman in the world—pearls. All of these sparkling waters are full of them. More riches lie in these depths than in the mines of Golconda. The adjacent islands are dotted with the villages of the fishermen, a good-sized house stands on each hill with numerous huts clustered near the water. There the overseer and divers of each squad live when on shore, but the major portion of their days are passed on and under the waters around these islands.

The lugger, or large boat, chooses its anchorage and then sends out some half-dozen small boats. From each one a diver descends fully equipped in a diving dress of the latest pattern. As he walks the bottom of the sea the boat follows or floats just over him, and when he finds an oyster bed he signals and they stop and wait for his work to be finished. Nowadays he simply scoops up the oysters and sends them aloft to be dumped into the small boat, which in turn must deliver them to the lugger unopened, as, heretofore, many pearls were stolen by the men who opened the shells in the small boats. The pearls are classified, bought by the ounce, and then shipped to London. A pearl consists of a series of skins as it were, and a fine specimen is often produced from an apparently indifferent pearl by pulling off one or two of these skins.

Divers often go down twenty-five fathoms, and it is said that about one man a week loses his life through the compression of the water, which at that

depth is about seventy pounds to the square inch. They must be fatalists, for they seem strangely devoid of all fear of death. A man will calmly watch the undressing of a fellow diver who has been brought up dead, and will as calmly don the same suit and quietly and indifferently slip downward into the same spot which has proven fatal to his comrade.

It seems hard to record that one human life a week, no matter if it be but a South Sea Islander, and it is often an Englishman, is sacrificed to the love of pearls—to the vanity of woman. Remember this when next you wear your necklace, my lady. I wonder if the wearer of a certain famous necklace familiar to the opera goers in New York ever thought of the almost endless chain of sacrifice and misery that her treasure must have cost to those who went down into the sea to secure it.

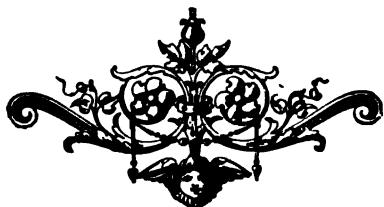
The shell of the pearl oyster is enormous. I noticed in Saturday's newspaper, which, by the way, we bought this Wednesday morning on Thursday Island, an account of the arrest of a man found taking up shell "less than six inches in diameter." Just below it came the notice of the death of a Javanese who was learning the trade of diving. Pearls to the amount of \$150,000 and more were shipped from here last year, and the shell of the oyster has an enormous sale as "mother of pearl."

As I walked the streets of yonder desolation this morning, the only thing of beauty or of interest that met my gaze was—a woman; not in search of pearls, though perhaps she may distribute pearls of greater price than any that are drawn from these waters.

## Thursday Island and Torres Strait 175

With modest mien and downcast eye she passed onward down the torrid street, apparently conscious of nothing and intent only on the mission intrusted to her hands. Over the dark blue of her bonnet passed the scarlet band of the Salvation Army. To what portion of the world do not these people penetrate? Surely more truly than all others do they obey that great injunction, " Feed my sheep."

But our anchor is weighed and the prow of our ship has turned westward. Ended is our sojourn in the country of the " Never Never," and we journey onward toward Java and her city of " Quite Content."





## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE ARAFURA SEA AND EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO

Heat and Slow Progress through the Arafura Sea—Passengers on our Ship—The Islands of the Eastern Archipelago—Tremendous Earthquakes and Terrible Volcanic Eruptions—Sunday Service at Sea—Gorgeous Sunsets—At the Portal of Eden

THE distance from Thursday Island to Batavia is some twenty-four hundred miles. During the passage of the Arafura Sea, seven hundred miles, no land is in sight. It has taken the ship nearly three days to cover the distance, during which time her passengers have roasted with the heat. Such breeze as exists comes directly from the east, and, travelling about as fast as the vessel, destroys all chance of relief. The smoke from her funnel rising straight up in the air spreads like a palm tree above us, and were it not for the awning we should be buried in soot and cinders. As it is, one is obliged to get up and shake in dog-like fashion to dislodge what does accumulate.

The ocean rolls around us like oil. Not a sail or sign of life has greeted our eyes since the masts of the wrecked *Volga* sank below the horizon. It is a lonely passage, as, in fact, the entire voyage from

Brisbane has been, unless we count as cheering the wrecks we have seen and heard of during the two weeks. It is a voyage that I should never take again, and it would seem that they do not expect passengers to go this way, as, with the exception of a tramp ship like this, the vessels do not carry first-class passengers. Certainly, the beauties of the voyage have been greatly overrated, and in my opinion do not exist at all. Brisbane holds nothing attractive for travellers, Townsville is horrid, and the coast scenery is of the most monotonously dreary and uninteresting sort. There is absolutely nothing to recommend this passage, aside from the quietness of the sea, caused by the reef, and that advantage is outweighed by the great danger in navigation and the utter stupidity of the whole voyage, ending in that abomination of desolation called Thursday Island.

I happen to glance up, as I give vent to that safety valve, to where W—— reclines in his ship chair. The expression of his face is so utterly doleful, so full of disgust, that I roar with laughter. But, to open another "safety valve," we have ten fellow-voyagers, and they are as stupid a lot of people as it has ever been my misfortune to journey with; among them are an Italian naturalist, who has spent so many years among the bugs, bats, baboons, and fevers of these equatorial islands that he has ceased to be human; one or two Australians who look with strong disfavor upon us because we will not acknowledge that Queensland is the "promised land" for all the world; a missionary from Norfolk Island, whom a young man-of-war's man irreverently

calls our "sky pilot;" and a Dutchman from Java, homeward bound from a Jules Verne tour of the world. He is a pleasant and most intelligent man, and has very kindly furnished us with an itinerary for Java, which, cholera permitting, will prove most useful. There is also a baby. I had forgotten him for the first time since coming on board the ship. Considering the number of hours of sleep that baby has caused all to lose, I fear that I cannot speak of him with any degree of calmness.

To-morrow noon we shall see the first of the Java Islands, and thereafter be in sight of land until Batavia is reached.

*December 5th.*—A cool gray sky and a brisk breeze come this morning as a compensation for yesterday's blinding and stifling heat. That beautiful blue glitter of the ocean of which one talks so much has vanished, and in its place a vast gray plain stretches out and away on all sides, across which comes our first sign of human life in the shape of the S. S. *Bokhara*, bound for Torres Strait and Australia. I trust that she may have a better fate than her namesake of the P. & O. line that was wrecked in the China Seas and looted by pirates some years ago.

Another record of slowness, "two hundred and forty miles in twenty-four hours!" Because of the heat in the engine-room several firemen were prostrated last night; but on this high deck we have no reason to complain. With to-day's breeze our lot is far from being as unhappy as it was yesterday when the wind was with us. How absurd it is to grumble at our lack of speed, or at any assured

speed over these waters! What torture it would be to make this voyage, at this season, in a sailing ship; there is absolutely no breeze on such a craft (ours comes only from our motion), and the sun is so hot that the boards crack and tar runs in rivulets all over and down the ship. The sails flap idly against the masts, and the ocean is a vast plain of reflected heat. There is no refuge anywhere, not even under the water, which is almost as hot as the air. So, let us be content with our eleven miles an hour.

Lolling at length in a deck chair near me is a rosy-cheeked, red-haired English boy, holding high above him a book, about which I question him. He hands me the famous *Miscellanies* with the remark that they "are all a lot of rot." Shades of Macaulay, Hastings, and Bacon! wherever you may be, can you tell me what fame is? Are each and all of us, be we ever so famous, to be so passed upon by the coming generations? Is there nothing which abides? The waves murmur "Nothing, nothing," as they swirl past the ship, while above, the eternal heavens seem full of a grave reproof of our petty desire for so small a thing as earthly immortality.

An old English gentleman, in speaking just now of the literature of the day, expressed his disapprobation of most of it, and of the new woman in particular. I was much amused by some of his comments on *Trilby*. "Really, don't you know, I consider it most objectionable. Who cares to know how Svengali took a bath, and really, you know, he washed in a very dirty manner. And then there was that reference to Trilby's feet and

the ' altogether.' Of course we know that there is an ' altogether,' but it 's very objectionable, don't you know, and why tell us of it ? "

I saw that argument was useless, but I spoke of *Ben Bolt*, the memories it awakened, the tears it brought to most eyes.

" No, really ! well, perhaps, perhaps,—but I never thought of that, though my wife, poor body, did sing it years ago, but it was a poor thing."

What sealed chapters are the tenderness and beauty in life to such a man, and yet how many thousands of just such men one constantly meets!

*December 6th.*—Blue peaks rise above a blue ocean and are backed by a blue sky. The air is fresher and the ship moves with more life. Yonder is the large island of Timor, the first of the Javanese chain, and which contains both Portuguese and Dutch settlements. Few of these islands are inhabited by cannibals, but the natives are not always friendly. In Borneo a young man must possess a certain number of human heads before he is allowed to marry. Cannibalism is practised in part of New Guinea, and to a considerable extent in Sumatra. The scientist and the missionary on board have spent much time on these islands. The scientist says that with " tact," as he calls it, one may live amongst these people with perfect safety. His idea of tact is to work on their fear, ignorance, and reverence for the unknown. " A bit of elastic will sometimes do so, or a coral rock blown up by gunpowder." I should scarcely call that " tact," and should be greatly in fear that I should go out some morning without my

flask of "tact," and return, as in the case of the lady of Niger, after her famous tiger ride, when the smile was on the face of the tiger. However, I should endeavor to "do my best to disagree with them," as the missionary bishop remarked.

These islands are all volcanic. The Bonda Isles, three little tropical gems, are rich in cocoanuts, dates, oranges, figs, and mangoes, but they are considered unsafe for residence, as it is believed that they may sink into the sea at any moment. In the great convulsion which occurred hereabouts some ten or fifteen years ago the Straits of Sunda between Java and Sumatra were entirely changed. Islands disappeared and appeared. The great volcano of Krakatoa literally cracked in two, and half vanished beneath the ocean. Pilot boats were sent out in all directions to warn approaching ships that the old channels were all destroyed. During the continuance of the disturbance thousands of people perished. Java holds a volcano that is never quiet.

Tradition asserts that the islands of Sumatra, Java, Bali, and Sumbawa were at one time united, and that when three thousand rainy seasons shall have passed away they will be again united. The present separation is supposed to have commenced about 1114 and lasted until Sumbawa became separated, in 1280 of the Javan era, which corresponds almost with our own. In fact, it is believed that all of these islands were at some remote period or periods shattered from the Continent of Asia by great convulsions of nature. So tremendous and awful are the volcanic eruptions in these Southern islands that, in 1815, during the one which shook

Tomboro—on Sumbawa—perceptible evidences of its existence were extended to a circumference of one thousand miles from the centre.\* Three distinct columns of fire ascended to a great height. The earth shook, the whirlwind roared, and the ocean rose twelve feet higher than ever before. Destruction was everywhere. This section of the world has two winds, the southeast, blowing from June to December, bringing the dry weather; the west, blowing from December to June and bringing the wet season. In the pause between the two comes the very hot weather.

The missionary has given us a service to-day on the quarter-deck. It was hot back there beyond the boiler. We were obliged to sit around on dirty hatches, on a deck anything but clean. An old campstool furnished out a lectern and a pulpit. A Javanese family watched us with great curiosity from one side. Some green and red parrots and a great white cockatoo made remarks of a personal character from the other, while outside, the eternal seas, spread away to the islands, some near and some floating on the distant horizon in a dreamy and unreal fashion, but all inhabited by such heathen as this man has given his life to convert.

Young as he was, we discovered when he started the hymns that his voice had already been sacrificed in the service of his Maker. But that mattered not; he was happy in his work and impressed us all with his sincerity and with his firm belief in what he said. "Life was given to be happy in, to be free in. A doleful countenance and captive mien were

\* Raffles's *History of Java*, page 29.

not necessary to the service of our Maker, but both happiness and freedom must be used in the proper way, and for both we should be called to account some day." True, undoubtedly, all of it; fully concurred in by his handful of listeners, and evidently believed by the Javanese, although they were of the faith of the Prophet. Even the great white cockatoo assumed a contemplative expression and was silent until the last hymn, into which he intruded his discordant shrieks as in final indorsement of our Sunday's service at sea.

As evening approaches we pass between some islands which are so close together that the captain is obliged to remain on watch. The ocean seems an enclosed lake just here, glistening like a silver mirror in a framing of dark mountains. Afar off, and low under the mountains, glows a fire kindled by some roving natives.

It is always the unexpected that happens. We had dreaded the heat in the passage of this archipelago, but thus far it has been cool and delightful and in marked contrast to our first three days out from Thursday Island, during which time the temperature must have been affected by the hot Continent of Australiā to the south, and the pause between the trade winds, whereas here, save for the islands, there is no land to the southward until the Antarctic Continent is reached, and our breezes all come from that direction.

All the islands in sight are volcanic, and the mountains attain considerable altitude. Yonder are three which might be mistaken for Ætna, Stromboli, and Teneriffe. Light clouds float around their

summits, and I fancy there must be a fire slumbering in one or two of the peaks. Here one finds the beauty that is vainly looked for in the Torres Strait. Two of the peaks rise from the long, narrow island of Flores, on which is the great Catholic mission of Larantoeka.

Now we see the island of Sumbawa; the sun is just setting over its great volcano of Tomborō, rearing a rugged crest some eleven thousand feet above the sea, and although it has been quiet since that great eruption in 1815, it is not extinct. All the other peaks in sight, and they circle the entire horizon, are those of extinct volcanoes. One of the highest shows its entire crest scooped out like a great bowl.

There is Mt. Rinjam on Lombok rising abruptly from the sea to a height of 11,810 feet. One might almost take a roll from the top to the bottom, down the apparently smooth sides, which end in cliffs that plunge into the water one hundred fathoms in depth. It has long been extinct. What a terrible sight this region must have presented when all of these chimneys of the underworld were in full eruption!

The sky has turned into a flaming crimson and blue, with the dome of the mountain silhouetted against it, and the ocean is all ablaze. A majestic dark-winged bird circles round and round the ship, evidently in search of something. It would seem to have seen so little of man during its existence on these lonely islands that it knows not what fear is. It is called the Booby bird and often sleeps on the yard-arms. It is beautifully colored, having a brown body, with long, blue bill. Probably a little family wants food, but if so they will want long and

vainly, as the captain has thought it necessary to shoot their provider. I never could understand a desire for useless slaughter.

Great quantities of rice and coffee are exported from Lombok, and also a very fine breed of ponies. From this point we bear away to the northwest, leaving the island of Bali far on our left, and passing through the Straits of Sapudi, which are only a mile wide, but, fortunately, they possess a lighthouse, the only one in all this dangerous sail from Booby Light off Thursday Island.

Another gorgeous sunset! The heavens are aflame and the sea rests, a cold gray mirror with long rivers of blood flowing through it, while against the gleaming sky two volcanoes are sharply defined. High in the west rides a new moon, with the evening star glittering like a huge pendant just below it. And the air, who can describe the balmy, sensuous air of a Southern night? The sun has long been gone, and yet the twilight,—something supposed to be unknown in the tropics,—lingers.

If last night's sunset was gorgeous, this morning's return of the god of Day is equally beautiful, but of a dainty beauty only known to the hours consecrated to the birth of Aurora. The sea is so still that the masses of pink and white clouds have perfect reflection on its silvery surface. Fairy islands seem suspended between earth and heaven. Strange fantastic boats, with sails fashioned like a horn of plenty, drift by us or glide off to the distant fisheries, while from over the waters the clatter of unknown tongues alone breaks the silence. How softly the air comes to us from over the island of Java! How fair life seems at this portal of Eden!



## CHAPTER XXIV

### BATAVIA AND THE DUTCH EAST INDIAN COMPANY

Java, the Land of the Sun—The Island, its People and History—  
Sketch of the Rise and Fall of the Dutch East India Company—  
Old Batavia and its Baneful Climate.

TANDJOENG PRIOK, the port of Batavia, is in sight at last; it is a small town on a long, low-lying, lonely-looking coast—a few ships and endless water. The view is like that of St. John's River as one approaches Jacksonville. Now all depends upon the cholera! "No cholera in Batavia," the pilot reports, but in Soerabaja there have been one hundred and fifty deaths per day, so we shall not go there.

The harbor here is entirely artificial; long, curved breakwaters extending seaward, in shape like the horns of a crescent, enclose enough water for the shipping. As we enter our vessel is surrounded by strange-looking craft with stranger-looking oarsmen, mostly clothed in great peaked straw hats.

The island of Java, lying as it does but some three hundred miles south of the equator, can rightly be termed the Land of the Sun. That celestial body never withdraws the light of his countenance for any length of time from this region of the world, and I

venture to say that no day passes by in which his rays do not fall on this bower of green, as it slumbers in the heart of the Southern Seas. I say slumbers, because neither nature nor man is ever very noisy in Java, save when the earthquakes are abroad, and the powers of the underworld send forth their thunders accompanied by flames, lava, and ashes. Even in her largest cities there is little or no noise, and though thirty millions of people crowd within her narrow limits—some six hundred by fifty miles—you are at all times impressed with the sensation as of moving in a dream.

Java is the principal island of the Holland possessions. Amongst the twenty-four millions of the native population, one finds a half-dozen languages, but the inhabitants of the large coast towns understand nearly all of the low Malay tongues.

It is traditionally reported that the first inhabitants came to Java by way of the Red Sea, and that they coasted Hindoostan, which in those days was connected with the Eastern Archipelago. They are supposed to have been banished from Egypt, to have been of many different modes of worship, adoring the sun, moon, and the trees of the forest. Being savages they lived in hordes migrating from place to place. Respect for age was the only substitute for civil obedience, and the oldest man of the tribe was its chief. Their actions seemed to have strongly resembled those of our Indians.

It is only from the arrival of Adi that the Javanese really dated their history. This occurred in the fifth year of their era, which would be about A.D. 75. The first Europeans who approached ap-

pear to have been the Portuguese, who reached these Eastern Islands in 1510, the Dutch following in 1595, and the English in 1601. Batavia was founded and named in 1621. In 1811, the French flag was raised, only to give place to that of England a few months later. In 1814, the island was restored to Holland. Java was the headquarters of the famous Dutch East India Company, whose business showed a profit, in 1697, of 38,600,000 guilders. In 1724, it had dwindled to 1,000,000 guilders in value, and soon commenced to show a balance on the wrong side, which, in 1729, amounted to 84,000,000 guilders. The company was dissolved in 1795. Competition was something it could not survive, and its practice of complete exclusion of all others seems still to exist in Java. One is forcibly impressed with the idea that Java is of the Dutch, and for the Dutch, and that they want no others there. It still seems to be a country of the feudal system.

The following are extracts from the thirty-one articles of restriction, enforced by the Dutch East India Company in 1767, but which did not prevent its destruction twenty years later:

"‘All persons whatever are prohibited, under *pain of death*, from trading in the four kinds of spices, unless such spices shall be first bought of the Company.’ Opium was placed under the same restrictions, and enforced by the same penalty. The exportation of pepper, tin, and Japan copper was prohibited, unless bought for the Company; and the importation of them not permitted, except for sale to the Company, under the penalty of confiscation, and a fine of four times the value of the article. The import and export of Surat silks and

of India cloths, were strictly prohibited under the same penalty. White cotton yarn and all other sorts of it, Semarang arrack, and unstamped gold, were prohibited from being exported under the penalty of confiscation. No port was open to any vessel coming from the northward or from the Moluccas, except Batavia. No proa or vessel was to carry any greater quantity of gunpowder and shot than might be permitted, and regularly entered in the pass given to the party, under penalty of confiscation of the vessel, *and the infliction of a corporal punishment similar to that inflicted for theft.* All persons belonging to the coast of Java were strictly prohibited from sailing from any part of the coast where there was not a Company's Resident. No navigation was allowed to be carried on by the vessels of Banka and Biliton, except to Palembang. All navigation from Celebes and Sumbawa was prohibited, under pain of confiscation of the vessel and cargo. No vessel from the latter place could pass Malacca, and the Company's pass to proceed to Siak was given only once in a year to three vessels from Batavia, two from the coast of Java, and one from Cheribon. The China junks were only permitted to trade at Batavia and Banjer-massin. No trade or navigation whatever was permitted beyond the west point of Bantam, without a pass from Batavia. Such are the most important of thirty-one articles of restriction, serving to shackle every movement of commerce, and to extinguish every spirit of enterprise, for the narrow selfish purposes of what may be called the fanaticism of gain." \*

These Dutch appear to be a sturdy, solid, common-sense race, a leaven which should have permeated all other races with which it came in contact, but I

\* Sir Stamford Raffles.

fancy it has been this feudal system with its attendant evils which has kept the race back and down. In the sixteenth century they were the equals of England in number, and very much richer. They drove Spain from the Low Countries, brought Louis XIV. to terms, owned the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, most of India, and all of these islands. What have they now? Nothing save these islands.

Java is to-day divided into twenty-two provinces, each governed by a Resident with numerous assistants. Over all is the Governor-General assisted by a council of five, but they have no share in the executive. The Residents and their assistants have almost absolute control over the provinces, not directly, but by means of a host of native officials.

The very excellent little book of Captain Fedor Schulze tells us that the chiefs who hold the highest positions are descendants of the Mahometan sultans and rajahs, their high lineage having great influence upon the natives, and they are held in great esteem by the Dutch government. There are native judges for the people; but for Europeans the judges are white.

The Dutch keep a standing army of thirty thousand men, officered entirely by Europeans. The government officials are all well educated. The Governor-General has the right to make laws, and the enforced labor system prevails in Java. From all the laborers of the land one day, or more, out of the seven can be enforced. Much of this system has been abolished in return for one guilder per head yearly. To-day labor is only enforced for the cultivation of coffee.

The tables of exports and imports show a steady decrease with all countries save Holland. With England, for instance, the imports from 1891 to 1895 fell off more than one half, and the exports in almost a like proportion. The number of steamers, in 1893, was 2946, increasing to 3284 in 1894, but the English ships fell off twenty-one in number for that year. The Dutch have cared for nothing save trade and commerce among and for themselves. They seem still possessed with the notion that they can get on without the rest of the world, and the result is that that world sweeps by at Singapore or towards Australia, but these islands rest in a perpetual calm, invaded but rarely by any of the travellers of the earth. One can easily see how many millions of money are yearly lost to the inhabitants of Java alone by such a system. When the Dutch destroy their Chinese walls and their Russian barriers, their pockets will profit immensely thereby.

Though the people all speak English, I was unable to obtain any guide-book to Java in any language save that of Holland. They refer to the great work of Sir Stamford Raffles as their classic, but it is not for sale. The little work by Captain Fedor Schulze, which has nothing to say of the eastern and more instructing sections of Java, is the only thing to be had. What there was of it proved of immense service to us. There are works in Dutch, but they have never been translated into other tongues. This certainly demonstrates how little these people care to have the island known to the outer world.

On my return to America,\* I procured a copy of

\* In 1897.

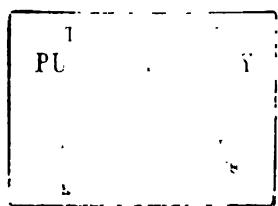
Sir Stamford Raffles's work, and greatly regret that I did not have it with me in Java. From it I have gotten many of my facts. He states that in his time there were 27,142 slaves in Java, owned not by the natives, but by the *Dutch* and Chinese. At Batavia and Samarang the slaves, stolen by pirates from the neighboring islands, were "placed on tables and examined like sheep and oxen." It is claimed that the slaves were always well treated; but they were slaves, nevertheless, and were bought and sold. Does such a state of affairs exist to-day? I can scarcely think so, and I really believe that existing conditions are the result of past years, and that the present generation would gladly change them, but finds it rather difficult to throw off its bondage to old traditions. We found the people most delightful and hospitable; we lingered among them with pleasure and departed from them with great regret.

In view of the appalling heats of Australia, where  $120^{\circ}$  is a common record, or of the temperature in our own land during the summer of 1896, one is astonished to learn that, even in the marsh lands of Batavia, the mercury never mounts higher than  $90^{\circ}$ , but usually ranges between  $70^{\circ}$  and  $74^{\circ}$  in the evenings and mornings, and stands at noon at about  $83^{\circ}$ . Pass inland twenty-five miles and you find, from end to end of the island, a most delightful and healthful climate. At an elevation of four thousand feet the glass shows a temperature of  $45^{\circ}$ , and on the summit of some of the mountains it has fallen to  $27^{\circ}$ .

As for the climate of Batavia—not of Weltevreden—one can say nothing good. It is considered



STREET IN OLD BATAVIA, JAVA.



one of the most baneful in the world. Between 1704 and 1776, there perished in the hospitals of the town eighty seven thousand soldiers and sailors, and the total number of deaths in the city, from 1730 to 1752, was more than one million souls. The moment the walls of the town were destroyed the people migrated, and at Weltevreden, only two miles distant, found a different climate and were "quite content." Now an hour and a half by train brings one to the charming elevation of Buitenzorg. Surely with six distinct climates between these mountain tops and the sea there is no necessity of selecting a cemetery as an abiding spot.

Batavia was at one time called the Queen of the East, but of her former magnificence nothing remains. Whole streets have been destroyed, palaces demolished, canals filled up, ramparts and ports levelled with the ground. One solitary triumphal arch, with the old Stadt-house, alone remain to remind the traveller of her former splendor. During the daytime merchants still assemble here for the transaction of business, and her warehouses still hold the richest productions of the island, but no Europeans of respectability sleep within her limits. The awful mortality of past years has driven them to Weltevreden.

Near the great gate or arch in Batavia I noticed a strange relic of the past in the shape of an immense old cannon. It lies half buried in the mud; but the exposed portions glisten with much polishing bestowed upon by its devotees—women—who believe that it possesses the power to cure their barrenness. Its mate is in old Bantam, and it is believed that

when the two come together the end of the world is near. Not far off stands a monument to the "horrifying" memory of Pieter Elberfeld, who attempted to rouse the natives to insurrection against the East India Company. He was tortured and beheaded in 1772. Before the government offices stands an imposing monument to Jan Pieterszoon Koen, the founder of the Dutch Indian Empire (1619-1623), who died from fatigue on the walls of Batavia, while defending the city against the mighty Sultans of Mataram and of Bantam. What quaint Dutch legend is connected with that grotesque stone head on yonder wall I have been unable to discover, but that there is one is evident from the interest with which my guide shows it to me. He calls it the "strongest man in Java." All of these palaces and stately mansions are warehouses now.

Batavia (and Weltevreden) contain 108,000 inhabitants, of whom 8821 are Europeans, 69,700 natives, 26,934 Chinese, 2432 Arabs, etc. But of all this number, comparatively few sleep within the limits of old Batavia, and as the shadows are lengthening, let us leave it and pass on to the city of "Quite Content."





## CHAPTER XXV

### WELTEVREDEN

Weltevreden, the City of "Quite Content"—Back in the Gorgeous East—The Beautiful White City, its Splendid Avenues and its Houses Embowered in Tropical Foliage—A Unique Museum—Delightful Clubs—Churches and Sunday.

WE are back in the gorgeous East once more. Our flagging interest and weary eyes revive as by magic, as the panorama of the passing multitudes unfolds itself. First, we see some oddly shaped boats manned by strange-looking men with soft-toned, chattering voices and sad-looking eyes; then the pompous custom-house officer, who looks wondrous serious over my one revolver that has never as yet been loaded. (In fact, I doubt whether I have brought along the right cartridges, but they will do just as well.) Next comes a ride of seven miles in a shaking, jumping little train from which we get glimpses of cocoa palms, yellow and gold *lantanas*, and avenues of flowering acacias bending over thatched huts which shelter funny little families of copper-colored people. Far through the glades of the forest, and here, there, and everywhere, flames again that gorgeous *poinciana regia*.

Batavia with its winding streets, one-storied stores, public offices and bungalows, is left behind, and, finally, we reach Weltevreden (meaning quite content), in whose hotel, Des Indes, we take shelter from a sudden downpour of tropical rain. Mine host, an honest-looking Dutchman, ushers us on to a wide veranda,—ah, there are those sleepy, hollow Indian chairs,—then into a tiled hall, square, lofty, and cool, off of which are shady bedrooms, and a bathroom, the latter with a bath quite large enough to drown in. I drop bag and camera, umbrella, stick, and topee to take possession of one of these Indian chairs, and find myself instantly surrounded by pedlars of all sorts and conditions. Here is a one-eyed old rascal who would sell me gold and jewels, there is another loaded with inlaid scabbards and gilded wares. There are dainty embroideries, and that dark-eyed boy has dumped a basket-load of flowers at my feet, blossoms whose sensuous fragrance almost sends me into dreamland as on the roof above comes the music of the rain.

This hotel is unique. It stands in the centre of a large square. Across the front of its main building runs a very deep piazza, upheld by white columns, and tiled in snowy marble. Groups of all sorts of cane chairs and tables are scattered about it. The dining hall looks like a court of justice with its raised tribune, and its long half-circle of tables. In front of the hotel porch towers a gigantic banyan tree, under whose branches the pedlers have taken shelter from the rain. All around the courtyard are detached bungalows such as the one our rooms are in, and which I have already described. Arcades con-

nect these with the main buildings. The whole place is like, and yet very different from, Shepherd's Hotel as it used to be in the old days, twenty years ago, before fashion had destroyed the charm of Cairo.

From what I have seen of Weltevreden, even in these few hours, I can judge that in tropical foliage it far surpasses Honolulu. At luncheon we have our first taste of the famous *mangosteen*. It is a fruit



A VENDER OF MANGOSTEENS.

about the size of a small apple, with a gourd-like rind of dark purple, which, when cut through, exposes a pure white centre, lobed like a cantelope, and tasting like the most dainty grapes. As a gen-

eral thing I do not care for tropical fruits, but I acknowledge that the fame of the *mangosteen* is fully justified.

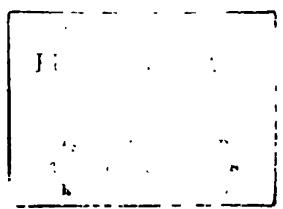
The dress of the Dutch is unique, in so far as the women are concerned. One has just passed in what I suppose she would call a *negligé* costume. Around her waist and falling to her ankles is wrapped a long piece of colored calico called a *sarong*. She wears a white waist and steps boldly forward on high-heeled slippers, or rather pattens, into which she has thrust her feet guiltless of stockings. This dress is worn all day until driving-time—five P.M.

On our first day's drive we discover the reason for the bestowal of the name Weltevreden or "Quite Content" on this section of Batavia. "And the Lord looked upon it and saw that it was good." If it is not an elysium, it does not fall far short thereof. Wide, stately avenues, worthy of Russia, bordered by the luxuriant tropical trees, stretch away in all directions. Every street, and street after street for miles, is adorned with charming houses, sitting well back on a broad, green lawn amid gorgeous flowers and shrubs. Most of these houses are of the classic style—white walls with pillared porticos. There are many wide, green squares and many stately public buildings. The latter are all white, all classic, until one feels that another name, that of the "White City" should be added to the titles of this most beautiful of towns.

There is another attraction, and a very great one, which Batavia possesses. It is perfectly clean; even the Chinese quarters are so. The houses and shops



DUTCH RESIDENCE IN WELTEVREDEN, JAVA.



fairly sparkle, and apparently not more than a single family occupies one house. What a comparison this with the awful crowds, dirt, smells, and horrors of Canton! When cholera comes here, as it often does, it arises from the long droughts, low rivers, and green fruits.



DURIAN TREE LANED WITH FRUIT.

I am told that but few Chinese are now allowed to enter Java. Those that are here are for the most part native to the place, and are forced to be cleanly by the authorities. In our drive of two hours I think we detected but one disagreeable odor, and that, strange to say, came from a fruit—the *durian*. It is about the size of a small watermelon, but of a

brown color and covered with bristles. On the inside it is of the color of a cucumber and has a very acid taste. But, oh, the odor! When first it greeted my nostrils I thought we must be in the vicinity of an open sewer, and because of the odor I was never able to bring myself to taste it. Most foreigners experience the same insurmountable disgust for this singular fruit.

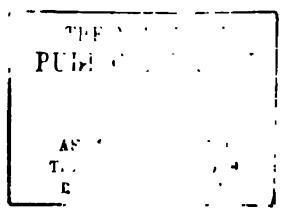
Like Naples, Batavia possesses a museum which is in all respects unique. It is confined entirely to the curios of these islands, and possesses a sample of every known kind. The treasure-room is especially rich in jewels and gold, crowns and ornaments, all at one time the property of some long-dead rajahs. The musical instruments are very interesting. There are numerous kinds made of bamboo which give forth a melodious jumble of sounds as one strikes them, and there are gongs and tomtoms without number. Grotesque gods and images fill every nook and corner. Here Brahma, and yonder Buddha, smile placidly on through the crowding years. Everything is colored to that point of gorgeousness so dear to the heart of these dwellers under the sun. If you desire to make a study of the manners and customs of any people dwelling within this archipelago, you need go no farther than this museum to learn all that you may wish to know. It is a great credit to its founders.

The heat has become so great when we leave the museum, that we turn hotelward for breakfast and to rest until the shadows of evening make movement of any sort possible.

Batavia has a system of trains whose engines are

THE MUSEUM, WELTEVREDEN, BATAVIA.





run by stored steam. The works are at both ends of the city, and there the engines are fully charged and will run three hours. There is no dirt, dust, or smoke. I believe that this is the only place where such motive power is in use.

Weltevreden possesses two clubs, one military, the Concordia, and one social, the Harmonic, and, to me, they are the most delightful establishments of the kind that I have ever been in. The buildings are one story in height, but cover an immense area. Like all other buildings in Dutch Java, they are white, and classic in their style of architecture. A flight of broad marble steps leads to a marble-tiled portico with stately columns rising around. Wide marble terraces entirely surround the buildings, and beautiful grounds give the proper amount of seclusion. The hallway is stately in proportion and vast in extent. To the right are the billiard-rooms, to the left the dining-halls, while the library, etc., are far in the rear. The whole is pure white.

The grounds are not the least of the attractions. They are very spacious and full of beautiful trees and flowers, and in them the club entertains every week with a concert by a military band.

One can but contrast these delightful places with the Casino at Newport or the Kebo at Bar Harbor. How beautiful a structure like one of these would be on the grounds of Kebo! What a set-off to our beautiful women! What a background for their charming toilets, these stately white terraces, halls and ball-rooms!

As this is Sunday we start out in search of a church, though fully aware that we shall not be able

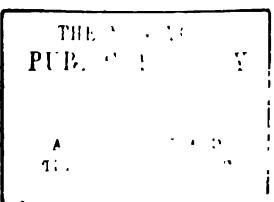
to understand one word that is uttered. The principal edifice in Weltevreden devoted to the worship of the Almighty is a white structure after the order of the Pantheon in Rome. Two sides of the interior are lined with high, box-like stalls. The organ and choir occupy the third and face the pulpit, which stands alone on the fourth side. There certainly are not twenty people at worship, and all seem to have been cast into profound slumber, either by the heat or by the droning voice of the preacher. It is worse than Greek to us and we do not stay long, as we understand that there is a very old and much more interesting structure down in Batavia.

It proves to be another quaint white building, around and under whose walls, in black marble tombs, sleep the old Dutch burgomasters who founded the city. The interior is plainer than that of the greater church. The walls are barren of ornament, save where a dozen of those old-fashioned collection caps hang in a row near the pulpit. Each has its long pole attached, whereby it may be passed up and down the rows of worshippers by the proper persons, and no temptation placed in the way of the people, as might be the case were those deep bags handed from person to person.

Some old wooden pews, a worm-eaten pulpit, and a wheezy organ form the entire furniture of the church, and the tropical sun glares in through windows guiltless of any stained glass that might temper his broiling rays. Here again there are but a handful of worshippers, but we take our places and appear to listen. I think it must be the fashion or habit—what you will—to remain but a short time,



THE HARMONIA CLUB, BATAVIA, JAVA.



for, certainly, we had been seated but five minutes or more when an old man took down one of those collection caps and proceeded to pass it among us. All very proper, no doubt, and we obediently deposited our contributions; but in about five minutes he seized the next in line and attacked us again. Though somewhat astonished, we were again obedient, but when, after a pause, we observed that he was making his way toward a third, we concluded that our only safety lay in retreat, as there were at least a dozen caps on that wall, above each of which was written something—the name of a charity, I suppose. At all events, we did not stay to inquire, but fled into the outer sunshine, where by far the larger portion of the congregation was to be found. One is forced to believe that the Dutch in Java are not church-goers. The story is related, and I think of this same church, that the preacher, on noting that the congregation consisted of one lone man, announced that he would curtail much of his sermon, whereupon his listener spoke up and said, "Oh, don't mind me. I drove you down and can stand it as long as you can."





## CHAPTER XXVI

### BUITENZORG AND THE PREANGER

Departure for Interior—Buitenzorg and her Botanical Gardens—The Mountain of Salack—Over the Mountains to Sindanglaja through Gorgeous Tropical Forests—The Millions of the People of Java—Down to Tjiandjoer in a Wild Rush.

WE left Weltevreden for the interior at six A.M.; this necessitated starting at half-past four, as there seems to be no such thing as quick movement in these hot lands. There was no sign of day when I left my room. The porch sheltered numerous servants, camped there for the night. In fact, they never have any other place. There is no bother about their comfort, and they would not use other quarters if they were arranged for them,—just as the darkies, in our slave days, could never be induced to eat at a table, but each, taking what was desired, would retire to some nook or corner—generally the grass outside—while the old cook occupied her seat in the chimney, from which she bossed the cooking and administered justice to the pickaninnies.

In Java you must book your luggage some half-hour before the time of departure or it will not be taken at all. The sun is just peeping over a grove

of cocoa palms as we pass out from the city and into the low-lying country, and our way is hedged with the *lantana*, which is at present covered with its red and yellow blossom. Groves of banana trees spread away in all directions, and bamboo thickets shelter the thatched huts of the natives. The country is flooded, and one would think that it must be unwholesome, yet this is the healthful season. The Dutch appear to grow fat in this climate, but it certainly would not suit our countrymen. The tillers of the soil have apparently not eaten of the Tree of Knowledge, as they are as naked as Adam before the fall.

Buitenzorg is situated just where the land quivers on the rise to the higher mountains. On leaving the train we instantly feel the tonic of a cooler, more healthful air than that of Batavia, and we step forward with greater energy. Life all around moves on apace, and the wide, shady avenues are filled with humanity of all sizes, shapes, and colors.

On arriving at our hotel—the Belle View—we pass through the usual deep portico, reading-hall, and dining-rooms, and, crossing a court, enter our rooms. They are in a one-storied building, in the rear—cool bedrooms covered with matting and very clean. The rear porch is shaded with awnings and is full of tables and the indispensable lounging chair. The view is enchanting. Below us, the river runs murmuring through waving palms that stretch away in an ocean of green, with here and there the fantastic red roofs of the houses to break its monotony. Just opposite the volcano of Salack rises abruptly to an altitude of eight thousand feet. Across its sides

and around its summit the lights and shadows of cloudland drift and gather, and from its recesses comes a cool, fresh air that makes us long to linger, but the Botanical Gardens must be visited before the heat comes on and it is now nearly eight o'clock.

I confess I am disappointed in these gardens. They are most extensive and very fine, but in no way to be compared in beauty with those of Pera-denia or Calcutta. The palace of the Governor-General rises from their midst, a large, rambling building, classic in architecture and painted white. Evidently a spacious, comfortable abode for this climate.

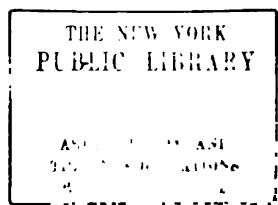
On our return to the hotel we stop at the office of the Secretary-General to obtain permission to travel in the country. It is scarcely more than a matter of form, but would better be gone through with, as Holland allows some of the native chiefs to imagine that they still rule, and they may demand your permit. It costs nothing save for the stamp.

Strangers coming to Java are very ignorant as to the proper precautions for their health. I thought one might drink any quantity of Apollinaris with safety, and as ice was plentiful I added that, with the result that I was forced to call in a physician yesterday. When cholera is within a few hundred miles of one, even a slight attack of that sort is to be dreaded. The physicians say that a stranger should always use a little whiskey with his Apollinaris. The waters of the land are rank poison, none but the natives using them.

I have spent the afternoon watching the natives bathe in the river which rushes below our balcony.



GOVERNOR'S PALACE, BOTANICAL GARDENS, BUITENZORG.



The Malays are very fond of the water, and at all hours of the day one may see—in Batavia—hundreds of them in the canal which passes through the heart of the city. There are some dozen or so at present in this river below me. The men go in wearing a pair of white cotton drawers, which on coming out of the water they wring out as best they can without taking them off, and then don their outer clothing over them. Evidently they are not afraid of taking cold.



A MORNING TOILET.

The women all wear the *sarong*, made of brilliant calico, though for the rich it is often splendid with silk and hand-painting. It is simply a long piece, some three or four yards I should say, with the ends sewed together, leaving it open at top and bottom. In the wearing of it either end would serve as top or vice versa. When bathing, the women manage to

drop all their clothing on the bank with the exception of the *sarong*, which they wear into the water; on leaving, they wring it out, and after donning their other clothing, wrap it around them, and sail majestically away under the avenues of cocoa palms.

It is growing dusky down there among the reeds by the river, and all the ocean of waving green has gone to sleep. The sky is fast darkening to night, and I give up all hopes of a sunset, when, behind the dark masses of Salack, a faint, rosy glow suddenly appears, which, growing in intensity, soon outlines the mountain in all its rugged grandeur, until it stands forth like a vast cameo. The sea of palms in the valley has become rose-tinted, and waves its fronds aloft as though in salutation to the departing day. Overhead, the shafts of light pierce far up into the blue of the higher heavens like rivers of flame. Distant mountains come into view on all sides. In the middle distance some belated birds pass swiftly homeward, but the splendor and glory of the heavens awaken no sound on earth. Silence reigns, save for the murmuring of the river, a silence that becomes more and more intense as the dream light fades from heaven. Then the blackness of the tropical night falls like a curtain and the day is done.

*December 15th.*—This morning brought us a telegram from a gentleman living in the interior, inviting us to his house. Mr. E—, of Soerabaya, who came up in the *Bamffshire* with us, having written that we should like to make certain excursions, this telegram is the result. So we shall be enabled to

see the Dieng Plateau, which few Europeans have ever visited, and then go on to the great temples of Bóro Bódo and Brambannan, which surpass in size and grandeur any in India. They have, in addition, the charm of novelty, for but few travellers, comparatively speaking, come to Java. I suppose the reason for this is probably that on reaching Singapore they are tired out, or ill, and therefore hasten northward. In my first tour of the world, I recollect that I hesitated some time about coming here, but the attractions of Japan, in her robe of cherry blossoms, were too great to be resisted, and I turned my back on Java.

We have decided to go by carriage over the mountains to Sindanglaja, and then to Tjiandjoer, where we shall again take the railroad.

The traveller in Java will have some difficulty in becoming accustomed to the food, especially if he possesses a stomach that refuses both grease and sweets. An Englishman at luncheon to-day laughingly insisted that I should eat some of each of the courses, but I firmly declined. Thereupon he acknowledged that it was difficult at first, but that one must and could become accustomed to the cuisine, if living here.

There appears to be some difficulty concerning our mountain drive to-morrow. Judging by what the boy says, the trap will scarcely hold us two besides himself and the driver. There seems no probability of an understanding being reached, and we have therefore ordered the vehicle to be produced for inspection. I fancy the boy's disinclination to go with us has something to do with it, as the

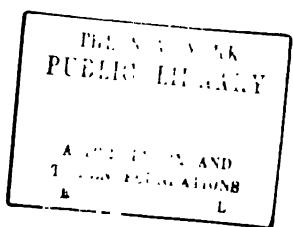
journey is somewhat out of the common route. The trap, when it appears, turns out to be a little two-seated affair in which we shall be very cramped, therefore the luggage and boy must go by train.

*December 16th.*—Five o'clock in the morning found us plunging around in the darkness of our rooms endeavoring to get ready for an early start. Java hotels do not generally furnish much light in their bedrooms; there is a hanging lamp on the porch, but it has long since gone out, and in each room is a floating wick, such as we use in a sick-room, but the early morning finds it past all usefulness. However, the traveller in these parts does not burden himself with much luggage, and we are soon *en route* in our rickety old trap. There is a canopy overhead, with curtains for use in case of a storm. The vehicle is drawn by three of the sturdy little ponies for which Java is famous, their harness consisting of old straps and strings, the latter predominating, and that it does not come to pieces is a constant marvel. The pace is rapid, through forests and villages and over good roads well cared for. The early hour sees all the people setting about their daily tasks, and the streets and roads are crowded with all sorts and conditions of men. Every burden is carried in panniers hanging from the ends of a long pole, which is placed over the shoulders. The bearers move on in a rapid trot much like that of our Indians.

All the country, up to the base of the mountains, is given over to the cultivation of rice, for which the land is made into terraces which rise one above an-

RICE FIELDS, JAVA.





other as far as one can see. The irrigation commences at the top, and the water runs in miniature cascades from terrace to terrace, giving a very pretty aspect to the landscape.

Our road is bounded by hedges of wild pineapples, whose red fruit contrasts with the yellow banana. Above them rise the mango and stately bamboo, while high over all towers the ever-present and always majestic palm.

We have stopped to take on two more ponies for crossing the mountains. One of them objects most decidedly to the journey and refuses to move, so we dispense with his services and go on with only four of his kind, but four very sturdy little beasts, as we discover before the drive is over. The road begins to mount from hill to hill, and enters a tropical forest such as one reads about, and such, certainly, as it has never before been my good fortune to see. That famous forest of Hawaii cannot compare with it. What denseness! Would it be possible to penetrate into that green gloom? Now the tree fern appears in all its stateliness, surely that one yonder is at least forty feet in height! Its graceful fronds droop over a procession of tall white lilies, around whose base cluster masses of a golden flower whose name I know not, mingled with dashes of purple and flame color, and the whole is backed by that wall of eternal green.

The melody of many song birds floods the silence of the inner forests, but if there are any human beings about, they are quite silent. In fact, these people are strangely silent. Even in the towns and villages one hears nothing of the clatter of a place

where our races congregate. They are also a grave people, rarely smiling, never laughing. They remove their hats as one passes, but they do not look up, and one rarely catches their eyes unless when speaking directly to them. It is not to be marvelled at that, considering the life they lead, they are very subject to cholera. They work all day in the rain and water, never have proper care, and live almost entirely on rice.

It is a hard struggle on the part of the ponies, aided by their drivers, to reach the summit of the pass, but it is finally accomplished, and we are very glad on the ponies' account. At the top of this pass we pause for breath and to get rid of the extra horses. The view from the summit is partly hidden by clouds, but we see enough to judge of the whole—rice terraces as far as the eye can reach. These traps possess no brakes, therefore two natives each take a stout stick about a yard long, insert them in the springs on both sides, and then pull backward against the tire, thus forming a very efficient brake. The descent is quickly made and, at noon, we pull up at the hotel at Sindanglaja (pronounced Sen-ang-gly-eyah).

Our first glimpse from the trap shows that it is a very pretty spot. The hotel is a rambling structure, where outside staircases lead to wide, shady verandas for every floor. The place is wide open and not a soul or sound greets eye or ear. Finally, one lone native boy arrives and leads us up to our rooms, to reach which we pass many others all open, and all empty. Our rooms are ceiled in matting, and each possesses a glass skylight, which is opened by means

of a crank on the wall near the bed. The house is very clean. The entire place looks more like Japan than Java,—in fact, it strongly resembles the hotel in Kioto. The grounds are full of magnificent trees and beautiful flowers. Detached cottages occupy nooks and corners, and all have their verandas and easy chairs. It is a spot where art has called to its assistance all the natural beauty of the tropics, and the result is perfect, but mankind does not seem to lend it the charm of his presence.

The hotel is a sanatorium, and stands at an altitude of over four thousand feet. There are blankets on our beds for the first time since our arrival in Java.

The place would hold several hundred guests, but there are but four people in it save ourselves, and, consequently, it seems very lonely. The daily rain comes in torrents about one o'clock and continues all the afternoon, descending in such sheets and walls of water that we are housed, with nothing to do but sleep or read, lulled by the incessant beating of the storm. As this happens daily, it soon becomes monotonous and one loses much time.

*December 18th.*—Five A.M. brings the boy with coffee—Java coffee, pure and simple, and of such strength that only about an inch is placed in each cup, the rest being filled with hot milk, making a most excellent beverage, and a good one upon which to face the mists of morning.

While I am dressing, W—— descends to the dining-room and without raising our voices we carry on a conversation through the floor. The sun is

just peeping above the clouds as I leave my room. Yesterday's rains have cleared away the mists, and the surrounding chain of jagged volcanoes comes into view. Far down in the valley the rice-fields and banana plantations glisten in the ever-increasing light, while the roses and lilies of these gardens fairly sparkle with life, and make the air heavy with their perfume. Just below me, the thatched arch, which gives entrance to the hut of a native, is a mass of morning glories on top, with a fringe of the orange-hued East Indian mallard beneath it.

Our ride down to Tjiandjoer, in a crazy little car drawn by three ponies, is more of a rush than usual. How we escape collision with the numerous carts and porters, to say nothing of women, dogs, and children, is a marvel. By cracks of his whip the driver seems to be able to signal ahead, and a clear track opens before our onward rush.

Have I mentioned the carts of the people? They are of quaint design, strongly resembling the Noah's Ark so dear to the years of one's childhood. I am constantly tempted to lift the lid and fish out my long-lost, but not forgotten "Hammel," with his best friend, "Mrs. Noah." Has after life held any joy for us quite equal to that opening of our first "Noah's Ark"?



JAVANESE CARTS.



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## CHAPTER XXVII

### GAROET TO MOAS

Railroads to Garoet—The Feathered Kingdom—A Strange Ride in a Fantastic Boat on a Fairy Lake—Edible Birds' Nests, their Culture and Value—The Marvellous Foliage and Flowers of Java—The Hotel at Moas

THE railroad ride to Garoet is at times very beautiful, especially the distant view of Goenoeng Klaidon, a cone three thousand six hundred feet high, cultivated to the very top. While descending the plain of Leles, the Goenoeng-Goentoer is suddenly seen in all its majesty. Garoet is another hamlet surrounded by volcanoes, one of which is still active and may be visited in a day's journey, there and back.

This hotel, like all the others, consists of several clean, cheerful cottages where one is as secluded as in one's own house. I must confess that it is somewhat lonely, and being embowered in shrubs and flowers there is nothing else to be seen, and at times the perfume is almost overpowering.

This appears to be the paradise of the feathered kingdom. There are dozens of cages around the grounds, all filled with birds of the most gorgeous

plumage. Yonder is one of a sage green color with moss green wings and a dark green head; another is all electric blue with shades of pink; here is a bright yellow and black bird; and there are numbers of the inevitable cockatoo. Game cocks appear to be a specialty, as there are at least a dozen in as many different cages.

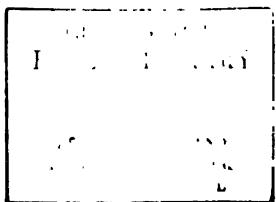
"Allie," our native boy, has just asked for quinine, having gotten a cold in Tjiandjoer last night. I give him a dose together with instructions what to do with himself; he listens attentively, and then—goes outside and sits down on a wet stone. No wonder these poor natives succumb as soon as disease attacks them, for they certainly take no possible care of their health. They are a very clean people. In Batavia I thought that the cleanliness was owing to the Dutch regulations, but even in the remote mountain towns we have seen none of the filth of Egypt, and there was more vileness and dirt in the post house of Djizak, in Turkestan, than I have seen in all of Java thus far.

Strange as it may seem, the Javanese appear to use but little tobacco, and that generally in the form of a cigar about the size of a match. Neither do the whites use the weed. I think that I could count the number that we have seen smoking during the past week.

Sleep was rendered impossible after six o'clock this morning by the triumphant crowing of the caged game cocks and by a strong, deep, drum-like note just under my window, which, I discovered later, was made by a handsome bird as large as a golden pheasant, with a deep blue body and wings

PRIVATE GROUNDS, GAROET, JAVA.





of a brilliant Bismarck color; it was a solemn-looking bird, that regarded me with a most serious glance as he uttered his single note, deep down in a well, as it were.

Java is the home of the birds which produce that strange compound so dear to the Chinese, the edible birds' nests. They are built by a peculiar kind of swallow, common in these islands, which makes its home in the caves and rocks called the Kárang bóläng, on the southern coast of Java. These caves are strongly guarded and protected by the people who have charge of them. Sir Stamford Raffles tells us that the birds secrete their nests in the deepest, darkest caverns near the sea, where "a nitrous dampness exists, which strongly impregnates the nests." When a new cavern is taken in charge, it is fumigated and the old nests destroyed. Then the birds are allowed to rest in undisturbed possession two or three years before the first gathering takes place. This work is done by those who have been trained for years in the service.

It is "an office of the greatest risk, the nests being, sometimes, many hundreds of feet within these damp and perfectly dark caverns," to which the gatherers are obliged to lower themselves by means of ropes, and where a slip would mean instant destruction in the ocean which thunders below with the greatest violence. These gatherers were formerly slaves and were paid but poorly for the work. Of course this trade is entirely with China, and the value of the nests in that kingdom has been estimated on importation to be weight for weight with silver. "Forty Spanish dollars have been paid in

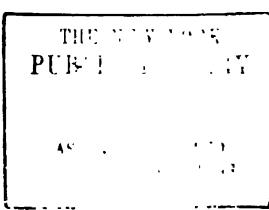
Canton per 'Katé' of rather more than a pound and a quarter English." This production in Java is still a monopoly of the government, and has afforded a revenue per year of two hundred thousand Spanish dollars,—but to return to Garoet.

Early morning finds us off at a rattling pace through this pretty town, and out among the smiling rice fields and quaint villages, until we finally draw up at one that is more extensive than the others, and whose straw houses give more evidence of architectural design. On a small bamboo pier on the shores of a pretty lake we pause. What now? There seem to be no boats that we can use, for certainly we will not enter those dirty dugouts, which are already half-full of water and dead fish. However, we wait to see what these solemn-looking men will do. They gravely arrange the three dugouts side by side, and then turning toward a bamboo summer house of about six by eight feet in size and boasting a roof and floor, they pick it up and deposit it across the dugouts, and then, after placing two chairs therein, invite us to enter.

Having done so, four of the men take their places in the ends of the outer canoes, and proceed to paddle us out over the lake. One of the "men" is a boy of not more than eight years. Another looks remarkably like a celebrated divine who has had much to say and do in New York during the past few years. It would be amusing to see that divine undertake his work in this country. It would take his lifetime to make these people in any way understand what he meant, and then they would simply gaze at him with stolid looks, and do as they

JAVANESE VILLAGE.





have been doing all their lives and as their ancestors have done before them for centuries.

Our destination is a small peninsula with a summer house on a hill, toward which we mount by a flight of grass steps. The view is charming. The little lake spreads around us, reflecting in its placid surface the many palm islands, while its banks are



OUR BOAT ON THE LAKE AT GAROET.

lined with the bending bamboo, and dotted with the quaint towns of the people. Oceans of palm trees stretch away to where the encircling volcanoes raise their ragged, jagged crests against a clear sky. One of them, Telaga Bodas, is in action, and its crater—called the “ Valley of Death ”—which is somewhat below the summit, is distinctly visible, with a column

of smoke rising from it. No sound breaks the stillness of nature save the distant rumble of the thunder that is gathering force in the mountains for the afternoon's tempest.

I doubt if this land holds a scene more thoroughly Javanese than the one spread before us. Certainly this experience has been an odd one, more especially from the fact that not one word has been uttered by these men since we got out of our carriage,—what a contrast to the shouts of the Venetian gondolier or the racket, clatter, and screeches that are part and parcel of travel in Egypt!

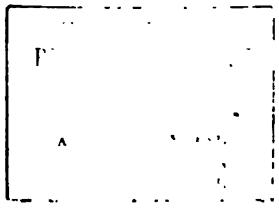
Our homeward drive takes us past some warm springs, where between the hot water, the hot sun, and the tremendous rains, the luxuriance of the vegetation is something marvellous. Returning to the hotel for breakfast, we are off by train at one o'clock, taking with us most pleasant recollections of Garoet.

A notice is posted in every station and car in this country, to the effect that all strangers must, within three days of their arrival in the land, report to the chief local court as to where they left the ship, the place they have come from, and their object in visiting Java. A penalty of five florins, \$2, is imposed for every day's delay, up to one hundred florins.

The railway trains in Java do not run at night. It takes two days to go the length of the island, or from Batavia to Soerabaja. The engineering is all very fine, fully equal to the best in Europe, and far ahead of any in our own land. The road beds are all of solid rock, the gutters of the same material, and many of them cemented, while the hill-sides and cuttings are almost encased in rock, and all this



THREE YOUNG BLOODS OF JAVA.



for a little train that we would not hesitate to run on our street car tracks.

Travel is not heavy, probably because on the express trains it costs about six cents a mile. This train, which is the through express, and there is but one a day each way, consists of an engine and three cars. There is one first-class coach which holds six people, and there are but three in it. Yesterday it was full part of the time. You see no such throngs in the third class as in India or Turkestan. These natives do not travel and do not seem to have as much curiosity as those in other lands.

To-day's ride has been very beautiful, among the mountains all the time, and the vistas were at all times enchanting. I think the beauty of the Java mountains lies not so much in their height, which is never very great, as in their jagged outlines and in their exquisite covering of eternal green, and such deep, cool, marvellous, glistening green, while over it all is thrown a wild tracing of gorgeously colored flowers.

Yonder, for instance, is an avenue of trees like our soft maples, all covered with blossoms almost as large as that of the cactus, and of a reddish-yellow color. Round and round the tall trunks are twined the climbing vines, that, leaping from tree to tree, almost obscure the aisles of the forest, stretching off into shadow behind them.

The variety of trees is endless, and one never sees any dead ones. Perhaps Java seems more beautiful to me with the recollections of Australia so fresh in my memory. I cannot avoid contrasting all this beauty with the vast stretches of dreary, melan-

choly, half-dead, skeleton forests through which we passed in that country, and we are told that we saw the best of it.

Again we are impressed with the fact that the news of that occurrence in the Garden of Eden and its attendant consequences has not yet reached the natives of these parts, and it will probably not effect any radical change in dress when it does. The Dutch pursue a system of let alone toward them.

The night is passed at Moas in a very good hotel, built by the railroad, where the table and rooms are clean and the service as good as usual. We objected, however, when they tried to force us to share the same bed, claiming that it was large enough for two, and they absolutely refused to put a cot in the room until they found that we were fully determined to have it. They evidently were not provided with cots, as the one they finally produced was made of rough planks. Such a state of affairs might be expected in a Chinese or in a native house, where, as a matter of fact, it never occurs, but in a house managed by the Dutch, and with as much pretension to style as any hotel in Batavia, it was a disgrace to the management.

Dutch economy is all very well, but it may be overdone. Such seemed to me to be the case, not only concerning the lack of cots, but in the management of the Moas Railway office, where a mere boy and a very stupid one, who was scarcely able to handle the cash, was the only person to carry on the business of the most important junction in Java. Furthermore, he was not trusted with sufficient money to change a hundred gulden (\$40) note.

To reach our train we are forced to push through a motley collection of human beings, that pack the platform of the station to a point of suffocation, but when comfortably seated in our car, we gaze upon the panorama with interest.

Most of the Chinese of Java are, as I have already stated, born here and are a vast improvement on those in the Celestial Empire. They are not an unpicturesque race in their native costume, but last night I saw one who presented a most absurd appearance. Not being willing to renounce entirely his allegiance to his own land, he had retained his queue and his head was closely shaven, but he was dressed in a cheap, flashy European suit of clothes. He wore patent leather shoes with gray tops, a black billy-cock hat was tilted in a laughable fashion over his nose and seemed to have nothing especial to do with his head. Twirling a little cane and smoking a dainty cigarette held at an acute angle, he strutted up and down, to his own intense satisfaction and to the amusement of everyone else. . Desiring the key to his door, which was not ten feet from him, he summoned a native boy to bring it, and then departed to his dinner with the airs of a Sixth Avenue cockney. He is out again this morning in all his glory, quite the most distinguished-looking person in all the throng.

We start finally, in sunshine which I hope may last all day, as a storm this afternoon will interfere decidedly with our plans and may detain us a week. A ride of four or five hours brings us to Djokjakarta and we enter with wondering interest the ancient capital of the sultans of Java.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### BÓRO BÓDO \* AND THE DIENG PLATEAU

Bóro Bódo—The Ride Thither—The Nikko of Java—The Magnificent and Unique Temple, with its Many Terraces, its Inverted Stone Bells, its Endless and Superb Carvings, its Stately Buddhas—Was it a Temple to Buddha or Brahma?—The Temple of Mendoet with its Majestic Statues of the God—The Dieng Plateau the Residence of Gods and Demi-Gods.

DJOKJAKARTA, with its many lights and shadows, its passing multitudes of strange peoples, its fantastic, theatrical scenes and pageants, must await our return from "Bódo," this "ancient" temple in the district of Bóro. We cannot stop to inspect or describe it now.

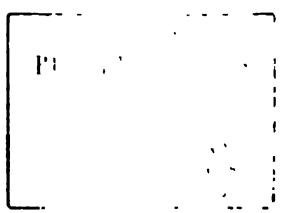
Here comes our turnout, an open sort of carriage drawn by four sturdy little ponies that absolutely refuse to be harassed out of their usual dignified trot simply because two travellers, "from a far-off barbarous country" desire more rapid advancement.

Our route lies over a long avenue, whose roadway and surrounding villages plainly show that the Dutch rule is but a name here,—all is roughness, dirt, and slovenliness. After about half an hour

\* This name is spelled in several different ways. Sir Stamford Raffles gives it as above.



THE GREAT TEMPLE OF BORO BODO, JAVA.



our driver stops to refresh his team with bananas, or rather orders our footman to do so. The latter is robed in a short jacket and an extinguisher hat. We change horses at a native village where the people are deep in a husking bee, and for the first time we hear the murmur of voices. There is quite a clatter here. The steady downpour of rain does not interfere with the working band in the very least; the people know that the heat will soon dry out their garments, such as they can boast of, and there is little danger of taking cold. This is the first place where we have seen Indian corn in any quantity.

Although several other carriages came in just after ours, we were furnished with horses first, because we had been the first to arrive, nor was there any chance of our being deprived of our beasts, as is the case in Russia, on the arrival of a traveller who happens to hold a *Podorozhnaya*. I have been forced to wait a whole day in Turkestan on account of just such an occurrence.

This team is somewhat better than the last, and starts off on a wild scamper, scattering the natives on all sides. This speed does not last long, however, and the ponies soon settle down into the customary dog-trot. Each time we approach a bridge or a culvert our footman gets down and flies at the team in wild fury so that we pass over in a rush. Fortunately the bridges and culverts are numerous, therefore we keep up pretty good speed, and, during the onslaughts of said footman, our progress assumes the aspect of a runaway.

The approach to this Nikko of Java, this holy of

holies of a long dead creed, somewhat resembles that to the sanctuary of Japan. A long avenue of stately trees leads up to a natural mound crowned by the great temple of Bóro Bódo. A thicket of Yucca and spiral palms strongly entrench its gray walls, as though to shut out not only the approach of the defiling Mohammedan and the wandering tourist, but also the ever-advancing onslaught of time. Stately cocoa trees stand round like sentinels, while below, the bright green rice fields, dotted with the thatched villages of these simple people, stretch away to the mountains that here have approached nearer, as though they too would guard this sanctuary of him who was once a god.

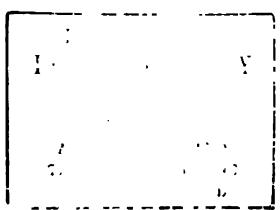
But the great sanctuary itself rises a mass of fast crumbling ruins, and, from a distance, seems part of the hill itself. Twelve hundred slowly revolving years have passed away since first it arose from the rock beneath it. Eight hundred years before America was discovered it stood finished, complete, and these same Buddhas that gaze down upon all this chaos and solitude to-day, smiled then upon their thousands of worshippers.

I should fancy that the religion must have been very different, far purer than that of China of to-day, and that its priests could not have been such revolting objects as those to be seen in the temples of Buddha in the city of Canton.

Passing up the first flight of steps, the traveller finds himself upon the great lower platform or terrace which supports the temple proper. It is a square of six hundred and twenty feet on each side, and extends beyond the walls of the main temple some twenty feet, affording a broad walk all around



A TERRACE AT BOROBUDUR, JAVA.



the structure, the base of which, an irregular square, rises and recedes until it reaches a point above a man's head, then rises a perpendicular wall, some six feet in height, surmounted by a heavy projecting cornice. Upon this cornice, at every angle, and at certain distances between them, stand small pagodas, with tops like inverted bells or lotus bulbs, each sheltering an image of Buddha sitting cross-legged and facing outward.

In the middle of the pyramid on each of the four sides rises a flight of stone steps, quite to the top of the temple, but broken by terraces, of which there are six, counting the highest which supports the sanctuary. As you pass around these terraces you will see that they are a repetition of the one I have already described, except that, whereas that one was open on the outer side and, therefore, possessed but the inner perpendicular wall which was plain or unadorned, these possess two walls, both of which are ornamented with the richest bas-reliefs, representing men, animals, trees, fruits, and flowers—in fact, all nature, animate and inanimate, surrounding the god. The work is very bold and very beautiful.

The sixth terrace, as may be seen in the illustration, rises in three divisions or platforms, each platform supporting a circle of inverted stone bells, seventy in number, made of open stonework, and through which you will see figures of the gods seated upon lotus cushions. There are five hundred of these figures in this one temple, and they all face outward except on the upper or Nirvana terrace, where the gods all face the shrine. High above this terrace rises the great central dome, shaped again

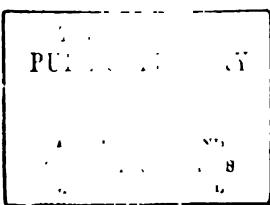
like an inverted bell, and beneath it stands the great statue of Buddha, he alone erect amongst all this company. The beholder asks in wonderment the meaning of it all.

Time has done its work upon the temple. One thousand years of tropical storm and sun have reduced it to a ruin, and it was buried out of sight until the time of Sir Stamford Raffles. The dome of the great bell has partly fallen in and Buddha stands in waste and ruin, lichen covered and gray with age. What a mild, majestic face! How much it seems to know! How almost irresistible is the desire to ask it the what and the why and the wherefore of life, to question it for knowledge of the past and for knowledge of the future. As I turn to leave it, a smile, that "slowly dawning smile of Buddha," seems to hover over its lips, life and light seem to quiver across those eyelids, and I think that the answer would be one of comfort and much peace to the world, if the seal of eternal silence could be lifted. But the light vanishes; the face turns to stone once more, as the soul of Buddha goes farther and farther beyond the echoless shores of Nirvana.

The sanctuary of the great god was originally closed to the world and to light, and Buddha stood on through the centuries in darkness, unapproached by man, unless there was a secret passage through a hole which has been discovered beneath his feet, and which was evidently known only to the high priests. Six hundred feet square and one hundred and twenty feet high this great hill temple, with its hundreds of gods, its endless bas-reliefs, its niches, columns, cornices, lotus-shaped bells, and great



THE NIRVANA TERRACE, BOFO BODO.



flights of stairs, all carved out of trachite rock, fitted together—no cement being used—presents proof of an amount of human labor expended thereon, which “causes the work in the great pyramid of Egypt to sink into insignificance.”

The temple is in reality a mound surrounded by the terraces. There is no interior save that of the sanctuary under the great bell, and that is just the size of the bell and does not go below the top of the fourth terrace unless that unexplored hole leads somewhere.

A broad avenue stretches from the structure to this little hotel. Under the trees stand strange gods and idols and carved beasts. Two grave Buddhas guard the portals of the house which is the only European establishment in Bóro Bódo, and we two and an Englishman are the only people in it, aside from a mysterious dark-eyed landlord, who from his looks might be one of the old priests.

Deep shadows have fallen over Bóro Bódo as we leave it for the night, and, sitting in the portico of the rest house, we listen to the yarns and legends spun out by the Englishman, while the landlord stands close by, more like a shadow than a human being, and takes no interest in anything until the name of some god or fable starts him chattering in his queer tongue, part Dutch, part German, part Malay—chattering to himself and to us, or, perhaps, to the shadowy inhabitants of yonder temple, filled now with the voices of the falling rain. There are many legends, but the one related now by the Englishman and told of old by Brumund is the most romantic.

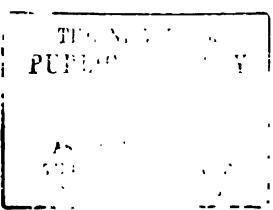
The daughter of a great prince was stolen by some enemies, and though long sought for, was never found. Time healed her father's grief, and in the years which followed, he married a beautiful maiden and became father of another child only to discover shortly that his wife was his long lost daughter. So great a crime could never be forgiven, yet he was told that there might be a chance for his soul's salvation if he could " build a Bóro Bódo in ten days." All the resources of his kingdom were brought forward to accomplish this end, and on the tenth day the temple stood completed, but, alas, the priests discovered that there was one statue lacking, and so prince, princess, and child were turned to stone, and we shall shortly see them down yonder in the temple of Mendoet.

I fancy that the ancient faith has utterly vanished from Java. Even the Chinese here do not concern themselves with religious observances, and as for the natives, I never have seen so little evidence of religion amongst any people. The mosques are few and far between; I have seen but one man at his prayers, and there are no calls to prayer and no minarets.

The Javanese, though professing to be followers of the prophet, would, in the Ottoman Empire, scarcely be called true believers. Their faith is really a grafting of Mohammedanism upon the ancient faiths of Buddha and Brahma. They hold many of the feasts of both religions and make offerings at some of their shrines. Circumcision of both sexes is practiced, but, after all is said, their religion does not trouble them greatly, and as for instruction and study, the better classes pay some attention



STAIRCASE AND TERRACE OF BÓRO BÓDO.

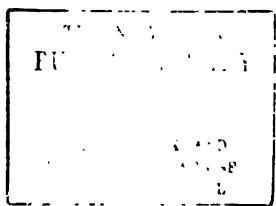


thereto, but in the country districts little or nothing is done.

Sir Stamford Raffles states, in his *History of Java*, that his " companion," a Brahmin, assured him that all the ruins of Java belonged to the faith of Brahma and not to that of Buddha, that these images, which the antiquary has always considered to be representations of Buddha, were, on the contrary, those of a Hindoo in the act of devotion; that the " curled hair " was not hair at all, but " a peculiar kind of cap worn by the devotees when in the most sacred acts of *Tupisga*, and made for the purpose by a particular class of people in Bengal."

But Bóro Bódo is conceded by all authorities to have been dedicated to Buddha. The second gallery contains twenty panels of finely carved bas-reliefs representing the great events of his life. His youth, his marriage, his years of happiness, his moments of ecstasy, his great renunciation, all are here. The images of Bóro Bódo certainly are graven images of the great Buddha; if not, then the world holds none that are. Here is the unvarying cross-legged posture, here are the hands placed with the palms upward, the one upon the other, here are the long pointed ears, the unvarying head-dress of closely curled hair, here is the same placidly calm expression, and, as before no other statued gods that the world knows, one hesitates almost in a belief that speech will come.

Those of Brambanan, which we shall visit later, are as manifestly of the religion of Brahma, and are just such as are seen all over India. One is forced to believe, however, that the architects of Bóro



feet to the cornice and are rich in exquisite bas-relief. Above rises the inevitable inverted bell, but within the chamber sit three superb figures.

The central one represents Buddha, and is the grandest I have ever seen. Its pose is simple and its mien most majestic. The lips are slightly parted and the eyelids just quiver on the rise, giving the face a most life-like appearance. If a statue of Buddha, it is almost the only one extant that is not sitting cross-legged. In the dim light which pervades the temple it seems, as I enter, that I am in some human presence. Though more than life size, the figure is not so large as to appear grotesque, and as it sits there it appears to be demonstrating some doubtful problem. Note the position of the hands and fingers and the shadowy smile that seems to flit across the face. The other two figures are fine, but not to be compared with this in majesty. They undoubtedly represent Buddha, though it is claimed that one represents one of the god's wives, and the other, some other deity. The legend related, however, gives them a far different meaning.

Directly north of Bóro Bódo, and distant some twenty-five miles, stands Gimung Dieng (Dieng Plateau), the supposed residence of the gods and demi-gods. The mountain is shaped like the hull of a vessel, and there are no less than twenty-nine peaks of this mountain, each with its own name, and each possessing some strange natural phenomenon. The remains of the various temples stand on a table-land six hundred feet above the surrounding country and two thousand six hundred feet above the sea. The ascent from the country below was

by means of four flights of stone steps on different sides of the plateau, each flight consisting of a thousand steps.

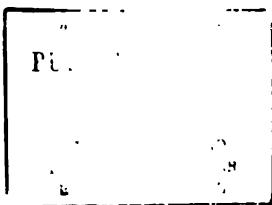
This region is one vast wilderness of ruined temples, but there is no one to tell you anything about these ruins of Java, nor are there any guides at these famous places. It is a short-sighted policy, and as previously stated, it impresses the traveller with the belief that strangers are not desired in the land. By other tactics and by the proper advertisement of this island with its natural beauty and its historical monuments, the Dutch might secure the presence of thousands of travellers and millions of money.

The world in general looks upon Java as a place infested with all horrors, such as tigers, snakes, and disease, and, especially, as the eternal abiding place of the cholera; whereas, the epidemics are few and far between, and are confined almost entirely to the natives. Of the latter, the crowds are very great. In our twenty-five mile drive from Bóro Bódo we were at all times surrounded by hosts of them and I marvelled that we did not run down many in our wild progress back to Djokja.





GREAT STATUE OF BUDDHA, TEMPLE OF MENDOET, JAVA.





## CHAPTER XXIX

### DJOKJAKARTA

An Ancient City of a Native State—The Life of its Streets, the Courts of the Old Town, with its Cages of Leopards and Black Tigers. Chained Lions and Elephants—Wild Life in Java—Tiger Hunts and Bull Fights—A Native Wedding and a Chinese Wedding—The Ancient Palace of Taman, its Haunted Courts and Many Legends—The Sultan of Djokjakarta and His Shrunken State—Military Service Required by the Dutch.

DJOKJAKARTA, or Djokja, as it is called for short, is one of the most interesting cities of Java. Of its size I found no means of judging. It is situated in the eastern half of the island. This particular section has a nominal king who lives at Solo, a small city some miles farther east. There he holds his shrunken state, surrounded by numbers of petty princes who have lost their positions and estates, but king and princes still cling to the outward semblance of an empty state, and may be seen at all hours of the day making royal progress down the streets under golden umbrellas, followed by a retinue of from five to fifty, according to rank and purse.

Djokja is a native town, but much of it is built of brick and stucco painted white. The European

## 236 Islands of the Southern Seas

portion possesses avenues of magnificent width and length, shaded by as splendid trees as the world holds, many of them superb specimens of the banyan. There is a large fort in the centre of the place, moated and strongly walled, with cannon frowning over the battlements, but the cannon are brightly painted and tightly plugged.

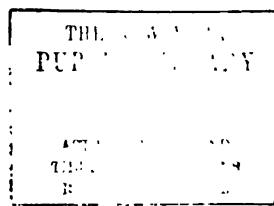
In the native quarter one finds a Javanese metropolitan town, undefiled by the presence of the stranger. Court after court, enclosed in high walls, open into one another for miles; no horse or cart or carriage is allowed within them. Each contains some sort of pagoda—for tea, fruit, coffee, or open air theatres—with flaring dragons carved upon them. Here is a huge wooden cage filled with magnificent leopards, most beautifully spotted and most ferocious, that dash themselves against the bars in wild fury at the jeering crowd. One immense black tiger sits in silent disdain in the centre of his cage; he utters no sound, but the flashes from his green eyes are like lurid lightning. In yonder square a poor old lion holds solitary and deserted state, while beyond him can be seen the ever swaying forms of elephants.

Wild hogs are very plentiful in these islands. The natives have a practice of suspending rags, impregnated with urine, around the plantations, and the beasts have so violent an aversion for the odor that the barrier is most effectual.

Java is a paradise for sportsmen. The hunter finds here the royal Bengal tiger, the rhinoceros, splendid leopards twice the size of any I ever saw before, and the devilish, green-eyed, black tiger. Strange to say, the monkey does not infest the land



**BRIDAL COUPLE, JAVA.**



as in India; at least, he holds no friendship for man, and one must go into the inner wilderness to find the little beast. The feathered kingdom is endless and most superbly colored. They say that the serpents are numerous and dreadful, but I did not see one.

The natives, unlike those of India, do not hold the tiger sacred. They do not hesitate to attack and destroy him, and their method of hunting is peculiar to Java. Hundreds of them, upon the news of the approach of the royal beast, start out on the hunt, each armed with a long wooden spear, very sharply pointed with iron. Forming a great circle, they gradually approach a centre, all the while keeping up a wild tumult of gongs. The beast driven to bay, makes a desperate plunge to break the circle of spears, only to meet his fate like Arnold Winkelried.

The old sultans of Java appear to have imitated the Romans in some respects. It was not an uncommon event for a criminal and a tiger to be caged together to fight it out, the man being armed with a *kris*; but, generally, a buffalo and a tiger were matched against each other, the former nearly always coming out the victor. In their bull fights again the animals were pitted against each other.

I turn from wild nature in bondage to witness a marriage procession. The bridal coach is drawn by four horses decked out until one can scarcely tell that they are horses. The driver sits aloft robed in flowing silk garments and a tall, silk hat, over which a footman, clothed in a white *sarong* and a red sash, holds a red umbrella. Two other footmen are

## 238 Islands of the Southern Seas

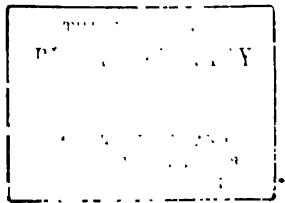
mounted behind. Inside sit the bride and groom, naked to the waist, except for numerous ornaments of gold and silver, with crowns of gold and feathers. Their bodies and faces are painted with a greenish golden paint, or thickly covered with a powder of that color. They present a startlingly striking appearance and, I am very certain, will scarcely believe that they were ever so gorgeous, when they contemplate the dingy, dirty clothing which they will don to-morrow.

Wholly different is a Chinese procession, which I encounter on my drive home, and truly representative of the Flowery Kingdom, being a mass of yellow and green silk, with numerous labels from packs of fire-crackers as ornaments, or so it seems; with many fans and endless numbers of gorgeous umbrellas. But in both processions the gorgeousness is confined to the bridal coaches. Dozens of carts and carriages and "Noah's Arks" follow, crammed with relatives and friends and dogs, but the people wear their usual costumes. Night closes in as I drive away and, turning, I see the hundreds of lanterns that the Chinese carry, dancing and blinking in the ever increasing darkness until a turn in the street hides them from view.

One hundred years have passed since the Sultan Moukobuma was gathered to the bosom of the prophet,—the last of seven sultans who once inhabited the splendid palace of Taman, which stands just outside the city of Djokjakarta. Within its walls were halls and courts, lakes and fountains, baths in marble, baths in stone, a pagoda from which his royal highness could watch the throngs of



ENTRANCE TO THE OLD PALACE OF TAMAN, DJOKJAKARTA.



his people in the market below, and mosques for his praying, separate and apart from the common herd. Long lines of staircases, leading to stately terraces, bordered by rows of stone vases, overtopped by the fragrant orange. Tanks where his sacred animals bathed, cages where the fiercer ones were confined. Secret passages leading to the harem and to the beauties that inhabited it. His courts were full of his soldiers, and the approaches to his palace, alive with the vendors of a thousand things.

How changed are the days at Taman! Here are still the courts and baths, the tanks and terraces, yonder are the house of prayer and the pagoda overlooking the town. There also, are the long line of orange trees in their stone vases, and the air to-day is heavy with the fragrance of their blossoms, but over courts and terraces grow the trailing vines of a century. Mould and lichen are the ornaments of the palace walls, the stately cocoa palm grows in the centre of what was the marble lake, while the avenue of orange trees leads to nothing save a wild jungle of bamboo, covered with blood-red blossoms of some clambering vines.

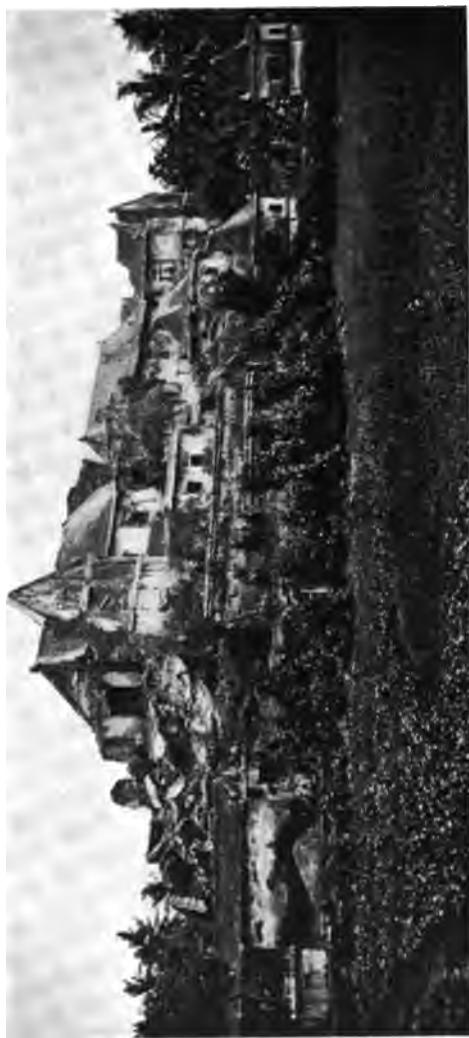
The palace echoes to our footsteps with a stealthy sound, as though the spirits of the long dead were here once more; and the bending bamboo sweeps the walls like the *frou-frou* of silken garments. A sense of secrecy lurks forever around these abodes of absolute power, and one wonders whether the stains that make the stairs slippery are not those of blood; whether the green waters of the tanks do not even now hide some hideous horror. The sunlight flickers through the broken casements and casts

strange shadows ahead as we move onward under the guidance of a man so old that he might have been here when the earthquake shook the palace to its ruin.

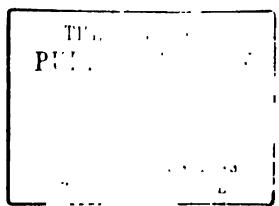
Many are the legends and tales that he tells us in his soft Malay tongue, which so well accords with the sensuous, languid air, and with the shadows and silence of the old palace, a palace so hidden in the dense forests and so long forgotten, that you will not even hear of it save perhaps by chance. It is, however, still the "Palace of the Sultan," to the people; and though their humble homes crowd up to its very walls and peer over into its courts, they encroach no nearer, and you will, if you wish it, have it all to yourself save for those stealthy footfalls that will forever follow after you.

Without the palace gate we meet a petty prince, who seems still to remember its former splendor and also, perhaps, the part which his family, in the days before they lost their place and power had borne within its walls. He is still attended by his umbrella bearer and some dozen other followers, but his state and glory are forever departed and he knows it only too well. I wonder if he regrets the desolation in the palace yonder, or if he is consoled by the splendor of his blue and gold umbrella.

We shortly encounter the present Sultan of Djokja, a pleasant-faced young man, who rides in a four-seated phaeton, with a canopy. Four cream colored horses draw the vehicle over which a coachman and three footmen preside, two perch behind, holding up golden umbrellas. The royal equipage is followed by a dozen others, each drawn by four



PALACE OF TAMAN, DJOKJAKARTA.



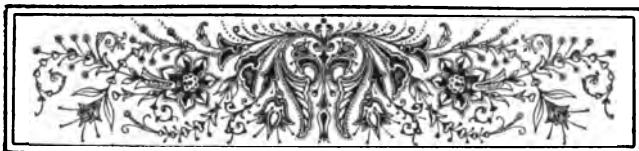
horses, but here there is no attempt at splendor. In fact, the attendants greatly resemble the guests at the biblical wedding, that were gathered from the highways and hedges. Certainly they all belong to the rank of "rag-tag and bob-tail." His royal highness is not *en route* to the ruins of his ancestors' palace, but about to visit the Dutch Resident.

The Dutch government exacts military service from every man who lives in the land longer than one year, no matter what his nationality, or even if he means to depart after a short term, say five years. He is not obliged to take any oath of allegiance to Holland, but serve he must, heavy fine and imprisonment being the penalty for refusing. This is done in order that all Europeans may combine in case of a mutiny such as India saw in 1857. In fact, that horror was the direct cause of this decree. There have been some small mutinies, which the government has been able to quell, but if ever the twenty-four million natives unite, there will be war indeed.

Judging, however, from what I have seen of these people, and of the kindly manner in which they are treated, I doubt the occurrence of any such catastrophe. To me they seem more friendly than any other native race in the world, and I should have little fear in going alone among them. Certainly, the state of affairs is very different from that in India to-day; the reason probably is, that here, all religions are so merged and mixed together that they amount to nothing, and, consequently, the feuds and hatreds of the very active and very distinct creeds of India do not exist, but by their

absence the Dutch lose the great safe-guard of a "house divided against itself." The fact that these people entertain no hatred for the outside world as infidels, shows that they are not very strict Mohammedans.





## CHAPTER XXX

### BRAMBANAN

Brambanan, the city of Mendang Kamulan—The Remains of its Palaces and Temples—The Temple of Chándi Loro Jongran—Chándi Séwu the " Thousand Temples"—Strange and Grotesque Statues—Appalling Ruin—A Vast Necropolis—Some of the Ancient Religions still Extant.

DURING the reign of Sawéla Chála and his son Ardi Kasuma, in the year 525 of the Javanese era, the city of Méndang Kamulan, since called Brambanan, " increased in size and splendor." The remains of the palace on the hill near the " Thousand Temples," still attest the existence of this first capital of Java. Bóro Bódo and Loro Jongran are both supposed to have been built at this time, but Chándi Séwu—the Thousand Temples—is believed to have been finished in 1021. As one reads the different traditions and legends concerning the early days of Java, one concludes that the religions of Buddha and Brahma must have entered the land at about the same time, but in the long years which followed that of Brahma outlasted the other and was the religion of these people until that of the prophet drove it out.

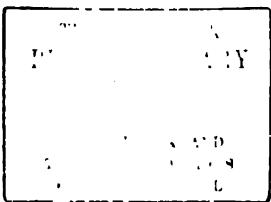
The most perfect ruins (if the word "perfect" can be applied to such a state of chaos) are those of the temples of Jongran. They stand about two miles from the small railway station of Brambanan. There is no European town near them, simply the poor native village, through the dirty streets of which we picked our way, avoiding as much mud as possible. The day being cloudy, the heat was bearable, though we steamed with perspiration.

It is only in very recent years that the Dutch authorities have taken any care of these ruins, and to their neglect Brambanan owes much of its present condition. Fences, culverts, and bridges in all directions are made from its stones. One walks over graven Brahma and fantastic designs at every step. At one time strangers were allowed to carry away what pleased them, and the report that the ruin held hidden treasures caused the native to visit them by night to dig, and delve, and destroy; but that is all ended now, and enough of the ruins remain to give an excellent idea of their former magnificence. The people believe that all the many temples of this region were the work of the gods.

This temple of Chándi Loro Jongran, in its complete state, stood almost a perfect square. Three ranges of small temples, one hundred and fifty-six in number, all facing outward, surrounded this square, sixty in the first, fifty-two in the second, and forty-four in the third. Of these, to-day, the foundations alone remain. In many instances the crowding vegetation has destroyed even those, and what nature has spared has been carried off by the

THE MAIN TEMPLES OF LÓRO JÓNGRAN, BRAMBANAN, JAVA.





natives, so that the outer temples, or tombs, are almost obliterated.

Formerly, Brambanan was one vast necropolis, which was abandoned, undoubtedly, after some earthquake of more than usual force. It is evident, as one looks abroad over the vast extent of ruin, that nothing save an earthquake could produce such chaos as that at Loro Jongran.

Some authorities state that this great centre temple "served as the tomb of the Kings of Mataram," but it seems to me that the central temple and, indeed, all of the eight large temples at Loro Jongran were temples, not tombs. Therein, to-day at least, one finds the graven images of the many Hindoo gods. Kings, princes, priests, nobles and the rich men of the time may have slept in the rows of small surrounding temples, but if so, there are to-day no traces of the dead there, royal or otherwise, and the same holds true of all Brambanan. If they were buried in crypts beneath, and these upper chambers in the great temples served as mortuary chapels, then no trace has been discovered of their sepulchres. I fancy, however, that, in the search for treasure, their ashes were tossed to the four winds of heaven, for unlike Benares, Brambanan has no sacred river to receive and bear them to the ocean.

Mounting to the main terrace, which is even now surrounded by a moat of great depth and width, we entered the great central enclosure. Bóro Bódo is one vast temple, but these places of worship are eight in number, arranged in a quadrangle. In the centre, on one side, and facing

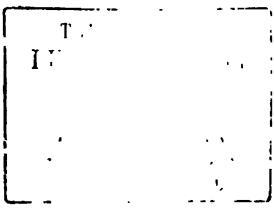
inward, stands the great temple, flanked on both sides by two others and the three are faced by three others, while two smaller ones occupy each end of the court. The vast temple possesses its four flights of steps leading up to four sanctuaries, each of which holds a life-size image of some god. Before the god Siva, in the middle hall, a passage, in ancient days, led down and under ground for a mile and more to another temple, and through it the priests were wont to carry off the offerings brought by the people, and upon which they lived.

In the northern face of this ruin stands the image of the goddess who gives the name to this group of temples, "Loro Jongran." Her abiding place in India was at Shasi (Benares) at an angle of the Ganges. She was adored with oblations of flowers. Her "weight is very great, and wherever her statue is placed the earth trembles. She sleeps on a bed of flowers; the name of her buffalo is Mahisa." The height of this weird figure at Brambanan is six feet three inches. It possesses the eight arms, holding, first, the buffalo's tail; second, the sword; third, the *janclin*; fourth, the *chukur*, or *whut*; fifth, the conch shell; sixth, the shield; seventh, the flag, while the eighth seizes the hair of Dewth Mahikusor (the personification of vice) who has attempted to slay her buffalo. The goddess is of marble and in a very perfect condition, and stands on the crouching buffalo.

Looking across, from the portals of this sanctuary to the court of the ruined temple opposite, a gigantic image of this same buffalo is seen. The bas-reliefs upon all these temples are very fine—in fact,



LÓRO JÓNGRAN, BRAMBANAN.



they are alto-relievos—among them the baboon appears constantly. I notice, as in other Hindoo temples, that there is always a suggestion of the obscene, and here it is very much more than a suggestion. Each of these temples possesses a broad terrace running completely around it. This main



COLOSSAL STATUE GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO CHÁNDI SÉWU.

temple still rises to a height of nearly one hundred feet. It is a matter of note, that the Dutch, notwithstanding their boasted love of architecture and art, had occupied Java for two hundred years ignorant of the very existence of all these temples. Sir Stamford Raffles discovered them in 1811.

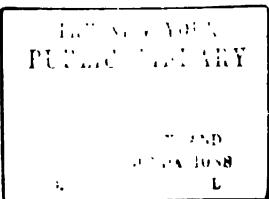
But for a native boy we should have departed

without having seen the remains of the great temple of Chándi Séwu—Thousand Temples. It dates from 1098, our era, and is about half a mile to the left of Jongran, as one stands with the main temple of that group behind one. In its prime it must have been a marvel and it is great even in its awful state of ruin. At its main entrance, as at each of its four entrances, still stand the colossal statues of four monsters. Whether they were intended for man or monkey it would be hard to decide, but being monoliths they have defied man and the elements, and greet the wanderer with wide-eyed astonishment at his intrusion upon their solitude, a solitude and desolation over which they reign supreme, for they are the only perfect objects amid all this chaos. The expression of their full round faces is that of placid good humor; the heads sit squarely upon the shoulders with no necks visible, and upon each there seems to be a full-bottomed wig. All the figures are bare to the waist, and each appears to be armed with a short club or sword.

They are so different from all other statues that the world contains, that I return again and again to gaze in wonderment upon their grotesque outlines. What could have happened in the days that are gone to produce that astounded expression. As they squat or sit amid this awful ruin, this eternal silence, are they demons or porters? Had they the care of this temple in the days of its life? Certainly, they are the only objects with any semblance of life left here now in the days of its death, and they almost appear to have come here like ourselves, to examine all this destruction.



ALTO-RELIEVO CARVINGS, BRAMBANAN, JAVA.



Leaving them with the question unsolved, we note the ruins of many small temples stretching away on both sides. Many of them are almost perfect, and each is about ten feet square with a small porch. The walls—some three feet in thickness—rise about eighteen feet above the pavement and each encloses but a single chamber, wherein is the throne of the vanished god, if gods there ever were in these houses of the dead. The roofs rise in a plain pyramid and are closed by a single stone, which is capped by one dome-shaped. The ground plan of all of these temples or tombs seem to have followed the outlines of a Greek cross.

It is evident from the carvings in these temples that Chándi Séwu was also all Hindoo. As we advance up the main avenue we pass other avenues of these small temples, stretching off to the right and left. Then we notice that they form one side of a vast square of temples, or tombs, square within square, until the fifth or sixth encloses the sanctuary. There were eighty-four in the first quadrangle, seventy-six in the second, sixty-four in the third, forty-four in the fourth, and twenty-eight in the fifth, making two hundred and ninety-six small temples, all of which faced outward from the sanctuary in the centre. The whole quadrangle is some six hundred feet square, and it is all in so ruinous a condition that it has the appearance of some devastated St. Peter's. The sanctuary possessed a groined roof, the arches of which still remain. The same carvings cover everything here as in the other temples.

Such desolation, such devastation is appalling.

The monsters at the gates seem to gloat over it all and to mock us as we pass. These vast ruins of the abiding-places of ancient creeds can not fail to depress the looker on. Will our religion vanish as this has done in Java, as the religion of the Pharaohs has done in Egypt? Will our Cross, in the centuries to come, be raised over meaningless ruins and be an object of doubt and question; have we nothing better than the Hindoo circles and Nirvana—Nirvana, the relinquishment of all things, the accomplishment of *nothing*?

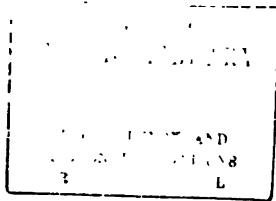
Chándi Séwu was the centre of a thousand temples, which at one time reared their carved walls above the wide, green valley, where now nothing but these ruins attests their past magnificence.

Here and there, in the meadows, deep in the banyan groves, or bearing aloft some stately palms, is seen a high green mound, which, if explored, would furnish rich stores of knowledge for the antiquary and the archæologist, but they are sinking every year farther and farther under the wild tangle of this tropical nature.

Mr. I. J. Zerman, an engineer of Sumatra, was the first who induced the government to pay any attention to these stores of riches, and that only within the past seven years. Now there has been formed an archæological society, but as it is only a few months old, it has as yet done little or nothing. Let us hope that it may awaken to the importance of the preservation of these temples. They are certainly unique, but unless prompt action is taken, irreparable ruin must soon result at Bóro Bódo, Mendoet, and Brambanan. I do not advocate a



RUINS OF CHANDI SEWU, OR "THOUSAND TEMPLES," BRAMBANAN.



restoration, but simply a bracing and staying of what remains. Since the visit of Sir Stamford Raffles, the buildings have fallen into still greater decay, especially is this true of the main temple of Chándi Séwu, which must have been quite perfect as compared to the ruin in which it stands to-day, a ruin so complete that it is impossible to give it more than a very general description.

On our return to the station I noticed that the landscape was dotted, as far as the eye could reach, with green mounds of greater or less extent, each of which was once a perfect temple. Indeed, for fifty miles and more from Bóro Bódo, these traces of the past are to be found on every side.

Upon the introduction of Mohammedanism, with its interdiction of graven images, the destruction began. Then the earth quaked, and through the seams and cracks formed by its trembling, the wonderful vegetation of this southern land thrust its tendrils, which in a short time became trees which forced these walls farther and farther apart until they tottered and fell; then nature carried on her work and soon buried all out of sight. The memories of these great religions, however, have not entirely passed away, and these, together with the teachings of the prophet, constitute the faith of the Javanese to-day, such as it is. To the eastward of Soerbaja, there still exists a remnant of people who follow the Hindoo worship. They occupy about forty villages amongst the hills near the Sand Sea. Their houses are very different from those in other sections of the island, being built upon terraces rising one above another, and not shaded by trees. The brick fire-

place in each is the most sacred spot, and is so greatly venerated that it is considered a sacrilege for a stranger to touch it.

The regents of that section give those people a reputation for great morality. Adultery, theft, and other crimes are unknown among them, and their laws make no mention thereof. They seem, in fact, to be almost without crime. They know nothing of the use of opium, nor do they gamble. There are about twelve hundred of them, and they occupy the most beautifully romantic spot in Java. It is in the heart of the Tengger mountains, and the climate is so temperate that Alpine firs and European plants flourish there. It is not possible to visit that end of the island now. We give up the idea with great regret, but feel as we turn eastward that we have at least seen the greatest ruins to be found in Java.





## CHAPTER XXXI.

### CHRISTMAS IN BATAVIA

Illness in Java—Return to Batavia—Living in Java—The Hotels and the Life Therein—Dress of the Dutch. Christmas Day—Farewell to the Land and its People.

W——contracted a fever in Bóro Bódo by getting heated and then sitting in the porch in the night air. We called in a Dutch doctor who seemed fully able to take care of the case, and who proved a very excellent physician. I note that the treatment is about the same as that followed in Florida. Phenacetine and quinine are administered, though of the latter as much as eighty grains are given within the space of two or three hours, and if that does not prevent a return of the fever, ice-water baths are resorted to.

I had been given to understand that in this climate typhus fever always follows an attack of cholera and always proves fatal, but I was informed to-day by an Englishman who has lived here for fifteen years that such is not the case; he has had the cholera himself and knows personally of many others who have had it, but with no traces of typhus thereafter. If one is not accustomed to the use of

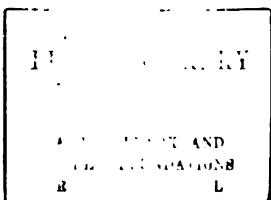
brandy, its medicinal effect is much greater, and, when given with chlorodyne, in the proportion of from twenty to thirty drops to a wineglass of brandy, it is almost a sure cure for cholera if taken at once. The stomach will often reject the dose promptly, but it must be given again immediately. My informant also states that during an attack of cholera he has taken about two thirds of a quart of brandy, which, at such times, seems to lose its intoxicating effect.

The physician in Djokja assured us that the horrible cooking to which one is exposed in the hotels is purely Javanese, and that it is not tolerated in private houses. I do not see how the people could live on such concoctions of grease and spices as are placed before us at every dinner. With the curry and rice, a large dish or disk, divided into many compartments, is passed around, each compartment being filled with pickles and divers eastern spices of the strongest sort, and one is expected to take some of each, if possible. There is scarcely a dish presented that has not been so pickled or spiced as to destroy all trace of its original flavor. All meats are so treated, and in order to secure a piece of steak plainly cooked, a special order has to be given. It is not unusual for a stranger to rise from a long dinner having been utterly unable to touch a single dish that has been offered. Rice may be a wholesome article of food, but it is difficult to subsist entirely upon it, and even after having consumed a large quantity in an hour one will again feel hungry.

The settling of a hotel bill is always amusing. It



STREET IN DJOKJAKARTA, JAVA.



is never correct, and it is almost impossible to convince the provincial host that such is the case. He will charge you seventy-five cents (Dutch) for a broken glass worth ten, while he furnishes cock-tails for nothing. The bottles are placed on a table in a vast rotunda, where all who so desire, either from the hotel or the town, may help themselves. I could but wonder that more outsiders did not avail themselves of the privilege; they certainly would do so in America.

At half-past two in the afternoon we start upon our return journey to Batavia. The trains are in no hurry. This one came into Djokja more than an hour ago and every one went off to the town for tiffin. We shall be obliged to stop again at Moas for the night and if all goes well we should reach Batavia to-morrow evening at six. All the afternoon the curtains of the heavens are lifted and the rain comes down in one of those deluges that threaten to break through the roof of the car.

We reach Moas at a quarter past six, fortunately ahead of the Batavia train, so we get good rooms. Moas is the lowest and most unhealthy spot in Java, full of mists and malaria, and yet a hotel is built here and all travellers are forced to stop over for the night. (W—— undoubtedly got an access of fever in that pest spot.)

It is amusing to watch the promptness with which these Javanese Dutch divest themselves of all clothing and appear in pajamas. It is not more than fifteen minutes since we arrived here, yet, the verandas are lined with men and women, all dressed for bed. The women in *sarongs*, white waists and slip-

pers, but no stockings. Of course, some such style of dress is necessary in hot climates, but I confess that I do not like the morning dress of the Dutch women. It may be unobjectionable for little children and boys to run barefooted, but for a grown white woman to come to breakfast in pattens and no stockings is an unpleasant sight, at least to European and American eyes.

The *sarong*, when properly adjusted, is bound so tightly about the wearer that it is impossible to take a full stride; this costume is appropriate enough for natives, but not for white women, and, if the ladies could see how they appear therein, vanity alone would prevent the use of the garment. The contrast between the men and women is most marked. The former in white duck suits buttoned close to the collar, white helmets and white shoes, might be going on dress parade, but the women's costumes would not be tolerated in any other section of the world, be it torrid or not.

*Batavia, Xmas, '96.*—A balmy morning, as in early June at home, masses of green trees, a wealth of lovely flowers and grass that sparkles with last night's rain, wide verandas full of people wearing white clothes, birds innumerable strutting about in all directions. That is Christmas in Java, while all at home are making merry over snow-storms.

We arrived last night at sunset and were at once impressed with the wonderful difference between the climate here and in the interior. This air is heavy and languid. Except in the early hours of the day it appears to have no life and, to a stranger,

does not seem healthful. But it has been very different at all the other points we have visited.

Buitenzorg, but an hour and a half distant by rail, possesses a fine climate, as do all the other points that are elevated. If forced to live in Java, I should prefer Buitenzorg to any other place especially if I had children to bring up.

This is our last day in the island, and being Christmas Day, we would like to cable greetings to those at home, but both post and telegraph are much more expensive from here than from any other part of the world. A letter to Java from America or Europe costs five cents, but from Java it costs ten cents. So, proportionately with telegrams.

We leave the island with one grave and, I think, just grievance. Though there has been a moon during our entire visit we have not had the benefit thereof for an instant. Now, it being high noon, that luminary sails through a clear sky, but just as surely as night comes on, she retires behind impenetrable clouds and the rain falls. Really, I think the Dutch might have made some different arrangement with nature as to their rainy season, at least during the time of the moon's visitation. How divinely beautiful her light would have been, shed over trailing vines, stately palms, lily pads in glistening waters, bamboo groves and banyan forests! I have longed for even a straggling misty ray, but nothing save dense darkness and a steady downpour has been our fate each day from noon until morning.

All Batavia observes Christmas. Even a horde of natives of all nations are taking a rest and recreation. It is impossible to get letters or money.

## 258 Islands of the Southern Seas

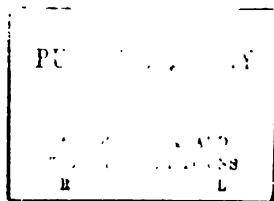
Fortunately we have sufficient of the latter to pay up and to carry us to Singapore, and the letters must follow. It is odd to see Chinese and Malay children preparing to celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ, but those in Batavia are certainly doing just that, though I doubt their appreciation of that fact. Yonder is a Chinese youngster gaily rigged out in few clothes but many paper flowers; his pet rooster, standing quietly before him, is being decorated according to the taste of its owner. The bird's wings are already painted a bright pink with green stripes. A broad purple splash covers his breast; one side of his head is blue and the other orange, and a red bow of paper is now being fastened above his tail. It is evidently the intention to drive him, as a collar is around his neck to which reins are attached.

The sun is celebrating Christmas with all the splendor at his command. Though it is three o'clock there is scarcely a cloud visible, and the day ends in a blaze of glory. Not a drop of rain all day long and now the god of day is setting in piled-up crimson. The soft air is flooded with the melody of many birds. Throngs of white-dressed Europeans are on the streets and on the "King's Plain," and greater throngs of dark-skinned natives crouch along the avenues or bathe in the river. All seem happy and yet among the children I have seen no presents. Santa Claus must have passed by on the other side, and what can Christmas be to the children without him?

In Holland, the Dutch celebrate the feast of St. Nicholas as we do our Christmas, that is, in so far



TOILET IN THE HEART OF JAVA.



as the giving of gifts is concerned, but the East Indian Dutch do not pay much attention to that part of the feast.

The early dawn of December 26th finds us *en route* to the ship for Singapore. We must first take the train at Batavia, and on our way to the station, we pass a turnout that deserves description—a pretty victoria drawn by two rather nice horses. Nothing unusual in that you will say. But, look at the coachman? His feet are bare, a pair of white cotton drawers cover his legs, a *sarong* of green calico is wrapped around his waist, a blue jacket protects his body. On his head towers a white turban, perched on the top of which is a high silk hat with gold braid and a cockade. Every line of his brown face expresses the most intense satisfaction with himself and the world at large.

The streets are crowded with pedlers carrying their wares Chinese fashion. Some of the men are very picturesque, especially those who carry fruit and cages of beautiful birds. Here come a flock of ducks driven by a boy or man, quaint figures which recall the old rhymes of—but no, I will not. I was about to refer to Mother Goose, but having done so in my notes of *Trans-Caspia*, almost caused the death of one of my dear critics at home. Another was rendered a hopeless invalid by the mention of “camels on the Dariel Pass” and the “clinking of champagne glasses.” The London *Graphic* recently gave an illustration of camels equipped for use in the snows of Siberia, and another newspaper mentioned the Czar and the President of France as having clinked their glasses. (How dreadful of

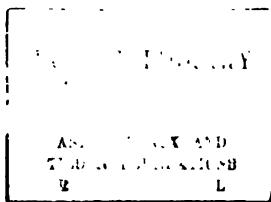
them!) However, not wishing to be held for manslaughter, I will make no further mention of either, and promise never to mention Mother Goose—dear old lady—any more.

Our last ride through these picturesque streets is over. Our last panorama of this congress of nationalities has rolled by. The clatter of our last fuss and worry over countless coolies, and their desire to tear our luggage to pieces in order to be paid for carrying a piece of it, has died away on the quiet air and then the ship moves and we are off. For some reasons we are not sorry to go. W—— has had a return of fever, and would not improve, I fear were his stay in Java to be prolonged. The food has become so distasteful to him that he cannot touch it.

When the doctor came last night his first order was to leave the country, and I knew that it would be so, but, in fact, I should have carried W—— off in the face of a contrary mandate, as I consider such a move to be his salvation. Not that he is in danger, but fever scares a man to death, and, at best, utterly destroys his pleasure. Nevertheless, we have enjoyed intensely our stay in Java, and have found the land full of interest and beauty. I have never tired of gazing at the people or of wondering at the rich luxuriosness of nature; and Java's ruins are unique in the world. When the ills to which we have fallen heir pass away and are forgotten, we shall remember the land as a thing of beauty, and we desire here to express our thanks for the unvarying kindness and politeness which we have met with from the Dutch people.



DANCERS—DJOKJAKARTA, JAVA.



We are far out at sea now, and there is no sever in this strong salt air. Across the water behind us the low-lying coast and distant mountains are becoming each moment more and more indistinct. A sudden gleam of lightning illumines them once more, and then, in the gathering darkness of the coming storm, they vanish, and Java has become for us a thing of the past.





## CHAPTER XXXII

### AN ITINERARY FOR JAVA

The best Time to visit Java, and the Way to get there—Expenses and Drinks—Cholera and Typhus Fever—A Review from Hawaii to Java—The Tour most interesting from End to End.

**A**S to the best time for visiting Java and the method thereof, I should advise the traveller to go first to Japan and stay there for March, April, and a half of May. Then to go to Singapore, and take a Dutch steamship that passes via Penang and thence by the west coast of Sumatra, where the waters are smooth and the scenery very fine all the way, whereas between Batavia and Singapore there is nothing to see.

If desirable, one can enter Sumatra. There are several railways there now and more are being built. There are steamboats on several rivers, which will take you five or six days journey inland, and if hunting be desired there are plenty of rhinoceros, leopards, royal tigers, and gigantic snakes to be found. The tribes in the northwest of Sumatra are not at all times friendly, and therefore the railway carriages are provided with hanging iron sides to pre-

serve one from stray bullets. These little pleasantries only occur in times of peace when the wild tribes approach near to civilization and thus amuse themselves. But when the state of affairs becomes unbearable, the Dutch declare war and the natives retire to the mountains. It seems that war exists there, so far as the declaration is concerned, most of the time. The sail down the coast of Sumatra, if one remains on the same ship, will occupy about two weeks, as the stops are frequent.

I must digress here and describe a very refreshing drink that is served gratis on these Dutch ships. It consists of half a glass of Hock, some sugar well stirred in, and sufficient Apollinaris to fill the glass. The contents will foam and bubble like champagne, and make a most delightful beverage. It is purely a Dutch drink.

Travelling in Java is expensive, averaging a half more than in India. For instance, the railway charges are almost double per mile on an express train, and for the sail to Singapore, five hundred miles, thirty-five dollars is charged on a Dutch ship. At that rate a passage from New York to Liverpool would amount to two hundred and ten dollars, which is sixty dollars more than one has to pay on the *Lucania* or *Campania*, our most expensive ships, and that for a berth in an outside cabin with but one other occupant.

I have noticed that in Holland, Java, and Austria, where a florin, forty cents, is the standard small coin, one's expenses are proportionately higher than in England, Germany, Norway, Italy, Spain, and especially France, where the shilling, mark, krone,

or franc rules the day. The latter being just half the florin, charges in France are governed accordingly.

But, to return to our itinerary. By the Sumatra route, via the Straits of Sunda, Batavia should be reached early in June. The best time to visit Java is from the middle of May to the middle of July. By that time the rains, and, consequently, the malaria, are over, and the sun is at its greatest distance, being over the Tropic of Cancer. At that season one would have glorious weather all day, whereas we have been able to utilize our mornings only, as a general thing, for there is no such thing as going out in a tropical downpour. As for the food it certainly is hard for any save a Dutchman to digest it, but by a little management one can get along very well. The early morning coffee is excellent and has plenty of hot milk served with it. For the breakfast at eight o'clock there are cold meats and boiled eggs. For the noon meal, at one o'clock, among numerous other things are usually to be found rice, chicken, beefsteak (if ordered), and sometimes a plain salad (but that only when the cook is ill). Make that meal the heartiest one. Tea is served at four o'clock. The dinners are dreadful. One night at the Des Indes there was not a thing save the soup that I could touch and I am not fastidious. Fortunately, the dinner hour is not until eight or half past, and after rising at five or six in the morning one is ready for bed at nine, and every one in Java seems to go to bed directly after dinner.

Above all things avoid drinking the water. The Apollinaris—the red brand—is excellent, and taken

with a little whiskey will keep you in good shape. What little trouble I had was caused by using Apollinaris iced without whiskey. The doctors in Java say that that will always produce trouble. But if one gets ill in Java the best remedy is to get away as soon as possible.

Cholera does not put in its appearance until October, when the rivers are at their lowest, but it does not devastate Java as it did of old, and it is rarely that a European is attacked. After a few days at Batavia, go on to Buitenzorg. One day will suffice there. Drive thence to Sindanglaja to spend the night, then go on to Garoet. From Garoet go to Djokjakarta, from which you visit Bóro Bódo, driving to it in a carriage and spending the night there. If you become heated, as you certainly will, in going over the temples, take some quinine. In fact, I think it well to take at least a few grains every other day while in Java. That, with Scotch whiskey and Apollinaris will keep you well.

On returning to Djokjakarta, spend the next day in visiting the town, which is very interesting. Do not neglect the old water palace called Taman. Another day should be spent at Brambanan, half an hour by train from Djokjakarta. I have already described its temples. They should not be missed. There is also the town of Solo, which is of interest, as showing the capital of a native state, where one may see the manners and customs of the Java of a century ago.

The Dieng Plateau can be reached via Magelang, but permission must be gotten from the native authorities. It is a high, cold plateau of beautiful

## 266 Islands of the Southern Seas

volcanic scenery, hot springs, geysers, and Buddhist temples. After that go to Soerabaja, which in itself is nothing, being the Liverpool of Java, but from that point are made the trips to the great Sand Sea and to the active volcanoes of East Java. Make the return trip to Batavia as you desire, or take a Dutch ship direct from Soerabaja to Singapore. Then you will have seen the whole of Java, and you will have had a pleasure that will last you throughout all the years of your life.

As I look back over the whole tour I can say that, with the exception of the tedious and uninteresting passage of Torres Strait I have not been at all disappointed. The Hawaiian and Samoan Islands were beautiful. New Zealand was not only beautiful, but most interesting and instructive from end to end, and Tasmania, notwithstanding her gloomy history, gleamed like a jewel in the league-long rollers of the Southern Ocean. Although Australia is not generally considered of interest to the traveller, it certainly was so to me, and I am very glad to have seen, and in some slight degree to have appreciated, that vast Continent.

As for Java, neither tongue nor pen can do justice to the marvels of that glory of the tropics.







## INDEX

Acrobats, 38  
Adelaide, 167  
Ætna, 23  
Albany passage, 171  
Albatross, first appearance, 48  
Algeroba, the, 5  
Alligator pear, 29  
Alps of New Zealand, 84  
America, South, 5, 13, 25  
American farm implements in  
New Zealand, 88  
Ancient Mariner, 36, 100  
Annexation of Hawaii, 30-32  
Ant hills, Australia, 148  
Apia, 42  
Arafura Sea, passage there of  
great heat, 175  
*Aramac*, the, 160  
Ardi Kasuma, king, 243  
Auckland, 47, 54, 55  
Australia, its discovery, the Por-  
tuguese, French, Dutch, Eng-  
lish, Captain Cook, up country,  
132; lack of water, central  
deserts, minerals, sheep and  
cattle, colleges, government,  
133; connection with England,  
position among the nations,  
134; separation of the sections

politically and otherwise, posi-  
tion of England, temperature  
in spring, 137; temperature in  
summer, life up country, 147;  
rental of lands, 159; federa-  
tion desired, foolish distribu-  
tion of titles by England, sud-  
den reverses of fortune, 166;  
divisions of the continent, 167

Awa, the, 13, 26

*Bamffshire*, steamship, her ac-  
commodations, loading with  
foreign meat, shark fishing, a  
tiger shark, 162; contents of  
his stomach, comparison be-  
tween Australian and Ameri-  
can beef, profits thereof, 163;  
Javanese on board, 164; pas-  
sengers, 177-179; slow pro-  
gress, 178; Sunday service, 182  
Bantam, city of, 193; Sultan of,  
194  
Bar Harbor, 201  
Bass, Dr., 107  
Bass, Straits of, width, etc., 134  
Batavia, 186; her foundation,  
188; climate, 192; mortality,  
destruction of her walls, former

*Batavia—Continued.*

title and magnificence, destruction of palaces and canals, desertion by the people, 193; population, 194; the museum, 200; steam trams, 201; Christmas day, 256; cost of living, 257; a Dutch coachman in native dress, peddlers, 259; departure, 260

**Belle River**, 129

**Benares**, 246

"Bight," the great, 134, 167

**Bismarck Islands**, Queen of, 35

**Blacks of Australia**, the impossibility of education, their dislike to clothing, lack of all religion, 156

**Blue Mountain**, journey up, 145; scenery, 147; crossing the range, 148; fine driving, 149; Katoomba, Govett's Leap, Wentworth falls, grandeur of scenery, leap of the convict, 153

**Bluff**, the, New Zealand, distance from Invercargill, resemblance to Brindisi, a great ship waiting for wool, passage via Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, 99; life on a sailship, 100

**Bokhara**, steamship, 178

**Bongain villa**, the, 3

**Booby Island** and its postoffice, 169

**Bóro-Bódó**, its meaning, drive thither, 224; approach to the temple, its age, general appearance, size, 226; statues of Buddha, bas-reliefs, terraces,

great dome, 227; effect of time, storm, and earthquakes, the smile of Buddha, light of temple, 228; legends, 230; certainly a sanctuary to Buddha, sculpture of both Buddhism and Brahmanism used in its construction, 231; view from the temple, 232

**Botany Bay**, the trip thither, Captain Cook's monument, fate of convicts, 144; exiled there, dreariness of the landscape, what the bay is to-day, 145

**Bourke, Australia**, 147

**Brama**, 231

**Brambanan**, city of, first capital of Java, its magnificence, date of erection, 243; formerly a necropolis, 245

**Bread-fruit**, 29

**Brisbane**, journey thither, Imperial Hotel, tropical vegetation, temperature, 159

**Brumund, Herr**, 229

**Brunhilde**, 20

**Buitenzorg**, situation, Hotel Belle View, 205; botanical gardens, 206; sunset, 208, 257

**Butler, Sir Walter**, 63

**Calcutta**, 107, 206

**California**, 24

**Canton**, 190, 227

**Capricorn**, tropic of, 160

**Carnes**, 165

**Carpentaria**, Gulf of, 167

**Cash, Martin**, convict, 118-120

**Caterpillar plant**, the, 62-66

**Catholic Sisters**, 14

Chándi Séwu, temple, date of erection, name, 243 ; colossal guardians, "Thousand Temples," date, 248 ; descriptions of ruins, evidently Hindoo, 249 ; awful devastation, location of Chándi Séwu, thousands of ruined temples, preservation, 250

Chinese, 24, 199, 223 ; their observance of Christmas, 257

Cholera and its treatment in Java, 253, 265

Christ Church, New Zealand, surroundings, climate, apple and peach trees, Cocker's Hotel, the cathedral, avenues of the town, houses of the people, 80 ; the museum, the great *moa* bird, 81

Cliff Molokai, 8, 9

C——, Mr., American consul, Samoa, 43

Columbia, the, 18

Convict roads, and the cost thereof, 129, 146,

Cook, Captain, 10, 52, 107, 132, 144

Cook's Straits, 79

Cooktown, 168

Copra, the, 39

C——r, Mrs., 29

Czar and the President of France, 259

Damien, Father, his early home, arrival in Hawaii, his character, his careless habits, his contraction of the leprosy, 14 ; avoidance of contact impossi-

ble, no house or shelter, his bright face and cheerful manner, his noble work, his courage in coming, 15 ; the church he built, his grave and reward, 16

Dariel Pass, camels on the, and in the snow, 259

Darling Downs, the, 158

De Lille, Dr., 73

Dents du Midi, 87

Devil's Blow-Hole, 127

Diamond Head, 2, 28

Dieng Plateau, its location, residence of gods and demi-gods, its shape, its mountain peaks and natural phenomenon, remains of temples, altitude above the sea, 233 ; means of ascent, 234

Dining-cars, 75

Distance between islands, 6, 8

Djokjakarta, the capital of a native state, 235 ; its fort, its ancient portions, its cages of wild animals, a black tiger, 236 ; a native marriage procession, 237 ; a Chinese marriage, 238 ; sultan and petty princes, 240 ; free drinks, 254

Dunallely's, 128

Dunedin, the ride thither, its hotel, afternoon in a private house, 82 ; English and Americans, 83

Durian, 199, 200

Dutch, rise and fall of the nation, 190 ; ignorance of Java ruins, 247 ; costumes of the women, 255

- Eagle Hawk's Neck Isthmus, 107, 126; guard of blood-hounds and octopi, barrack of the guards, house of the officers, 127
- East India Company, date of foundation, profits and losses, dissolution, 188; extracts from its laws, 189; its founder, 194
- Easter lilies in October, 86
- Eastern Archipelago, passage of, island of Timor, its settlement and present inhabitants, 180; islands are volcanic, Bonda Isles, great earthquakes, union of the islands with India, their separation and future union, 181; Sumbawa and its great eruption, trade-winds and seasons, 182; volcano of Tomboro, Mt. Rinjam on Lombok, 184; gorgeous sunsets and beautiful sunrises, arrival at Java, 185
- Eiden, Hill of, 51
- Edible birds' nests, where they are found, danger in the quest, value, 217
- Edison, 150
- Elberfeld, Peter, his insurrection, tortures and death, 194
- Election news in Sydney, 154
- Endeavor River, 132, 169
- England and America, 155
- English, 2
- Equator, crossing the, 38
- Eucalyptus, or blue gums, 128, 140, 147, 158
- Europeans, 12
- Food in Java, 209
- Forester's Peninsula, 127; the drive across, grand forest, ferns and flowers, 128
- For the Term of His Natural Life*, 112
- Four Cantons Lake, 85
- F——, Professor, 70
- Frangipanni, the, 3
- Froude, 103, 157
- Fuji Yama, Japan, 106
- Gardens, 25
- Garoet, 215; beautiful flowers and birds, game cocks, 216; the lake, strange ride in a strange boat, 218
- George III., King, 53
- German sparrows, 24
- Godefroy & Son, importance of the German interests in Samoa, 44
- Goenoeng-Goentoer, 215
- Goenoeng-Klaidon, 215
- Gold, 85, 89
- Golden rain, the, 2
- Good Hope, Cape of, 121
- Gould, J. Baring, 63, 73
- Government, 11
- Great Barrier Reef, 160; its character, connection with main land, tropical weather, passing Rockhampton, 161; wreck and loss of the entire court, pay of the pilots, distance to Cape York, anchorage at night, scenery, 167; loss of the *Quetta*, 169; her pilot, 170; lonely passage, 177
- Gunie, the, 48
- Hanuman, demi-god, 232
- Hardanger Fjord, 87

Hawaii, landing at Hilo, 18 ; ride up to volcano house, contrasts of forests in Hawaii, Central America, Java, and India, flowers, no snakes or dangerous animals, 19 ; volcano house, hidden fires, great field of lava, view over Lake of Fire and the distant ocean, great eruption of 1880, 20 ; journey over lava fields, their appearance, the rest-house, first view of the crater, 21 ; description of Lake of Fire, 22 ; appearance of the crater at different times, no comparison can be made with other volcanoes, 23 ; return down the mountain, 24

Hawkesbury River, Australia, 156

Hayes, Lake, 84

Health regulations, 206

Hector, James, 65

*Herald*, Auckland, 75

Hilo, 18

*Hine Moa*, 61

Hobart, Tasmania, Mt. Wellington, broad and clean streets, beautiful homes, population, size, 106

Honolulu, 1, 25, 27 : harbor, cabmen, 2, 7 ; people of, 2, 18 ; hotel, royal palace, people dancing, 3 ; population, city, 4 ; floral decorations, 7 ; location on the map, 8

Hospital, Queenstown, New Zealand, 86

Hudson, the, 17

Huka, falls of, 70

Huraki, gulf of, 50

Ignorant congressmen, America's, 155

Invercargill, New Zealand, from Queenstown thither, great width of streets, 95 ; excellent hotel, compared with American hotels, lack of vegetables and fruits, 96 ; wretched coffee, the passion fruit, 97 ; government lending money, 97, 98 ; beggars, legislation, ridiculous bills, 98

"Island of the Dead," the last station in a convict's career, foundation of the "murder club" to get there, a circle of seventeen hundred nameless graves, 112

Isles of Safety, location, horrible climate, life on convict ships bound thither, horrors of the passage, 123 ; arrival at the camp, foetid atmosphere, swarms of serpents and insects, tasks of the convicts, 124 ; no escape, horrible life ending in insanity, 125

Jackaranda, the, 159

Japan, 13

Japanese, 24

Java, its location and title, 186 ; the silence of its people, population and languages, first settlement, origin of the race, usage and customs, the Javan era, first Europeans, 187 ; changes of government, restoration to Holland, 188 ; diversions, government, standing

- Java—Continued.**
- army, enforced labor, 190; exports and imports, trade, lack of guide-books, 191; slavery, climate, 191; vehicle for travelling, 210; irrigation of the rice-fields, 211; disappearance of the ancient faiths, 230; religion of the people to-day, 232; the world's idea of Java, the reality, 234; sport in Java, 236; hunting the tiger, ancient customs between men and tigers, 237; military service required of all, present condition of the natives, 241; advent of the religions of Buddha and Brahma, 243; present state of the ancient faith, its abiding place near the Sand Sea, 251; absence of crime, 252; cooking, bill of fare, hotel bills, 254; departure, 261; expense of travelling, 263; best time for the journey, how to live and what to drink, 264; itinerary for Java, 265
- Jenolan caves, 146; the drive thither, 147; location, kangaroos, laughing jackasses, Imperial Cave and its beauties, illuminated by Edison's light, 149; Lucas Cave, its cathedral and auditorium, caves government property, prices of guides, etc., Arch of Carlotta, Devil's Coachhouse, 150; dingo or wild dog, drive back to Mt. Victoria, a kangaroo rat, 152
- Jones, George, convict, 118
- Kalawao, town of, 8
- Kanakas, the, 2, 3, 24
- Kárang bólang caves, 217
- Kauri gum, 57
- Kavenagh, Laurence, convict, 118
- Kebo club, 201
- Kilauea, 20
- Kiluaikii, 20
- Kingston, New Zealand, 84
- Kiwi**, the, 66
- Koen, Jan Pieterzoon, his death, 194
- Lady in waiting, 35-37, 45
- Lake of Fire, 20-23
- Land of the lotus, 45
- Laughing jackass, queer habits, love of music, 138
- Launceston, 130
- Lava, 21
- Leles, plain of, 215
- Lepers, 8-18
- Leprosy, 10-18
- Littleton, port of, 80
- Locusts, 148
- London, 25
- Looking backward, 266
- Loro Jóngran, temple of, date of erection, present condition, neglect by the Dutch, destruction by the natives, plan of the temple, 244; object, 245; image of the goddess, her abiding place, adoration, weight, size, description, 246
- Mango, the, 3
- Mangosteens, the, 197
- Manton, Mr., 115
- Maoris, the, 51-53, 57, 59, 61, 67, 71-73
- Mataram, Sultan of, 194

- Maui, Island of, 17  
Melbourne, its location, 134; port of its great ships, width of its river, lack of sewerage, population, cable system, resemblance to American cities, taste in its architecture, 135; suburbs, city blocks, hotels, "coffee palaces," 136; distance to Sydney, necessity for changing cars and examining baggage, 137; zoölogical gardens, 138; Government House, 139; botanical gardens, 140  
Mendang Kamulan, city of, 243  
Mendoet, temple of, 232; grand statue of Buddha, 233  
Mercer River, 56  
Minas, the, 30  
Mission, Catholic, 18  
Moas, junction of, hotel, Dutch economy in beds, railway office, 222; unhealthy location, 255  
Mohammedanism, in Java, its introduction and destruction of the older religions, 251  
Mokuaweoweo, 20  
Molokai, Island of, 1, 8-18, 24, 26  
*Monowai*, lonely waters, 48  
Mother Goose, 260  
Moukobuma, Sultan, 238  
Mt. Pilatus, 85  
Mt. Victoria, 145; the town, its location, 146  
  
Napier, 75  
Native villages, 218  
"Never, Never Land" (Australia), size, population, 131; blacks, their number, tracking qualities, 132  
  
New Guinea, 52; inhabitants thereof, strange customs and conduct necessary to enable one to live there, 180  
Newport, 201  
New Zealand, 27, 47-100; government of, 54; travelling expenses, 54, 88; modes of travel and rates of fare, 58; domestic architecture, 78; South Island, 79-100; fishing, 88; wonders of, 94; climate of, 99; farewell to, 100  
Nirvana, 227, 228, 250  
Norfolk Island, location in the Pacific, penal settlement there, size of island, attempted escape of convicts, fruit on the island, slaughter in the church, home of the survivors of the mutiny of the "Bounty," 122; fresh-water supply, prison buildings, 123  
Norway, 87-89  
  
Oahu, Island of, 1, 2, 26  
*Ocean*, the transport, 107  
Oceans, 1, 20, 28  
Okorire, 56  
  
Pacific, immensity of, 36, 37  
Pali, the, 5, 28  
Palms, 18  
Pamirs, 83  
Paradise Flats, New Zealand, the ride thither, New Zealand brush, the "Gate of Heaven," the *tui* and thrush, 90; snow mountains, the Dart River, arrival at Paradise Flats, black swans and wild ducks, 91

- Passports, 206, 220  
 Peradenia, 206  
 Philippine Islands, torture of prisoners, instruments of the Inquisition, 123  
 Pitcairn Island, 122  
 Podorozhnaya, posting in Russia, 225  
*Poinciana*, the, 2, 3, 18, 28, 159  
 Point Puer, the prison of the children, its location, Lieutenant Flynn, Queen Caroline's witness, 113; as it was in 1840, 114-116; the poisoner Kirby, 115; ages of the children, punishments, tortures of the Middle Ages, 117; cliff of the suicides, the Commandant "Price," downfall of the prisons, 118  
 Port Arthur, convict prison, route thither, "Salt Water River," Turanna, the ancient tram, relays of convicts, 108; visitors in 1842, first view of Port Arthur, 109; the ruined cathedral, 110; an ex-convict, tortures of the Model Prison causing insanity, its destruction by fire, the penitentiary, treatment of its prisoners, the old Commandant "Price," 111; arrival of a convict, his first prison, solitary confinement, 112; reward placard, 118; arrangements in the penitentiary, barbarous laws of England a century ago, 120; abandonment of Port Arthur as a prison, 121  
 Port Darwin, 167  
 Port Philip and its entrance, 134  
 Portuguese, 2, 18  
 Poverty Bay, 52  
 Punch Bowl, 26, 27  
 Queensland, the Labor Party, importation of South Sea Islanders, attempt of authorities to stop it, 165; guards on all ships, hangings at Brisbane, coolies from India, black labor, 166  
 Queenstown, New Zealand, 84, 86  
 Rabbits in New Zealand, 85  
 Raffles, Sir Stamford, 191, 192, 217, 231, 251  
 Railways in Java, 220, 221  
 Rama, 232  
 Rangiriri Lake, 57  
 Rangitaiki, landlady of, 71  
 "Remarkables," the, 83, 87, 88  
 Roads, 19  
 Robinson Crusoe, 36  
 Rockhampton, 160  
 Roto Rua, Lake of, 60  
 Routeburn Valley, the saddle horses over the mountains, the *kea* and its destruction of the sheep in the moonlight, 92; ferns and flowers, Paradise ducks, 93  
 Routes from Australia to Java, 156  
 Sail-ships, 17, 39  
 St. Nicholas, port of, 258  
 St. Peter's, 249

Salack Mountain, 205  
Samarkand, 83, 85  
Samoa, 41  
Samoans, the, 42  
Sanatoriums, 8  
Sand Sea, Java, 251  
San Francisco, 27  
Sarong, the, 207  
Sawéla Chála, King, 243  
Schulze, Captain Fedor, 191  
Scotland, 24  
Sea bathing, 33  
Serpents, 147  
Shotover River, 84, 85  
Sindanglaja, the drive thither,  
210; gorgeous forests, 211;  
actions of the natives, 212;  
hotel a sanatorium, tropical  
deluge, 213  
Skylark, 67  
Soerabaya, 208, 220  
Solo, 235  
Sorell, 129  
South America, 5, 13  
*Southland Times*, 98  
South Sea Islanders, 165  
Spaniards, the, 39  
Spring-time in September, 47  
Staffa, 105  
Steamships, 2, 7, 27, 32, 35, 126  
Stephanotis, 28  
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 42, 45,  
98  
Stockade, 57  
Stoddard, Chas. Warren, 10  
Storms and the lack thereof, 7  
*Success*, the convict hulk, 121  
Sumatra, 250, 264  
Sunda, Straits of, 264  
Sunsets, 37  
Swayne's Island, 39

Sydney, entrance to the harbor,  
plan of the harbor, character  
of the shores, resorts on the  
borders, 141; public gardens  
of the city, "Mrs. Macquaries'  
Road," trees and shrubs of all  
climates, plan of the city, the  
resemblance to Boston, the  
bay its chief beauty, pleasure-  
ground, population, 142; ex-  
cursion to South Head, view  
of city, ocean, and harbor,  
Hotel Australia, age of the  
city, the cathedral, Town Hall,  
143; fruit market, postoffice  
and business blocks, the steam  
trams, 144; suburbs, 145;  
black boy adopted by a white  
woman, 155

Tahiti, 52  
Taman, ancient palace of, its  
halls, courts, lakes, and foun-  
tains, 238; its mosques, pa-  
godas, and terraces, tanks for  
sacred animals, its harem, its  
state of ruin, its ghosts and  
legends, 239  
Tandjoeng Priok, port of, 186  
Tarawera Terraces, Pink and  
White, site of, 52, 73  
Taro, the, 27  
Tasman, explorer, 107  
Tasmania, Island of, Cape Pillar,  
Storm Bay, approach to Ho-  
bart, 105; great mineral  
wealth, unexplored section,  
size, railroads, 106; discovery,  
insularity established, first con-  
victs, last deportation, a sana-  
torium, 107

- Tasmanian Journal*, 109  
 Tasman Sea, passage of, 101; tempestuousness, wretched ship, sea birds, albatross, 102; Cape pigeons, mutton birds, great waves, the Southern Cross, 103; Centaurus, approach to Tasmania, 104  
 Tasman's Peninsula, 107; Arch, 126  
 Taupo, Lake of, 71  
 Telaga Bodas, 219  
 Tengger Mountains, 252  
 Thursday Island, its God-forsaken appearance, resemblance to Port Said, 172; the great pearl fisheries and their value, village of the fishermen, their boats and manner of fishing, classification and purchase of the pearls, depths to which divers may go, 173; weight of the water, death of the divers, devoid of fear, sacrifice of life, shell of the pearl oyster, amount and value of pearls shipped in one year, 174; distance from Thursday Island to Batavia, 176  
 Tjindjoer, descent thither, carts of the people, 214  
 Torres Strait, 156; its resemblance to Lake Superior and the Apostles Islands, its location, wreck of the *Volga*, myriads of sharks, 171  
 Townsville, 162  
 Trans-Alai Mountains, 89  
 Tribulation, Cape, 132, 169  
 Trollope, 157  
 Tryon, Admiral, 121  
 Tupisga, acts of, 231  
 Turkestan, 89  
 Turtle at Hilo, its great age, 25  
 Unseaworthy men-of-war, *Moneckasy* and *Adams*, 44  
 " Valley of Death," 219  
 Van Dieman's Land, 106  
 Vegetation in Java, 221  
 Vesuvius, 23  
 Vevay, 87  
*Victoria*, the, 121  
 Waikato, war, 57; River, 57, 70  
 Waiotapu geysers and hot springs, 59, 60  
 Wairakei geysers and hot springs, 69, 70  
 Wakatipu Lake, New Zealand, sail up, Mt. Trumbull, Mt. Nicholas, the Toothpick range, Humboldt Mountains, town of Nicholas, gold, 89; Elfin Bay, Pig and Pigeon islands, Mt. Cosmos, Mt. Alfred, Mt. Ernslaw, hamlets of Kinlock and Glenorchy, the " Alpine Club " Hotel, 90  
 Waungatawhiri River, 57  
 Waves, their motion and size, 6  
 Weary Bay, 132, 169  
 Wellington, approach to, clubs of, club life, 76; population, scenery, business blocks, harbor, government houses, churches, stone of the hills, 77; Westminster chimes, departure from, 78

- Weltevreden, 193; the ride thither, 195; meaning of its name, hotel, 196; dress of the Dutch ladies, description of the city, cleanliness, 198; clubs contrasted with those in America, 201; churches, old and new, 202; collections, 203; servants, booking baggage, 204; suburbs, 205  
Wentworth Falls, Australia, 153
- Whaling ships, lances and bombs, 121  
Wikiki, 28, 33  
Wilson, Bishop, of Tasmania, 118  
Yarrow, the River, 134  
York, Cape, 171  
Young Nick's Head, 52  
Zarafshan, the valley of, 83, 85  
Zerman, I. J., 250











